

THE
NEW ENGLISH DRAMA,

WITH
PREFATORY REMARKS,

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND NOTES,

Critical and Explanatory ;

*Being the only Edition existing which is faithfully marked with
the*

STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

As Performed

At the Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, COMEDIAN.

VOLUME FIRST.

CONTAINING

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.—RIVALS.

WEST INDIAN.—HYPOCRITE.—JEALOUS WIFE.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, A
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREET:
AND C. CHAPPEL, 66, FALL-MALL.

1819.



T. Wageman, fecit

MR KEAN,
AS SIR GILES OVERREACH.

THE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

A COMEDY;

By William Shakspeare

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

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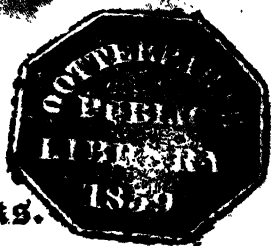
Theatres Royal.

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1823.



Remarks.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

"This play," says the editor of the *Biographia Dramatica*, with a very misplaced display of rapture, "has been looked upon by some authors as the first that Shakspeare wrote; if so, what an amazing soar of imagination did his genius take at its first flight!" Now, such hyperbolical praise as this must be the offspring either of affectation or of sheer stupidity; for, though the piece contains some brilliant passages, and would be a feather in the cap of a secondary dramatist, it certainly has nothing about it that calls for these extravagant exclamations. The critic, after sporting such superlative eulogy upon the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," must have been sadly at a loss for epithets sufficiently elevated to express his admiration of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Othello." Indeed, the correctness of his judgment is on a par with its consistency, for in the very page that contains the passage just quoted, speaking of an alteration of the play by Victor, he confesses that "a more able hand than his would prove insufficient to raise it into consequence."

After all that has been said to the contrary, we suspect that, generally speaking, the popularity or neglect of a dramatic piece is no uniform criterion of its value; and that, when it is constantly ill-received in the Theatre, its want of success must be placed to some other account than that of bad taste in the audiences who witness it. An invincible failure to excite any interest, pretty convincingly denotes that there is some inherent defect in its construction, which no charm of language or excellence of acting can supply; for, 'tis certain, that a drama, though abounding with beautiful poetry, may nevertheless be a very bad one. We know that this doctrine is somewhat heterodox just now in many quarters, but it is an opinion that "we shall not turn out of us,—we will die in it at the stake." To our old-fashioned

notions it really does appear that a *play* not intended to be *played* is at best but a ridiculous affair.

The sticklers for the particular value of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," if any such there are, whose opinion is worth attending to, must, we imagine, ground their admiration principally upon the occasional beauty of its language. We cannot help thinking, and we believe we are by no means singular in the opinion, that in no other play of Shakspeare's are there characters much less calculated to awake our sympathy, or interest us about their fate. With the single exception of the fascinating *Julia*, is it possible to feel very lively solicitude for any of them? The two friends, *Valentine* and *Proteus*, have nothing particularly romantic or captivating in their attachment to each other, and are as spiritless a pair of lovers as can well be conceived. *Valentine*, 'tis true, acquires a little fervour in his exile, and contrives to command a portion of our respect; but the character of *Proteus* is altogether repulsive and contemptible. Some fanciful critics have discovered that his depravity is rather the fault of his education than of his nature; but, upon this point let the reader form his own opinion. He, undoubtedly, is but a hesitating, bungling villain. His attempted rape in the forest is grossly improbable; and his sudden repentance (though not altogether unnatural, upon the supposition just alluded to) has a very ludicrous effect. To reward this double scoundrel—a traitor to friendship as well as to love,—with the hand of the woman he has basely deserted, is an outrage both upon moral and poetical justice. But, what shall be said of *Valentine*'s astounding act of self-denial in resigning his pretensions to *Silvia* so contentedly? Truly, were it not that we regard even the lapses of Shakspeare with reverence, we should say that the thing is utterly ridiculous; but, since the lady seems to bear the affront put upon her with exemplary patience, the reader perhaps has no right to complain of it. Nevertheless, the whole of the fifth act displays evident marks either of great carelessness or extreme haste, and the incidents will not endure a very close scrutiny into their probability.

Little, however, as we are disposed to admire the major part of the groupe to whom we are introduced, it is impossible to regard the unfortunate *Julia* with any sentiments but those of the warmest attachment. Although a similar species of character, depicted in a bolder style, might be selected from Shakspeare's later productions, we scarcely think that his riper judgment produced any thing of the kind.

such more natural and pleasing than this early sketch. Her behaviour throughout is exquisitely imagined. What can be more truly natural than her pettish treatment of *Lucretia*, or the incident of tearing the letter? and what more delicately touching than her conduct in the subsequent scenes, while disguised in the *Page's* habit.* Shakspeare seems to have bestowed unusual care upon the part, as if enamoured of his own beautiful conception. Before we conclude our review of the several personages of the drama, we must spare a word or two in commendation of honest *Launce*, in return for the pleasure his drolleries have afforded us. He, too, is one of those whom Shakspeare presents to us again in a more finished form, but we know not whether these later issues of his brain have all the raciness of "the first sprightly runnings." *Launce* is a far pleasanter fellow than his friend *Speed*, whose incessant quiddities become somewhat tedious, in spite of their shrewdness. *Launce's* opening soliloquy is inimitable, unless by his pathetic remonstrance to his dog, in the third act, which is in Shakspeare's happiest manner. Would that there were more of him!

Some of the commentators have taken it into their heads to imagine that Shakspeare did not write the whole of this play, but merely contributed a few scenes; and Hammer positively declares that "he had no other hand in it, than the enlivening it with some speeches and lines, thrown in here and there, which are easily distinguished." 'Tis much to be regretted that this acute personage did not condescend to point out the passages which are to be known so readily, for we confess we are too dull to be able to select them. To us, indeed, it appears that there is no play more plainly marked by Shakspeare's manner throughout:—falling immeasurably short of some of his productions, 'tis true, never bearing his impress too plainly to be mistaken. The comic portions display all that fondness for jingles and conceits which peculiarly distinguishes his earlier productions, while the serious scenes, with their romantic and pastoral character, clearly discover the dawn of that bright day of excellence which soon after burst resplendently

* It has been remarked that Shakspeare's fondness for arraying his women in the male garb, has met with two celebrated followers in our own day,—Byron and Scott. Shakspeare's practice was probably forced upon him by his necessities. The want of actresses compelled him to divest his female characters of their petticoats as often as possible.

upon the world in meridian glory. Pope, in fact, thought the style "more natural and unaffected than that of the greater part of Shakespeare's plays," but this opinion seems to be only partially correct. Pope, indeed, is never so weak as when upon the subject of Shakespeare's merits, which he was far from having an enlarged perception of, but appears ever to fall into the vulgar error of looking upon him as a kind of inspired barbarian,—with occasional flashes of sublimity perhaps,—but still a barbarian. His praise of the language of this play, however, though too sweeping, is perfectly applicable to some of its passages. What, for instance, can be more harmonious than the flow of the following lines, or who for a moment can hesitate to believe that they are Shakespeare's? We may well ask, with Johnson, "if taken from him, to whom shall they be given?"

"The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so, by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then, let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest; as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium."

That this is Shakespeare's music, it would be heresy to doubt; but the passage, in our opinion, is not more certainly his than any other part of the drama. In fact, the affectation of pretending to discover that certain passages in certain plays were not written by Shakespeare, is a piece of sheer impertinence, which originated with Pope, and is still indulged in by fastidious critics, who, whenever they meet with any thing that they are pleased to deem "vulgar," roundly assert that it was "foisted in by the players." Really, these players must have been a very officious set of gentlemen, if half of what is laid to their charge is true; but, we are too well acquainted with Shakespeare's at-

attachment to "miserable conceits," to think of depriving him of the honour of one of them. Assuredly, they are nowhere more abundant than they are in this play, and (not to speak profanely) are occasionally very wearisome.

The plot of the piece was probably borrowed from some novel, according to Shakspeare's frequent practice, but if so, it has escaped the research of the commentators. The story of *Proteus* and *Julia*, however, is said to bear a close resemblance to some incidents in a Spanish romance called "Diana," which was published towards the close of the sixteenth century. Mr. Malone conjectures that the play first appeared about the year 1595, and he certainly is not very wide of the truth, since it is mentioned by Meres so early as 1598. That it was at any time a popular production, either in the closet or on the stage, there is no reason to believe: it is seldom alluded to by old writers, nor are there any records of its slumber having been disturbed by the players, from the date of its earliest performance, down to the year 1763, when it was produced at Drury-lane, with some alterations by Benjamin Victor. On this occasion, it was tolerated, though not admired; but, after having dragged heavily on for five nights, its career was terminated on the sixth by a memorable riot which took place that evening. It was then customary to refuse *half price* during the run of new pieces; and this having given umbrage to some frequenters of the Theatre, they resolved to oppose the practice. But, perhaps, we had better transcribe Victor's own account of the affair:

"A set of young men, who called themselves the *Town*, had consulted together, and determined to compel the managers to admit them (at the end of the third act) at half-price, to every performance, except during the run of a new pantomime; and they chose to make their demand on the sixth night of the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' though it was printed on the day-bills, *For the Benefit of the Author of the Alterations*. It appeared afterwards, a rumour prevailed that Mr. Garrick was the author; for it must be supposed they were ignorant of the outrage they were committing on private property. However, the performance of the play was actually forbid, and the money taken returned to the audience. My redress was undoubtedly to be obtained either from the leader of this troop (who was well known) or from the managers; but, as the rioters did much greater mischief to Covent-garden Theatre, on the same occasion, and as those in the direction there chose to give up all manner of redress, the managers of Drury-lane were too

wise to stand a prosecution alone; therefore, they followed the bad example, and were so honourable as to pay me 100*l*, which was about the clear sum above the charge of the house on the sixth night.*

The play was now again neglected, till the year 1790, when Kemble brushed the dust from it, and brought it forward at Drury-lane; but, so cool was its reception, that it was immediately laid again aside. A similar result took place on its revival at Covent-garden in 1808; and these repeated failures would probably have banished it from the stage for ever, had not the popularity attendant upon the plan of interspersing "The Comedy of Errors" and "Twelfth Night" with music, encouraged the managers to make a similar experiment upon "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." With this aid, and that of gorgeous shows and scenery, it has lately met with some portion of favour; but, 'tis morally certain, that were these adventitious attractions withdrawn, it would at once relapse into its former obscurity.

The foregoing observations upon the character of this play, refer to the copy left us by Shakspeare, and not to the altered drama, to which some of them are not exactly applicable. The reader will find, for instance, that *Valentine's* ungallant behaviour towards *Silvia* has been expunged, that *Proteus'* attempted rape has been a little softened down, and that some attempts have been made to amend the construction of the fifth act. These alterations, we believe, are the work of Victor. That writer says in his preface, that he leaves candid judges to say whether his additions to the characters of *Launce* and *Speed* (curtailed in this copy) contribute any thing to the gratification of the reader; but, we fear the sentence of the mildest judges will be very little in his favour. The attempt to "copy Shakspeare's magic" has here, as in all other instances, been utterly abortive.

P.P.

* History of the Theatres, Vol. III p. 45. A more minute account of this riot may be seen in Davis's Life of Garrick, Vol. II. Fitzpatrick, the principal actor in it has been gibbeted by Churchill in the "Rosciad."

Costume.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Purple vest, trunk, and cloak, embroidered.

PROTEUS.

Blue—ibid.

ANTONIO.

Black—ibid.

SIR THURIO.

White—ibid.

VALENTINE.

Scarlet—ibid.

SPEED.

Brown—ibid.

SIR EGLAMOUR.

Grey—ibid.

CARLOS.

Black, inlaid with buff and yellow

LAUNCE.

Yellow, trimmed with blue.

UBALDO.

Black—ibid.

JULIA.

First dress.—White satin and silver.—Second dress.—Slate coloured
nic, and white pantaloons.

LUCETTA.

A buff dress, with black Vandykes, and body.

SILVIA.

First dress.—White satin, pink crape, silver drapery, and plume of
others.—Second dress.—Plain white and veil.—Third.—Savoyard's
ess, green skirt, pink body, and Savoyard hat.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Duke of Milan</i>	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Proteus</i>	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Antonio</i>	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Sir Thurio</i>	Mr. W. Farren.
<i>Valentine</i>	Mr. Jones.
<i>Speed</i>	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Eglamour</i>	Mr. Hunt.
<i>Carlos</i>	Mr. Parsloe.
<i>Launce</i>	Mr. Meadows.
<i>Ubaldo</i>	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Julia</i>	Miss M. Tree.
<i>Lucetta</i>	Miss Beaumont.
<i>Silvia</i>	Miss Hallande.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is three hours.—The price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.....		Left Hand.
S.E.....		Second Entrance.
U.E...		Upper Entrance.
M.D		Middle Door.
D.F..		Door in Flat.
R.H.D.....		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.....		Left Hand Door.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Verona.*

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS, R.H.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Were't not, affection chains thy captive heart
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy hours with shapeless idleness.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, see'st
Some rare, note-worthy, object in thy travel:—
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers;
For I will be thy beads-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee,
When thou shalt love, that thou may'st thrive therein,
Even as I would in my suit to Julia.

Val. That, trust me, Proteus, I shall never do.

Pro. What?

Val. Be in love:—where scorn is bought with
groans;

V. Coy looks with sighs; one fading moment's mirth
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
 If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
 If lost, why then a grievous labour won:
 However, but a folly bought with wit,
 Or else a wit by folly overthrown.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool
 Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
 Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow,
 Even so, by love, the young and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly,
 Losing his verdure even in the prime,
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.
 But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
 That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more, adieu!—My father, at the road,
 Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
 To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,
 Of thy success in love, and what news else
 Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
 I will likewise visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell!
 [Exit, L.H.]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
 He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
 I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
 Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
 War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

• Enter SPEED, R.H.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my mas-
 ter?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. (Twenty to one) then, he is shipp'd already ;
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. But, dost thou hear ?—gav'st thou my letter to Julia ?

Speed. Ay, sir ; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton ; (1) and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief, what said she ?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, there is for your pains.—(Gives him money.)—What said she ?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think, you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why ?—Could'st thou perceive so much from her ?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her ; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter : and, being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.

Pro. What ! said she nothing ?

Speed. No, not so much as—"Take this for thy pains."—To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd (2) me ; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself : and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master. [Exit, L.H.]

Pro. Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wreck ;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a dryer death on shore ;—

(1) A laced mutton was in our author's time so established a term for courtozan, that a street in Clerkenwell, which was much frequented by women of the town, was then called Mutton-lane. Wenchers are to this day called mutton-mougers. Speed calls himself a lost mutton because he had lost his master, and because Proteus had been proving him a sheep.

(2) You have rewarded me with a testern, or tester ; that is, with a ence.

I must go send some better messenger ;
 I fear my Julia would not deign my lines
 Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt Speed, L. H. P. 10. R. H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Garden of Julia's House in Verona.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA, R. H.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
 Would'st thou, then, counsel me to fall in love ?

Luc. Ay, madam ; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
 That every day with ^{part} encounter me,
 In thy opinion, which is worthiest love ?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names ; I'll show my
 mind,

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Altamont ?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine ;
 But, were I you, he ne'er should be my choice.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Mercatio ?

Luc. Well of his wealth ; but of himself —so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus ?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam ; 'tis a passing shame,
 That I, unworthy body as I am,
 Should censure(1) thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the others ?

Luc. Then thus ;—of many good, I think him best

Jul. Your reason ?

Luc. I have no other than a woman's reason ;
 I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love
 him ?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away

Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath mov'd me least

(1) Pass sentence, give my judgment or opinion

OF VERONA.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves you.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

(*Gives Julia a letter.*)

Jul. (*Reads.*) "To Julia."—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's Page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker! (1) |
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines? |
To whisper and conspire against my youth? |

(*Gives the letter to Lucetta.*)

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you begone?

Luc. That you may ruminate? (*Exit, L.H.*)

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profligate construe *Yes*.
Tie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta!

1) A broker was used for match-maker, sometimes for a procurer.

Enter LUCETTA, L.H.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner time?

Luc. I would it were;

*(That you might kill your stomach(1) on your meat,
And not upon your maid.—(Crosses to R.H.—Going,
she drops the letter, and picks it up hastily.)*

Jul. What is it you took up
So gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why did'st thou stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns:
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

O, how delightful were it, would you sing it!

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song.—*(Takes and reads the
letter.)*—How now, minion!

Luc. Madam, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.—

(Tears the letter and throws it away.)

This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation!—

Go, get you gone:—

(Lucetta is going to pick up the pieces of the letter.)

And let the papers lie:

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

(1) *Stomach* was used for passion, or obstinacy.

Luc. (Aside.) She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Jul. O, hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.—

(*Takes up the pieces.*)

And, here is writ,—*kind Julia*;—unkind *Julia*!

Look, here is writ,—*love-wounded Proteus*:—

Poor wounded name!—my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ;—

Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia!—that I'll tear away:—

And yet I will not; sigh so prettily!

He couples it to his complaining names:

Thus will I fold them upon one another;

Now kiss, embrace, contend,—do what you will!

Enter LUCETTA, R.H.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales
here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;
Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.

(*Picks up the papers.*)

Jul. Come, come; will't please you go?—

I see, you have a month's mind to them.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too; although you judge, I wink.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE III — *A Room in Antonio's House, in Verona.**Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO, L.H.*

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad(1) talk was that
Wherewith Salanio held you in the cloister?

Pan. 'Twas of your son, Sir Proteus, my lord.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to the studious universities:
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment(2) to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think, your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the Duke of Milan in his court?

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. Were good, I think, your lordship sent him
thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,

(1) Serious or earnest conversation.

(2) Impeachment in this instance means *reproach*, or imputation

And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel ; well hast thou advis'd :
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known ;
Even with the speediest expedition,
I will dispatch him to the court of Milan.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the royal duke,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company ; with them shall Proteus go :
And, in good time,—(*Looking towards L.H. and per-*
ceiving Proteus.)—now will we break with him. (1)
(*They retire a little.*)

Enter PROTEUS, reading a letter, and followed by
LAUNCE, L.H.

Pro. Sweet love ! sweet lines ! sweet life
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart ;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn :
Oh, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents !
O, heavenly Julia !—How got you this letter ?

Launce. Madam Julia beckoned me from the balcony, and dropt it into my bonnet.

(*Antonio and Panthino advance.*)

Ant. How now ? what letter are you reading there ?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Brought by a friend that met him on the way.

Ant. Lend me the letter ; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord ; but that he writes
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish ?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is somewhat sorry with his wish :

(1) Break the matter to him.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed ;
 For what I will, I will, and there an end.
 I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
 With Valentinus in the court of Milan ;
 What maintenance he from his friends receives,
 Like exhibition(1) thou shalt have from me.
 To-morrow be in readiness to go :—
 Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided.
 Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after
 thee ;

No more of stay ? to-morrow thou must go.—
 Run, my good Launce, and pack up speedily ;
 To-morrow you must both away for Milan.—

[*Exit Launce, L.H.*]

Come on, Panthino ; you shall be employ'd
 To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt Antonio and Panthino, R.H.*]

✓*Pro.* Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burn-
 ing ;

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd !
 I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
 Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;
 And, with the 'vantage of mine own excuse,
 Hath he excepted most against my love.
 O, how this spring of love resembleth
 The uncertain glory of an April day ;
 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away !

Enter PANTHINO, R.H.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you ;
 He is in haste ; therefore, I pray you, go.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Why, this it is !—my heart accords thereto ;
 Yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exit, R.H.*]

(1) Allowance.

SCENE IV.—*A Street in Verona.**Enter LAUNCE, crying, L.H.*

Launce. O, miserable, undone Launce, what will become of thee! To be forced to leave my pretty birth-place of Verona, and all my natural kindred in it, to wander away with Sir Proteus to Milan!—O, O, O!

Pan. (Without.) Why, Launce,—why, Launce,—thou knave, thou!

Enter PANTHINO, R.H.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault:—O, O, O!

Pan. Away, away aboard; thy master's necessities are embarking, and thou art to post after with oars.

Launce. O me, O me!

Pan. What's the matter? Why weep'st thou, man?—Away, ass; if thou tarry any longer, thou wilt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—(*Launce puts his hand before his mouth.*)—why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.—Lose the flood, and the voyage, and the master, and the service!—why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs; if the—

Pan. Come, come; away, man!—I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Call me?—sir, call me what you dare.

Pan. Come; wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, sir—well, sir—I will go.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE V.—*The Garden of Julia's House, in Verona.**Enter PROTEUS and JULIA, R.H.S.E.**Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.*Jul.* If you turn (I) not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.*(Gives him a ring.)**Pro.* Why, then, we'll make exchange, love:—
take you this:— *(Gives Julia a ring.)**Here on this hand I seal my constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; I must go;
The tide is now:—nay, not the tide of tears;
That tide would stay me longer than I wish.
Julia, farewell!—**[Julia breaks from him, and Exit, R.H.]*

What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.*Enter LUCETTA, L.H.**Luc.* Sir Proteus, you are staid for.*Pro.* Well, I come:

Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb!

*[Exit, L.H.]**Enter JULIA, R.H.U.E.**Jul.* Lucetta: gentle girl, assist me!
In kind love, I do conjure thee,—

delaying your departure, you will hasten your return.

Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly engrav'd and character'd,—
To lesson me, and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long !

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

✓ *Jul.* Oh ! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
food ?

Did'st thou but feel the inly touch of love,
'Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. Madam, I do not seek to quench the fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage ;
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damnest it up, the more it
burns :

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course :
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along ?

Jul. Not like a woman ; for I would prevent
'he bold encounters of ungovern'd men
In this my journey ; therefore, I do pray thee,

Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseech some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl : I'll knit it up in silken strings.
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots :
To be fantastick may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

✓ But, tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
✓ For undertaking so unstaidd (1) a journey ?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then, never dream o' the scandal, madam ; go.
If Proteus like you : journey, when you come,
No matter who 's displeas'd, when you are gone :
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withall.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear :
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinitive of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect !
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth :
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
✓ His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart :
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. 'Pray heaven, he prove so when you come to him.

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong.
To bear a hard opinion of his truth :
Only deserve my love, by loving him ;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of
To furnish me upon my longing journey : (2)
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

(1) Indiscreet.

(2) Dr. Grey observes, that longing is a participle active, with a passive signification ; for longed, wished or desired.

My goods, my lauds, my reputation ;
 Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence :—
 Nay, answer not ; but to it presently ;
 I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt, Jul. R H. Luc. L.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Duke's Palace in Milan.*

Enter VALENTINE, L.H. SPEED, running after him.

Speed. Sir, sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine ; my gloves are on.

Ha ! let me see :—'tis mine ; ay, give it me.—

Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine !—

Ah, Silvia ! Silvia !

Speed. Madam Silvia ! Madam Silvia ! (*Calls.*)

Val. How now, sirrah ?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her ?

Speed. Your worship, sir ; or else I mistook.

Val. Go to, sir ; tell me, do you know lady Silvia ?

Speed. She that your worship loves ?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love ?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks—First, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms like a mal-content ; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence ; to speak puling, like a beggar at hallowmas ; (1) and to relish a love-song, like a robin-

(1) On All-saints-Day the poor people in *Staffordshire*, and perhaps in other country places, go from parish to parish *a souling* as the it ; (begging) and puling (or singing small, as *Bailey's Dict.* exp puling) for soul-cakes, or any good thing to make them merry.

red-breast.—You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock ; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions ; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner : when you looked sadly, it was for want of money ; and now, you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in her ?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia.

Speed. She that you gaze on so, when she sits at supper ?

Val. Hast thou observed that ? Even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not ?

Speed. Is she not hard favoured ?

Val. Not so fair, as well favoured.

Speed. Not so fair as, of you, well favoured.—You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed ?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her ; and still I see her beautiful.


Speed. O, that you had mine eyes ; or your own had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered !

Val. What should I see then ?

Speed. Your own present folly ; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose ; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike then you are in love : for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir ; I was in love with my bed ; I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. She hath enjoined me to write some lines to one
 she loves.

Speed. And have you ?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. They are as well as I can do them:—peace,—
here she comes.

Speed. (*Aside.*)—O, excellent motion! (1) O, exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA, L.H.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. (*Aside.*)—O, give you good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. (*Aside.*)—He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
(*Gives her a paper, which she reads.*)

Unto the secret, nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done. (2)

Val. Now, trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance, you think too much of so much pailis?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much;
And yet,—

(1) *Motion*, in Shakspeare's time signified *puppet*—It was frequently used in that sense, or rather perhaps to signify a puppet-shew. The master whereof may properly be said to be an interpreter, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actor. The speech of the servant is an allusion to that practice, and he means to say that Silvia is a *puppet*, and that Valentine is to interpret *to* or rather *for* her.

(2) Like a scholar.

Sil. (*Reads.*)—"That eye were blind indeed, that heart were cold,

"Where gifts like yours——"

A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel,
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;—
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. (*Aside.*)—And yet you will; and yet another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But, since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them:—they are for you:—

(*Gives him the paper.*)

I would have had them writ more movingly.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so;—if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so good morrow, servant. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Speed. O jest unscen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on the steeple!

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor.
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?(1)

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming,—'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. She hath not writ to me.

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest? Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter she hath delivered, and there at end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

"For often you have writ to her; and she, in modesty,

"Or else, for want of idle time, could not again reply;

"Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,

"Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover."

All this I speak in print; (1) for in print I found it.—Why muse you, sir? 'tis near dinner time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay; but hearken, sir; though the camcleon, love, can feed on the air, I am one, that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat.

Val. Begone, then, and leave me.

Speed. O sir, follow your mistress's direction, write more movingly;—be moved, sir;—be moved.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Val. My hopes and fears confound me.—*Silvia!*
The unblown rose, the crystal, nor the diamond,
Is not more pure than she: her very name,
Like some celestial fire, quickens my spirit:
She is the star, by whom my fate is led.—

(1) With exactness.

She comes again : her eyes are smiling too,
Kindly as sun-shine on the new-born spring.—

Re-enter SILVIA, R.H.

Distract me not with riddles, gentle Silvia !
I am on the verge of happiness or misery :
Sir Thurio is a suitor for your love,
Proud of his wealth and rank,——

Sil. But I am free ;
And will not be enslav'd, nor doom'd to wed
That singing, vain, that self-conceited lord.
The hard condition of my fate excuses
All breach of blushing, maidenly reserve ;
And will absolve her fault, if fault it be,
Who here commends herself to your protection.

Val. My arms, dear saint, shall be your sanctuary ;
I lodge you in my bosom, and will wear you
Safe in my heart. (*Thurio is heard singing without.*)
Sir Thurio comes :—retire. . (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Sil. It is too late.—This paper will direct you.
(*Gives a paper to Valentine.*)

Enter THURIO, singing, L.H.

Thu. Lady Silvia, I am your ladyship's slave. I
have been sitting for my picture ; in hopes you will
receive the shadow of your humble servant, with more
kindness than you are pleased to honour the substance.
If I had my will, the painter should take me at my
prayers,—there is then a heavenly beauty in the face ;
the soul moves in the superficies ; and 'twould bear
an exact resemblance of the adoration I pay to your
charms.

Sil. My lord, your compliment calls your faith in
question ;—but you were bred with the milk of the
court ;—you speak the courtier's dialect, and it be-
comes you.—(*To Valentine.*)—Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not ?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not ?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary ?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote (1) you my folly ?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How ?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio ? do you change colour ?

Val. Give him leave, madam ; he is a kind of cancleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir ; and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir ; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam ; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant ?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady ; for you gave the fire : Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I do believe it, sir ; you have an exchequer of words ; which, I think, would show richer, if set to some tune :—your lordship would sing them better than any man of quality about the court.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more ; here comes my father.

Enter the DUKE and Attendants, R.H.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health;
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert, so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. He hath, my lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy,
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days,
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.

Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then, according to his worth;
Silvia, speak to you,—and you, Sir Thurio;—

For Valentine, I need not cite (1) him to it.
 He is coming hither presently :—farewell ;
 Affairs of state demand me hence awhile.

[*Exeunt, Duke and Attendants, L.H.*]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
 Had come along with me, but that his mistress
 Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
 Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners
 still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind ; and, being
 blind,
 How could he see his way to seek out you ?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see some lovers, Thurio, it is true.

Sil. Have done, have done.

Val. Here comes the gentleman.—

Enter PROTEUS, R.H.

Welcome, dear Proteus !—Mistress, I beseech you.
 Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
 If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Madam, it is : sweet lady, entertain him
 To be my fellow servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady ; but too mean a servant
 To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
 My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed.
 Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so.

Sil. That you are welcome ?

Pro. No ; that you are worthless.

Enter an OFFICER, R.H.

Officer. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Officer, R.H.*
Come, Sir Thurio,

Go you with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome :
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs ;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Thurio and Silvia, R.H.*

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came ?

Pro. All, all are well, and have them much commended.

Val. How does your lady, and how thrives your love ?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you :
I know, you joy not in a love discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now ;
I have done penance for contemning love.

O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord ;

And hath so humbled me, as I confess,

There is no woe to his correction, (1)

Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth :

Now, no discourse, except it be of love ;

Now I can break my fast, dine, sup, and live,

Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye :—
Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she : and is she not a heavenly saint ?

Pro. No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. Then speak the truth by her ; if not divine,

(1) No misery that can be compared to the punishment inflicted by love.

Yet let her be a principality, (1)
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Nay, except not any ;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too :
She shall be dignified with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train ; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swellings flower, (2)
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this ?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus ; all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing :
She is alone. (3)

Pro. Well, let her then alone.

Val. Why, man, she is mine own :
And I more rich in having such a jewel,
Than twenty seas though all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
My foolish rival, whom her father favours,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along ; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealous fears.

Pro. But she loves you ?

Val. Ay, ay ; we are betroth'd ;
Nay, more, our marriage hour,—(*He shows Proteus
the paper which Silvia gave him.*)
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of ; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
'Prythee, good Proteus, go with me along,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

(1) The first or principal of women.

(2) A flower which swells in summer till it expands itself into bloom.

(3) She stands by herself. There is none to be compared to her.

Pro. Give me but time to write my father word
Of my reception at the Milan court,
And I will presently attend upon you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. [Exit Valentine, L.H.]

E'en as one heat another heat expels,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair, and so is Julia, that I love;
That I did love; for now my love is thaw'd;
And, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus, without advice, begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld;
And that hath dazzled so my reason's light,
That, when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit, R.H.]

SCENE II.—A Street in Milan.

Enter LAUNCE, R.H. leading a dog.

Launce. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am come with Sir Proteus to the court of Milan. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourdest-natured dog that lives; my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear:—he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: why, my grandam having no eyes, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it:—this shoe is my father;—no, no, this

left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole:—this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand:—this hat is our Nan, black Nan, our maid;—I am the dog:—no, he is the dog, and I am myself.—Now come I to my father;—“Father, your blessing;”—now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping;—now come I to my mother;—oh, that she could speak now like a wood woman! (1)—well, I kiss her:—now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes:—now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word;—but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter SPEED, L.H.

Speed. Launce! What, my old friend, Launce! Welcome to Milan. What, in tears, man?

Launce. Only Crab and I, of all our family, in a strange place.

Speed. Come, Launce, dry thy tears.—By mine honesty, thou art welcome to Milan.

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently where, for one shot of fivepence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

(1) i. e.—Crazy, frantic with grief. This word is very frequently used in Chaucer; and sometimes written *wood*, sometimes *wode*.

Speed. What, are they broken ?

Launce. No ; they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them ? Will it be a match ?

Launce. Ask my dog ; if he say, ay, it will ; if he say, no, it will ; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. It is well that I get it so. But, *Launce*, how sayest thou that my master is become a hot lover ?

Launce. Why. I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so ; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why ?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale⁽¹⁾ with a Christian ; wilt thou go ?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE III.—*The Duke's Palace in Milan.*

Enter PROTEUS, L.H.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn :
To love fair Silvia shall I be forsworn ;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn ;
And e'en that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury :
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear.
O, sweet-suggesting love, (2) if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it !
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken :
I will forget that Julia is alive,

(1) Ales were merry meetings, instituted in country places.
(2) *To suggest* is to *tempt*, in our author's language.

Remembering that my love to her is dead ;
 And Valentine I'll hold my enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some falsehood us'd to Valentine :—
 This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window ;
 Myself in counsel, his competitor : (1)
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight ; (2)
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine ;
 For 'Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter.
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt 'Thurio's dull proceeding
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me skill to plot this drift !
[Exit,]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Anti-Room in the Duke's Palace at Milan.*

Enter PROTEUS, DUKE, THURIO, and Attendants, in centre.

Duke. Sir 'Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile ;
 We have some secrets to confer about.

[Exeunt, 'Thurio and Attendants, in centre.]
 Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me ?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,

• (1) *Myself, who am his competitor or rival being admitted to his counsel.*

(2) Proposed or intended flight.

The law of friendship bids me to conceal :
 But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
 Done to me, undeserving as I am,
 My duty pricks me on to utter that,
 Which, else, no worldly good should draw from me.
 Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
 This night intends to steal away your daughter ;
 Myself am one made privy to the plot.
 I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
 On Thurio ;
 And, should she thus be stolen away from you,
 It would be much vexation to your age.
 Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
 To cross my friend in his intended drift,
 Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
 A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
 Being unprevented, to a timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care
 This love of theirs myself have often doubted ;
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
 Sir Valentine her company, and my court :
 But, fearing lest my jealous aim (1) should err,
 And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
 (A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
 I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find
 That, which thyself hast now disclos'd to me :
 And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
 The key whereof myself have ever kept ;
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
 How he her chamber-window will ascent,
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;
 For which the confident lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently ;
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,



(1) *Aim* is *griefs*, in this instance.

That my discovery may not be aim'd at ;
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence. (1)

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
 That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord ;—Sir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit, R.H.S.E.*]

Enter VALENTINE, in a cloak, R.H.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
 That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
 And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
 My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then, no matter : stay with me awhile ;
 I am to break with thee of some affairs,
 That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.—
 'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
 To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke. No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen, fro-
 ward :

And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
 Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;
 That now I am resolv'd to take a wife,
 And turn her out to who will take her in :
 Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower ;
 For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in
 this ?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
 Whom I affect ; but she is nice, and coy,
 And nought esteems my aged eloquence ;
 Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,

(1) Pretence is design.

(For long ago I have forgot to court,)
 How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
 To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her :

Send her another ; never give her o'er ;
 ✓ For scorn at first makes after-love the greater.
 If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you ;
 If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;
 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;
 Commend, and praise :—

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
 ✓ If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
 Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
 And kept so closely from resort of men,
 That no man hath by day access to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept
 safe,

That no man hath by night recourse to her.

✓ *Val.* What lets, (1) but one may enter at her window ?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground ;
 And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
 Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
 To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
 Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
 So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
 Advise where I may find me such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it, sir ?

Duke. This very night.

Val. By twelve o'clock I'll send you such a one.

Duke. But, hark thee; I would go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. As long as that, I guess, would serve the
turn.

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see it, that I
May get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I wear it so as to conceal—
I pr'ythee, let me try thy cloak upon me.

*(The Duke suddenly draws open Valentine's
cloak, and discovers a ladder of ropes, with a
letter fastened to it:—he seizes them.)*

What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.—

(Reads.)—What's here?—

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:—

All's true:—and here's the ladder for the purpose.—

Why, Phaton, (for thou art Merops' son,)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?—

Away!—Bestow thy smiles on equal mates;

And think, my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

But, if thou linger in my territories,

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.—

Begone,—I will not hear thy vain excuse,—

And, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit, R.H.]

Val. And why not death, rather than living tor-
ment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself;

And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,

Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
 Unless it be to think that she is by,
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom: (1)
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
 And flying hence, I fly away from life. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter LAUNCE and PROTEUS, R.H.

Pro. Run, Launce, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho! So-ho!

Pro. Wha' seek'st thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine. (2)

Enter VALENTINE, L.H.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. Friend!—Valentine!—a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear more news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then, in dumb silence will I bury mine;
 For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
 Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. What is your news?—for I can hear it now.

(1) The sense is, by avoiding the execution of his sentence, I shall not escape death. If I stay here I suffer myself to be destroyed, if I go away I destroy myself.

(2) Launce is still quibbling. He is now running down the *harc* that he started when he entered.

Launce. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banish'd,—that, O, that's the news!—

From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And such excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth heavenly Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath off'r'd to the doom,
Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force,
A sea of tears:

Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands:

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Nor silver-shedding tears,

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,

When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

That to close prison he commanded her,

With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou
speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life:

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,

As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,

And study help for that which thou lament'st:

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy mistress;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,

And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd

Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.

The time now serves not to expostulate:

Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large

Of all that may concern thy love affairs :
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my
man,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O, heavenly Silvia ! hapless Valentine !

[*Exit, with Proteus, L. H.*

Launce. I am but a fool, look you ; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of knave.—He lives not now, that knows me to be in love : yet I am in love ; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me ; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman : but that woman I will not tell myself ; and yet 'tis a milk-maid ; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips : (1) yet 'tis a maid ; for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian. (2) —Here is the cat-log—(*Taking out a paper.*)—of her conditions. (3) Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry.*—Why, a horse can do no more ; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry : therefore is she better than a jade. Item,—*She can milk ;* look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

En'cr SPEED, L. H.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce ? Ha ! what news there in your paper ?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black ?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

(1) Gossips not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble between these is evident.

(2) *Launce* is quibbling on. *Barz* has two senses ; *merc* and *naked* he uses it in both, and opposes the *naked* female to the water spaniel covered with hairs of remarkable thickness.

Qualities.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head ; thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Launce. I will try thee : tell me this :—who begot thee ?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O, illiterate loiterer ! it was the son of thy grandmother : (1) this proves, that thou caust not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come : try me in thy paper.

Launce. (*Gives him the paper.*) There ; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed !

Speed. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry* :—Item, *She can milk* :—Item, *She brews good ale* :—

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—“ Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.”

Speed. Item,—*She can sew* :—

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so ?

Speed. Item,—*She can knit* :—

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock ? (2)

Speed. Item,—*She can spin* :—

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item,—*She hath many nameless virtues.*

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues ; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Imprimis, *She doth talk in her sleep* :—

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item,—*She is slow in words* :—

(1) The mother, only, knows the legitimacy of the child, and I suppose *Launce* infers that if he could read, he must have read this well-known observation.

(2) Stocking.

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices ! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue : I pray thee, out with't ; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth* :—

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst* :—

Launce. Well ; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item,—*She is too liberal* :—(1)

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot ; for that's writ down she is slow of : of her purse she shall not ; for that I'll keep shut.—Well, proceed.

Speed. Item,—*She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Launce. Stop there ; I'll have her : she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article : rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,—and more faults than hairs,*—

Launce. That's monstrous :—Oh, that that were out !

Speed. *And more wealth than faults.*

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious : (2)—well, I'll have her : and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,——

Speed. What then ?

Launce. Why, then, I will tell thee,—(*Takes the paper from him.*)—that thy master waits for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me ?

Launce. For thee ? ay : who art thou ? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him ?

Launce. Thou must run to him ; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

(1) Licentious, gross.

(2) *Gracious*, in old language, means graceful.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? Plague of your love-letters? [*Exit*, L.H.

Launce. Ha, ha, ha!—Now will he be swung for reading my paper:—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the knave's correction. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit*, L.H.

SCENE II.—*The Duke's Palace in Milan.*

Enter the DUKE, and THURIO, R.H.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but she will be yours, Now Valentine is exil'd from her sight.

Thu. She hath despis'd me since his exile most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice; (1) which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form: A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And banish'd Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter PROTEUS, L.H.

How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.— Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast shown much sign of good desert,) Makes me the readier to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your trust, Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter?

(1) Cut, carved in ice. *Trancher*, to cut, French.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, while Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and she perseveres perversely so :
What might we do, to make the girl forget
This outcast Valentine, and smile on Thurio ?

Pro. The best way were, to insinuate Valentine
Of falsehood, and of such disparagements,
As we see women hold in most disdain.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Yes, if his enemy deliver it :
Therefore it must, with circumstance, (1) be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you, Sir Proteus, must undertake it.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do :
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very (2) friend.

Duke. Where your good word can not advantage
him,
Your slander never can endamage him ;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it,
She shall not long hold out affection to him :
But, for this purpose, I must have access
To Silvia ; who, if my advice may sway you,
Should straight be enfranchis'd from her close con-
finement :

For 'tis a verity of daily proof,
That love in youthful hearts takes fastest root,
When stern authority would tear it thence,
And force still leads to cureless obstinacy.
Yet, say, that this estrange her heart from Valen-
tine,

It follows not she shall affect Sir Thurio.

(1) With the addition of such incidental particulars as may induce belief.

(2) Very is immediate.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love (1) from him,
 Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
 You must provide to bottom it on me :
 Which must be done, by praising me as much
 As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. Good Proteus, you are fram'd for this employ ;
 For well we know, on Valentine's report,
 You are already love's firm votary ;
 Therefore most fit to plead Sir Thurio's suit.
 Her limit of confine we will extend,
 And on our warrant shall you have access,
 Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;
 For she is pensive, heavy, melancholy,
 And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you :
 You thus may temper her by your persuasion,
 And mould her stubborn humour to our liking.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect :—
 But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
 You must lay lime to tangle her desires,
 By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
 Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much the force of heaven-bred pocsy.

Thu. If rhymes will do, my muse shall be invoc'd
 To paint her beauties fairer than the morn :
 I can write sonnets, sir, and set them too :
 Ay, and can sing them with the best in Milan.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart ;
 Write till your ink be dry ; and with your tears
 Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
 That may discover such integrity :—
 For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews ;
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
 Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans

(1) As you wind off her love from him make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. The housewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body is a *bottom of thread*.

Forsake unsounded deeps, to dance on sands :—
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,
 Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
 With some sweet concert ; to their instruments
 Tune a deploring dump ; (1) the night's dead silence
 Will well become such sweet complaining grievance :
 This, or else nothing, will inherit her. (2)

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice ;

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
 Let us into the city presently,
 To sort (3) some gentlemen well skill'd in music ;
 I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
 To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper ;
 And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it : I will pardon you. (4)

Thu. Come, come, Sir Proteus. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*A Garden, and Silvia's Apartments in the Duke's Palace in Milan.*

Enter PROTEUS, L.H.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
 And now I must be as unjust to Thurio. —

(1) A *Dump* was the ancient term for a mournful elegy.

(2) Obtain possession of.

(3) Choose out.

(4) Excuse you from waiting.

Under the colour of commending him,
 I have access my own love to prefer ;
 But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
 When I protest true loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my falsehood to my friend ;
 When to her beauty I commend my vows,
 She bids me think how I have been forsworn
 In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd :
 And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips, (1)
 The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
 Yet, spaniel like, the more she spurns my love,
 The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.

Thu. (*And Musicians without, L.H.*)—This way,
 this way ;—follow me.

Pro. But here comes Thurio :—Now must we to
 her window,
 And give some early music to her ear.

Enter THURIO and Musicians, L.H.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus ? Are you crept be-
 fore us ?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio ; for, you know, that
 love

Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do ; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom ? Silvia ?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you, for your own.—Now, gentle-
 men,

Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter HOST and JULIA, in boy's clothes, R.H.S.E.

Host. Now, my young guest ! methinks, you're al-
 lycholly : I pray, why is it ?

(1) Hasty passionate reproaches.

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry : I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak ?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music ! (*Music plays.*)

Host. Hark ! hark !

Jul. Is he among these ?

Host. Ay : but peace,—let's hear them.

SONG.

*Who is Silvia ? what is she,
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise, is she ;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness :
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now ?—you are sadder than you were before :—how do you, man ?—the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake : the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth ?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How ? out of tune on the strings ?

Jul. Not so ; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.—

(*Proteus and Thurio take leave of each other.*)

Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

(*Julia and Host retire:—Host sits down, and presently falls asleep.*)

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At St. Gregory's fount.

Thu. Farewell.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt, Thurio and Musicians, l. II.*]

SILVIA appears above, at a balcony, R. II.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's
truth,

You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you bid me home to bed. (*Going.*)

Pro. O, lovely Silvia! by yon chaste-ey'd moon,—

Sil. Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy false flatteries,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy oaths?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And, by and bye, intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet Silvia, I did woo a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. (*Aside.*) I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,

Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd :—and art thou not asham'd
'To wrong him with thy importunacy ?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine's deceas'd.

Sil. Then so, suppose, am I ; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, is my affection buried.

Pro. Dear lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her thence ;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. (*Aside.*) He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my mistress,
That piece in little hanging in your chamber ;
'To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep :
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ;
And to your shadow I will pay my vows.

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir ;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
'To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send by some messenger, and you shall have it :
And so, good rest. [*Exit, at window.*]

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Jul. Host,—Host!—will you go ?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. 'Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus ?

Host. Marry, at my house.

Jul. Beseech you, my good host,
Give me forthwith some means of speech with him.

Host. And very willingly, good youth.—Trust me
I think, 'tis almost day.

Jul. 'Tis so :—and it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

Enter EGLAMOUR, L.H.U.E.

Egl. This is the hour that lady Silvia

Entreated me to call, and know her mind.—

(*Knocks at the door of Silvia's apartments.*)

Madam,—madam !

Sil. (*Without.*) Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend.

Sil. Sir Eglamour?

Egl. And that attends your ladyship's commands.—

There's some great matter she'd employ me in,

That calls thus early on my duty to her.—

But hark,—she comes.

Enter SILVIA, R.H.D.S.E.

Sil. A thousand times good morrow !

Egl. As many, gracious madam, to yourself !
According to your ladyship's impose,(1)
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O, Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter ; for, I swear, I do not ;)
Remorseful,(2) valiant, wise, and well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine :
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true-love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'd'st pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,—
To Mantua, where I hear he means to bide ;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief ;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,

(1) Injunction, command.

(2) Pitiful.

Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
 I do desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
 To bear me company, and go with me :
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances ; (1)
 Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
 I give consent to go along with you :
 Recking (2) as little what betideth me,
 As much I wish all good befórtune you.—
 When, madam, will you go ?

Sil. This very morn :
 At nine o'clock, at friar Patrick's cell,
 Where I intend holy confession,
 Prepare to meet me :—some one stirs within :—
 'Till then, farewell.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship.

Sil. At nine, remember ; at the friar's cell.
 [*Exeunt, Sil. into the house. R.H.S E Sir Egl. L.H.*

SCENE II. *Proteus's Lodgings at Milan.*

Enter LAUNCE, L.H. with his dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard : one that I brought up of a puppy ; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it !—I have taught him, even as one would say, precisely, thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master ; and I came no sooner into the dining chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg !—O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself (3) in all companies ?—If I had not had more wit

(1) Sorrows, sorrowful affections.

(2) To *reck* is to care for.

(3) Restrain himself.

than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't:—you shall judge. He thrusts me into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a watering-while, but all the chamber smelt him!—*Out with the dog*, says one;—*What cur is that?* says another;—*Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: (1)—*Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?*—*Ay; marry, do I*, quoth he:—*You do him the more wrong*, quoth I: *'twas I did the thing you wot of*. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber! How many masters would do this for their servant? I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed:—thou think'st not of this now! Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When did'st thou see me heave up my leg against a gentlewoman's farthingale?—did'st thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS, and JULIA in boy's clothes, L.H.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name?—I like thee well, And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. (*Julia retires a little.*)

How now, you idle knave?

Where have you loiter'd, peasant, since I saw you?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. Well, and what said she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she said, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks are good enough for such a present.

(1) This appears to have been part of the office of an usher of the table.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, did'st thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir;—the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place; and then I offered her mine own.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again into my sight. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Launce. Why, sir, this is a dog as big as ten of yours; and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Away, I say:—stay'st thou to vex me here?

Launce. Come along, Crab.

[*Exit, with his dog, L.H.*]

Pro. A slave that, still an end,⁽¹⁾ turns me to shame!

(*Julia advances.*)

Sebastian, I have entertain'd thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee:

(*Gives her a ring.*)

Deliver it to madam Silvia.—

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me!

Jul. It seems, you lov'd her not, to leave her token.
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
 You dote on her that cares not for your love.
 'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
 And thinking on it makes me cry, alas.

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
 This letter:—haste thee, boy:—and tell my lady,
 I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
 Thy message done, hie hither to my chamber,
 Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
 This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
 To bind him to remember my good will:
 And now am I (unhappy messenger!)
 To carry that which I would have refus'd;
 To plead for that which I would not obtain;
 To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
 I am my master's true confirmed love;
 But cannot be true servant to my master,
 Unless I prove false traitor to myself:
 Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
 As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

[*Exit, L.H.*

SCENE III.—*A Forest between Milan and Mantua.*

*A loud whistling without.—Enter UBALDO, L.H.
 meeting LUIGI and CARLOS.*

Lui. Who's there? Ubaldo?

Ubal. Ay, Luigi.—What!

Only you two?—It grows broad day; 'tis time
 We were retir'd: (this is the place and hour
 Our comrades fix'd on for our meeting.

Car. Comrades!

Nay, since we lost our captain, we are grown
 Disjoin'd and many-minded; every one
 Or stays or goes, at his own pleasure.

(A whistling twice, without, R.H.)

Ubal. Hark!

That's their signal ;—and they come, I hope,
Loaded with plunder.

Car. If they have had our luck,
They are return'd no heavier than they went.

*Enter STEFANO, GIACOMO, RODOLFO, VALERIO,
&c. R.H.*

Ste. Fellows, stand fast ; here come two passengers.

Lui. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with them.

Ubal. Hush !—stand aside awhile, and mark their
bearing. *(They retire behind the trees.)*

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED, R.H.

Speed. But, sir, dear sir, don't you hear these horrible thief-calls on every hand of us ? As you value your life, good master, make the best of your way out of this frightful forest.

Val. Care for thyself, and leave me to my hap.
Life has no charm for me, from Silvia banish'd.
Unless I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale ;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon :
She is my essence ; and I leave to be,
If I be not, by her dear influence,
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive :
Therefore I reck not what becomes of me.

(The Outlaws advance.)

Ste. Stand, sirs, and yield us that you have about you.

Speed. Sir, we're undone ; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

Car. That's not so, sir ;—we are your enemies.

Ubal. Peace ; let's hear him.

Lui. Ay, by my beard, will we ;
For he's a proper man.(1)

(1) Well-looking, the appearance of a gentleman.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose ;
 A man I am, cross'd with adversity :
 My riches are these poor habiliments,
 Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
 You take the sum and substance that I have.

Ste. Whither travel you ?

Val. To Mantua.

Lui. Whence came you ?

Val. From Milan.

Ubal. Have you long sojourn'd there ?

Val. Not very long ; but longer might have staid,
 If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

Ubal. What, were you banish'd thence ? For what
 offence ?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse :
 I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;
 But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
 Without false 'vantage, or base treachery.

Ubal. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so :
 But, were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

Val. I was ; and held me glad of such a doom.

Lui. Have you the tongues ?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy.

Lui. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
 This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

Ubal. We'll have him.—Sirs, a word.

(The Outlaws whisper together.)

Speed. Master, be one of them ;
 It is an honorable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain !—

Ubal. Tell us this :—have you any thing to take to ?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

Ubal. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
 Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
 Thrust from the company of awful men : (1)
 Myself was from Ferrara banished,
 For practising to steal away a lady,
 An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

(1) Men well-governed, observant of law and authority ; full of or
 subject to awe.

Lui. And I from Florence, for a gentleman,
 Whom, in my mood, (1) I struck unto the heart.

Ubal. But to the purpose;—for we cite our faults,
 That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;—
 And partly seeing you are beautified
 With goodly shape: and by your own report
 A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
 As we do in our quality (2) much want;—

Lui. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
 Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
 Are you content to be our general;
 To make a virtue of necessity,
 And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

Ubal. What say'st thou?—wilt thou be of our con-
 sort?

Say, ay, and be the Captain of us all:
 We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
 Love thee as our commander, and our king.

Cur. But, if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

Ste. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have of-
 fer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
 Provided that you do no outrages
 On helpless women, or poor passengers.

Ubal. No, we detest such vile, base practices.
 Come, go with us; we'll bring thee to our crews,
 And show thee all the treasure we have got;
 Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

Val. On:—you shall not repent your trust in me.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.U.E.]

SCENE IV.—*A Garden, and Silvia's Apartments
 in the Duke's Palace, in Milan.*

Enter SILVIA, with a mask and veil in her hand, L.H.

Sil. Thus far good hap: not one, of all the many
 Set on, and hired to watch me, doth misgive
 My trembling entrance on this bold adventure.

(1) Anger, resentment.

(2) Profession.

What hazards do I not run for thee, my Valentine!
 The hour draws on; and at the friar's cell
 My faithful friend, Sir Eglamour, awaits me.
 Blind love, blind guide,—ah, no;—true love, true
 guide,
 Now speed me on my way!—Soft, who comes here?

Enter JULIA, R. H. in boy's clothes.

Jul. Madam, good day.—I pray you, be my mean
 To bring me where to speak with lady Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
 To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Go, give your master this.

(Gives her a miniature picture.)

Tell him from me,
 One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
 Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.—
(Aside.) This may delay the knowledge of my flight.

Jul. Madam, may it please you to peruse this letter?

Sil. No, I'll not look upon your master's lines;
 I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
 And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
 As he hath those he swore to his former love.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
 For I have heard him say a thousand times,
 His Julia gave it him at his departure:
 Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,
 Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you,—

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
 Poor gentlewoman!—my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But, since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face;
That now she is become as black as I. (1)

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height:
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good, (2)
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I, in thought, felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholden to you, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate, and left!

I weep myself to think upon thy wrongs.—

(*Aside.*)—And what if Valentine should prove like
Proteus?

Away, false doubts! you wrong his noble heart.—
'ere, youth,—there is my purse: I give thee this

(1) The colour of a part *pinched*, is livid, as it is commonly termed, *lack and blue*.

(2) In *road* earnest.

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell.—Now all good angels be my guard!

[*Exit, R.H.*

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know
her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
Here is her picture:—let me see:—I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.—
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
O, envied shadow,—O, thou senseless form,—
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
Yet, shadow, come;—
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake.

[*Exit, R.H.*

SCENE V.—*The entrance to a Convent.*

Enter EGLAMOUR, L.H.

Egl. The sun begins to gain upon the heavens,
And sheds full morning from his glistening brows.
It must be now upon the very hour,
That Silvia at the friar's cell should meet me:
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be, to come before their time,
So much they spur in expedition.—
I said;—she's here.

Enter SILVIA, in a veil and mask, R.H.

A happy morning, lady!

Sil. Amen, amen!—Go on, good Eglamour;

Out at the postern, by the convent-wall ;—
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not :—the forest is not three leagues off ;
If we recover that, we are sure(1) enough.

[*Exeunt*, L.B.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Anti-room in the Duke's Palace,
in Milan.*

Enter THURIO, L.H., *meeting* PROTEUS, *and* JULIA
in boy's clothes.

Thu. I miss'd you, Proteus, at St. Gregory's fountain :

But, tell me, what said Silvia to my suit ?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was ;
And yet, she takes exception at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long ?

Pro. No ; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face ?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then, the wanton lies ; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair ; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Thu. How likes she my discourse ?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love, and peace.

Jul. (*Aside.*) But better, may be, when you hold
your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour ?

(1) *Safe is safe, out of danger.*

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. (Aside.) True; from a gentleman to a fool.

; *Pro.* Here comes the duke.

Enter, the DUKE, OFFICER, and ATTENDANTS, R. H.

Duke. How now, Sir Thurio?—How now, Proteus?

Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then, 'tis true;
She's fled unto the banish'd Valentine,
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Bernard met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this morn; and there she was not;
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence;
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua; that way they are fled:
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Duke, Officer, and Attendants, L. H.*]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish(1) girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her!
I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless(2) Silvia.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

(1) Foolish.

(2) Careless, thoughtless.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.

Thu. Nay, if they're all for following, I'll stay here :
I'll let my hate of Eglamour alone,
And polish up this jewel of my brain :

(*Takes out a paper.*)

Which, were it finish'd once to my desire,
Might warm the coldest heart to sympathy.
La, la, la,—'twill do,—'twill do.—Fa, la,—la, la, la,
la!

Enter an OFFICER, L.H.

Officer. My lord, my lord, the duke is waiting for
you : all is in haste : Sir Proteus has gallop'd off al-
ready.

Thu. Has he? then we'll gallop after him.—Fa,
la, la :—I wait on the duke.—Fa, la, la!

(*Exeunt, L.H.*)

SCENE II.—*A Forest between Milan and Mantua.*

*A great noise without.—Enter UBALDO, LUIGI, and
RODOLFO, R.H.U.E.*

Ubal. Nay, bring her onward :—she's a prize in-
deed.—

Where is the youth, that call'd himself Sebastian?

Lui. They've ta'en him forward to the general's
quarters.

*Enter CARLOS, SILVIA, STEFANO, and GIACOMO,
R.H.U.E.*

Sil. What, will you murder me? Unhand me, vil-
lains!

Car. Come, lady;—you must with us to our cap-
tain.

Lui. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

Car. I struck him down, never to rise again ;
At least, I think so.

Ste. Yet he stood to't stoutly.

Sil. My faithful Eglamour !

Ubal. Go ;—take her to the west end of the wood,
To our leader :—we must hence ; more travellers
Are forth : I heard the trampling of their horses.

[*Exeunt Ubaldo, Luigi, Giacomo, and Rodolfo, R.H.*]

Car. Come, we must bring you to our captain's
cave.

Sil. Slaves, monsters, murderers !—Ruffians, loose
your hold !—

O, Valentine, this I endure for thee !

[*Exeunt, Carlos, Silvia, and Stefano, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Valentine's Cave, in another part of
the Forest.*

VALENTINE *discovered, at the entrance of the Cave,*
L.H. U.E.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man !
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses and record (1) my woes.
O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was !
Repair, repair me with thy presence, Silvia !
(*A great noise of whistling and shouting without, L.H.*)
What halloing, and what stir is this to-day ?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase :—
They love me well ; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.—

(*Noise of whistling and shouting again.*)

(1) *Record* anciently signified to sing,

Again?—Why, Speed!—I must among them straight.

Enter SPEED, from the Cave.

Speed. Sir?

Val. Quick; bring my arms, and follow down the hill.

[Exeunt, Valentine L.H. Speed into Cave.]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog, R.H.

Launce. Holla! holla!—I'm lost, I'm undone!—Sir Proteus! Master!—He's flown off, like lightning, and which way he is 'gone it's impossible to guess. 'Sblud, a man that follows one of these fiery fellows in pursuit of a mistress, might as well go in chase of a jack-a-lantern—This must be the forest I have so often heard of at Milan:—they say it's inhabited by goblins, monsters with three throats, that swallow men up alive.—What will be the fate of me and my fellow traveller?—Holla! holla! Sir Pro——

Enter UBALDO, LUIGI, GIACOMO, RODOLFO, &c., L.H.

Ubal. Stand there.

Launce. I'm a dead man.

Lui. Lay hold on him.

Launce. 'Pray, do, good gentlemen; or I shall drop down in a moment.

Lui. Why, how now?—you tremble, friend.

Launce. Yes, sir; it's a disease I'm troubled with, a kind of falling sickness;—but, I hope, it won't cost me my life.

Ubal. Why, you cowardly knave, what's the matter with you? Are you afraid of dying?

Launce. Yes, truly am I, sir; if it were only in regard to my kindred; for the family of the Launces,

that poor Crab and I left behind us in Verona, would break their hearts, if we came to an untimely end.

Ubal. Come, come, away with him—he must to head-quarters, and be examined:—away with him.

—Out, cur! (*Striking at the dog.*)

Launce. Gentlemen, gentlemen,—however hardly you treat me,—’pray, use poor Crab with a little humanity.

Lui. What, does the varlet make a jest of us?—Drag him along.

Enter SPEED, L.H.

Speed. Halt!—Comrades, what cheer?

Launce. Am I awake? what do I see?

Speed. Why, Launce!—What, in the name of king Arthur’s round table, brings you here?

Launce. My own ill luck, and my master’s.—But, Speed, what in the name of enchantment, brings you here?

Speed. Thou shalt know by and by.—Let him go friends: I’ll answer for him.—Come, I’ll bring thee where thou shalt be welcome.

Launce. And my dog?

Speed. And thy dog.

Launce. Huzza!—Lead on, fellow Speed, o’the instant: I follow.—Come along, Crab.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE V.—*Valentine’s Cave in another part of the forest.*

Enter CARLOS, SILVIA, and STEFANO, R.H.

Car. Our captain bears an honourable mind, And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. I’ll go no farther;—kill me even here.

Ste. Nay, no resistance.

Car. Follow patiently.

Sil. Help, help, for mercy! help, some rescuing arm!

Enter PROTEUS, L.H.

Pro. Ha ! Silvia's voice !—Love, guide my weapon
sure !

Unhand the lady, slaves ;—or meet your death.

*(Proteus strikes the sword out of Carlos's hand,
who flies R.H.—he then engages Stefano, who
finds himself overpowered, and escapes among
the trees.)*

Prosperous adventure !—and most blest encounter !—

Madam, this service I have done for you,

(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)

To hazard life, and rescue you from those,

That would have forc'd your life and honour from you.

Vouchsafe me, for my need, but one fair look ;

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Sil. Unhappy, miserable that I am !

Pro. Oh, may this rescue make you happy, madam !

*Enter behind, VALENTINE, JULIA, in boy's clothes,
CARLOS, STEFANO, GIACOMO, RODOLFO, VALE-
RIO, RAIMONDO, L.H.U.E.*

Sil. Had I been seiz'd on by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
Be witness, heaven, how I love Valentine,
For whose dear sake I roam these pathless wilds ;
And full as much,—for more there cannot be,—
I do detest false, perjur'd Proteus :
Therefore, be gone, solicit me no more.

Val. How like a dream is all I see and hear !

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look ?

O, 'tis the curse of fate,

When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd :
lover Julia's heart ;

For whose dear sake thou then didst rend thy faith,
 Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
 Descended into perjury.—False man!
 Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
 Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Val. Heaven, lend me patience to endure awhile!

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
 Can no way change you to a milder form,
 I'll woo you, like a soldier, at arms' end.

Sil. O heaven!—

(*As Proteus goes to seize Silvia, Valentine rushes between them*)

Val. Ruffian, forbear that rude, unhallow'd touch!
 Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Comrades, lay hold of him.

(*The Outlaws seize Proteus:—Julia runs to him.*)
 My dearest Silvia!—

Kind heaven, at length, has heard my hourly prayer,
 And once more brought my Silvia to my arms:
 'Tis not in language to express my joy.

Sil. It is delusion all: alas, we dream,
 And must awake to wretchedness again.
 O; Valentine, we are beset with dangers.

Val. Dismiss those fears, my love; here I command:
 No power on earth shall ever part us more.—
 Thou common friend,—that's without faith, or love,—
 (For such is a friend now)—thou treacherous man,
 How thou'st beguil'd my hopes!—nought but mine
 eye

Could have persuaded me:—now I dare not say,
 I have one friend alive: thou would'st disprove me:
 Who should be trusted now, when the right hand
 Is perjur'd to the bosom?—

To die, but lightly expiates thy offence

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—
 Thy wrath is just: and I as freely suffer,
 As e'er I did commit: I merit death.

Val. Go,—bear him from my sight ;—and in my cave
Await my further will.

(The Outlaws are taking Proteus away, l. ii.)

Jul. O me unhappy ! *(She faints.)*

Sil. Look to the youth.

Val. Why, boy, look up :—*(She recovers.)*—what
is the matter ? Speak.

Jul. Hold, hold awhile : *(The Outlaws stop.)*

My master charg'd me, sir,
To give a ring to lady Silvia ;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. 'Tis true ; I do confess it.

Jul. This is it. *(Gives a ring to Proteus.)*

Pro. How ?—Let me see :—

This is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook ;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

(Offers Proteus another ring.)

Pro. How cam'st thou by this ring ? At my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me.

(Discovers herself.)

Pro. How ? Julia !—

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart :—

How hast thou with thy falsehood cleft the root on't !

Val. He's touched to the very soul.

Sil. Mine pities them.

Jul. O Proteus let this habit make thee blush :

Be thou asham'd, that I have ta'en upon me

Such an immodest raiment ; if shame live

In a disguise of love :

Modesty finds it is the lesser blot,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds !—'tis true :—O heaven !
were man

But constant, he were perfect ; that one blemish

Fills him with faults, makes him run through all

errors :—

constancy falls off, ere it begins :—

The magic spell dissolves that dimm'd my sight,
And my true day-spring dawns to me again :—
All Silvia boasts of beauty I may see
More fresh in Julia with a constant eye.

Sil. Give me your hand, sweet Julia ;—yours, Sir
Proteus ;—

Let me be bless'd to reconcile your vows :

(Silvia joins their hands.)

(To Val.) Nor must you hold out enmity for ever.

Pro. If to repent me, Valentine ;—if hearty sorrow
Be an atoning ransom for offence ;—
If truest penitence can be forgiven,—

Val. Forgiven, say'st thou ?
Who by repentance is not satisfied.

Is nor of heaven, nor earth ;—by penitence
The Eternal's wrath's appeas'd ;—Shall man be more ?
Thus once again I do receive thee honest :—

(He embraces Proteus.)

Thy friend, and lovely Julia, both are thine.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for
ever.

*(Ubaldo, Duke, Luigi, Thurio, Eglamour,
Frederigo, Leonzio, Roberto, and Pietro,
without, L.H.)*

Egl. This way they bore her, good my lord, this
way.

Duke. Thanks, good Sir Eglamour ; lead on.

Ubal and Lui. A prize, a prize !

Sil. My father,—and Sir Eglamour escap'd !

Ubal. Come on your ways,—

*Enter UBALDO, DUKE, LUIGI, THURIO, EGLAMOUR,
FREDERIGO, LEONZIO, ROBERTO, and PIETRO,
L.H.U.E.*

And answer to our chief.

Val. Hold off your hands ;—it is the Duke :—for-
bear.—

My lord, you are welcome to a man disgrac'd,
The out-law'd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia, sir; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back; or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure⁽¹⁾ of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee:—here she stands;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love,—
Take but possession of her with a touch,
Not the wide earth were ransom for thy life.

Thu. Not I, Sir Valentine; I care not for her.—
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:—
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means⁽¹⁾ for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.

Thu. Such slight conditions, say you?—Slight,
gads-me!

Duke. Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
My child,—

(*Silvia runs, and throws herself at the Duke's feet.*)
I here forget all former griefs:—(*Embraces Silvia.*)
Cancel all grudge:—(*To Valentine.*)—repeal thee
home again.

Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd:
Take thou thy Silvia; for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; this gift hath made me
bless'd.

Jul. Eternal happiness to gentle Silvia!

Val. You make me bold to be a suitor to you:
And I beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
Not to deny the boon that I shall ask.

Duke. 'Tis granted, for thine own, whate'er it be.

(1) The length of my sword—the reach of my anger.

(2) To make such interest for, to take such disingenuous pains about her.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,—
 Forgive them what they've done amiss my lord,
 And let them from their exile be recall'd :
 They will deserve it ; they are gentlemen,
 And fit for brave employment, gracious sir.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd for them :—They're
 pardon'd all :—

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
 Now, on to Milan ; where we'll end all jars
 With triumphs, (1) mirths, and rare solemnity.

Thu. And, lady Silvia, I'll write your epithalamium.

Val. I dare be bold, sir, as we journey onward,
 With our discourse to make your greatness smile.
 What think you of this pretty page, my lord ?

Duke. I think, the boy hath grace in him ; he
 blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than
 boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying ?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
 That you will wonder what hath fortun'd us.—
 Come, Proteus, 'tis your penance, but to hear
 Your own and Julia's history related :
 That done, our day of marriage shall be yours ;
 One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

Pro. Thanks, generous Valentine :—and I myself
 Will be the trumpet of my Julia's worth,
 Her stedfast faith, her still-enduring love,
 And of my own misdoings.—Pardon me,
 Ye who have ever known what 'tis to err !—
 And be this truth by all the world confest,
 That lovers must be faithful to be blest.

(1) Triumphs, here, means masques and revels.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



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Remarks.

THE TEMPEST.

The mind of that man must be very strongly impregnated with self-conceit, who in proportion as he advances in life, does not see more and more reason to distrust the correctness of his opinions, and to pause ere he bestows upon any work unqualified applause. When he reflects how frequently experience has cooled the ardent feelings of admiration excited by the first perusal of an author's writings, and taught him that what he once deemed a model of perfection was but a tissue of false taste and absurdity, he will become somewhat more chary of his eulogies, and seek to discover whether sound judgment will sanction the decisions which his feelings urge him to pronounce. In the season of adolescence we are especially liable to fall into this error of indiscriminate admiration; our eyes are fascinated by every ignis fatuus which presents itself to their view; and we worship it with unsuspecting ardour, till we find at length that what we foolishly thought a pure and steady flame, was nothing but a fleeting worthless vapour.

There are, however, some few authors not less calculated to satisfy the judgment of manhood, than to captivate the imagination of youth; and, such a one is Shakspeare. Time and reflection, far from weakening the hold which his scenes acquired upon our regard in the days of boyhood, have but served to strengthen and render it perpetual, and to convince us that what delighted the child, is no less worthy of fascinating and instructing the man; "With him were the dreams of our earliest love," and our reverence for his name has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. It is not the transient offspring of capricious taste, doomed to terminate as suddenly as it commenced, but a settled conviction, resulting from frequent examinations into its soundness, and from every succeeding enquiry becoming

ing more rooted and immovable. Justly, indeed, is Shakspeare the admiration and glory of his countrymen, and honourable alike to themselves and the poet is the pride with which they regard him ! This feeling has about it no particle of selfishness or of narrowness, no mixture of paltry or personal considerations, but is a generous tribute paid solely to the powers of mind ; the homage of a free and enlightened people to the grandest genius the world ever saw. But, not by his own countrymen only, is the worth of Shakspeare appreciated. Never was the delightful spectacle of talent triumphing over all difficulties, and overcoming all national prejudices, so sublimely displayed as in the universality of Shakspeare's renown. The son of a petty tradesman in an obscure English village, has imparted instruction and amusement to millions, and millions yet unborn will owe him the same obligations. On the banks of the Nile, the Ganges, the Amazon, and the St. Lawrence, beneath the torrid and the temperate zones, in regions which when he wrote were scarcely known to exist, in all climates and among all nations, are the works of Shakspeare read and admired. " Princes and rulers of the people" dwell upon them with delight ; young and old, brave and gay, learned and ignorant, all ranks and conditions of men, have experienced the magic influence of his genius. " His name is gone forth into all lands, and his glory unto the ends of the earth."

" Hail, bard triumphant, born in happier days,
 " Unquestion'd heir of everlasting praise ;
 " Whose honours with the lapse of years shall grow,
 " As streams roll down, increasing as they flow."

Our readers will pardon us this rhapsody, for we are sure that the subject upon which our feelings have run riot, is one too congenial to their own, for them to take umbrage at our enthusiasm. Indeed, the admiration with which Englishmen regard the *writer*, is equalled by the love they feel towards the *man*. They love him for his kind-heartedness, his national pride, his generosity, his humanity, his charity, all the amiable virtues which render humanity engaging, and which the perusal of his works would convince us that he possessed in an eminent degree, even were the concurring testimony of his wanting to assure us of the fact. This conviction

ten is inexpressibly to heighten the charm of his writings ; and, indubitably, Englishmen do “ adore his memory, on this side idolatry, beyond that of any other man.”

The following drama, which is one of the last he composed, was produced at a period of life when it might reasonably be imagined that the exuberance of his fancy had become somewhat abated by increasing years, and his imagination tamed by a long and busy intercourse with the world. But, do we discover in the “ *Tempest*” any symptom of declining powers, or, rather, does it not surpass in many respects the most powerful of the dramas he wrote in the full vigour of manhood ? “ Spurning the bounded regions of Existence,” he has here introduced to us beings merely imaginary, yet scarcely out of nature ; and, such is the power of genius, has made them act and speak precisely as every one feels persuaded they would act and speak, did they actually exist. The wild and the wonderful, the playful and the pathetic, the terrible and the sublime, are all to be met with in this grand production ; and perhaps no other drama but “ *Macbeth*” possesses the last mentioned attribute in so astonishing a degree. To this may be added what many people will deem still higher praise, namely that its plan is perfectly regular, that the three Unities of Action, Time, and Place, are more strictly observed than is common with Shakspeare, and that the anachronisms and similar incongruities, of which he is so often guilty, are here very carefully avoided. The “ *Tempest*,” indeed, is far less calculated to shock the disciples of the *classical* school than any other of Shakspeare’s Romantic Dramas.

Yet, after every eulogium—and no eulogy can possibly outstrip their merits—has been lavished upon the magnificent conceptions and the delicious poetry, which this piece contains, it must not be denied that as an acting-drama it is deficient in human interest, and does not sufficiently appeal to the passions of an audience to become a great favourite in the Theatre. *Prospero* is too far exalted above our nature, too far removed from the hopes and fears of humanity, for us to take that interest in his misfortunes which the spectacle of “ a great man struggling with the storms of fate” is generally calculated to excite ; our sympathy for the man is forgotten amid our reverence for the philosophical magician. We know that whatever straits he may be reduced to, he has always a resource in his art ; and though at last we experience a placid satisfaction at the abase-

ment of his treacherous enemies, we experience no very lively solicitude respecting the means by which it is brought about. "We watch their progress with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference." The underplot is still less exciting. The shipwrecked party are all, except *Gonzalo*, so utterly worthless, that no one can be concerned for their fate, or for the issue of the conspiracy against the King. "Whether *Sebastian* do kill *Alonso*, or *Alonso* do kill *Sebastian*, or each does kill the other," is a matter of perfect indifference. By the way, *Antonio's* agency in this transaction seems to require some explanation; for, though an abandoned villain, he is not a gratuitous murderer; yet, he appears to propose the assassination of *Alonso* from pure love of mischief, and without any certain prospect of gain to himself, since he makes no previous stipulation for reward, and the promise of remitting the tribute proceeds spontaneously from *Sebastian*. The beauty of the scene, however, amply atones for such little oversights. That between *King John* and *Hubert* is more carefully worked up, but is scarcely finer. How artfully are the first suggestions of the tempter imagined, how subtle and how cautious are his approaches!

- "*Sebastian*. I find not
 "Myself dispos'd to sleep.
 "*Antonio*. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
 "They fell together, as by one consent;
 "They dropp'd as by a thunderstroke! what might,
 "Worthy *Sebastian*,—O, what might—no more:—
 "And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
 "What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee, and
 "My strong imagination sees a crown
 "Dropping upon thy head."

From the objection of defective interest urged against the characters, those of *Ferdinand* and *Miranda* are entirely free; for, though from the commencement we foresee a prosperous issue to their loves, they are so amiable a pair of beings that we unavoidably feel deeply interested in their fate. *Miranda* is the abstract idea of purity personified. Simple, ingenuous, frank, tender, and confiding, her very want of reserve displays the perfection of modesty, and the plain

acknowledgment of her thoughts, which in any other woman would be disgusting forwardness, proclaims in her the extreme of unsuspecting innocence. None but Shakspeare could have imagined such a character, or have developed it in so exquisite a manner. How amazingly varied as well as vigorous were his powers! *Miranda* and *Juliet* both make an open avowal of their attachment, yet, how widely different are their feelings, how nicely discriminated their behaviour, but in both instances how completely true to nature! An author less intimately acquainted with the human heart, would have made *Miranda* play off the simperings and timidity of an arrant coquette; but, Shakspeare's profounder skill taught him that the absence of all dissimulation and guile necessarily involves the absence of all false shame and suspicion. If the reader feels any inclination to compare a specimen of utterly unsophisticated modesty with a conception drawn from the refinements of the drawing-room, let him place the character of *Miranda* beside that of *Amanthis* in the French drama called "The Child of Nature." To the well-bred, well-dressed ladies and gentlemen who deem the latter a model of purity, Shakspeare's heroine must doubtless appear a sad bold young hussey. *Miranda's* language is consonant to the simplicity of her ideas, except in one instance, when it seems to hover upon the regions of bombast:

"The sky it seems would pour down stinking pitch,
 "But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
 "Dashes the fire out."

Ferdinand, also, is a very engaging character. His refined manners, his humane and amiable disposition, and his filial piety, strongly interest us in his favour. The scene in which he is introduced bewailing his "drown'd father" is extremely touching, and his first interview with *Miranda*, though a hazardous subject to handle, is managed with infinite dexterity; nor will there appear to be any thing forced or unnatural in their sudden passion, when the influence of *Prospero's* magic in the business is borne in mind. But, what power of language can do justice to those poetical conceptions, *Ariel* and *Caliban*: the extremes of grace and deformity; of gentleness and brutality? Were all of Shakspeare's other performances lost

to the world, these two "fine issues of his brain" would suffice to immortalize him. *Caliban* (an anagram of *Cannibal*, as the acute commentators have discovered,) is the grandest specimen of the grotesque sublime to be met with in the whole compass of literature. What can possibly be more appalling than the manner in which he imprecates curses upon *Prospero*, more terrifically grand than his description of the torments inflicted upon him by the Spirits, or more admirable than his savage exultation when reminded of his attempt upon *Miranda's* chastity? Warburton mentions a tradition that "Lord J. Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden concurred in observing that Shakspeare had not only found out a new character in his *Caliban*, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character:" a remark which Johnson pronounces to be founded upon mistaken notions. Yet, surely, he has interpreted the meaning of the observation too literally. They could not intend to assert that Shakspeare had invented new words for *Caliban*, but merely new ideas, which is undoubtedly true; for, *Caliban's* sentiments are not only perfectly unique, but are also expressed in a manner which in any other being would be quite incongruous and out of character. What a singular air of savage ferocity and cunning, for instance, pervades the annexed passage:

" As I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for, without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And the most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax, my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasses Sycorax
In every test does least."

And what a touch of nature is contained in the following lines :

“ The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again ; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me ; *that, when I wak'd,*
I cried to dream again.”

Caliban's repentant submission in the last act has been censured by some critics, as violating the consistency of his character, which is previously represented as irreclaimably stubborn ; but it seems to be perfectly natural, that, upon discovering how he has been duped by his paltry “ god,” and receiving fresh evidence of the irresistible force of *Prospero's* art, he should feel abashed and humbled, and resolve, for a time at least, to renounce his malicious habits. Shakespeare, it has been remarked, has seldom or never drawn a being so completely vile as to exclude all possibility of our sympathizing with it ; his worst villains have some redeeming trait which connects them with humanity ; and thus, even *Caliban*, in the midst of his brutality, seems capable of gratitude, and can scarcely fail to excite a degree of compassion for his sufferings. He is, to say the truth, but an ill-used gentleman. “ The isle was his by *Sycorax* his mother ;” but *Prospero*, not content with usurping his birthright, after coaxing from him his knowledge of the fresh springs and fertile places, makes him in return light his fire, bear his burdens, and perform all kinds of menial offices, not to mention the torments inflicted upon him by the imps. To be sure, the “ delicate monster's” behaviour to *Miranda* was very indefensible, but the punishment seems sadly disproportioned to the offence.

In our remarks upon the various characters which come under our notice in this series of plays, we abstain, for obvious reasons, from all mention of the actors who personate them ; but the recollection of the unmitigated manner in which that of *Caliban* was sustained by poor Emery, induces us for once to deviate from our customary practice,

The following remarks upon this performance are from the pen of a critic, who, had he always written thus, would have benefited both himself and mankind far more than he has done. "The humour of *Caliban* must rise from the roughness of his manners, and his infinite awe at the divinity of the sailor who has made him drunk; and this roughness as well as awe, Emery most inimitably displayed, particularly in the vehement manner and high voice with which he cursed *Prospero*, and the thoughtful lowness of tone, softened from its usual hoarse brutality, with which he worshipped his new deity. Emery, notwithstanding the coarseness of style necessary to the parts he performed, was a truly poetical actor, and in all the varieties of the poet's flight kept by his side with the quickest observation. In this character he approached to terrific tragedy, when he described the various tortures inflicted on him by the magician, and the surrounding snakes, that 'stare and hiss him into madness.' This idea, which is truly the 'fine frenzy' of the poet, and hovers on that verge of fancy, beyond which it is a pain even for poetry to venture, was brought before the spectator with all the loathing and violence of desperate wretchedness. The monster hugged and shrunk into himself as he proceeded; and when he pictured the torment that almost turned his brain, glared with his eyes, and gnashed his teeth with an impatient impotence of revenge." This is high praise, but strictly just; and we experience a melancholy pleasure in transcribing it as a tribute to the memory of one whose merits few eulogies could exceed, but who now, alas! is deaf alike to the voice of praise and of censure.

Ariel, that "emanation of an all-beauteous mind," is rendered doubly captivating by being placed in contrast with *Caliban*—an angel of light opposed to a spirit of darkness. The mind is lost in admiration of the powers which could, with equal readiness, produce this delicate tricky spirit, and the rugged savage we have just been contemplating. How amiable is the behaviour of this airy being; how pathetic are its appeals to *Prospero* for a release from bondage; and how engaging its solicitude for the welfare of mortals, though possessing scarcely any feeling in common with them, but the sense of pain and the love of freedom. The utmost ingenuity of censorious critics has been able to discover but one blemish in the execution of this character, viz. that the songs it warbles are unworthy of the dignity of a spirit, which may be very true; but they are, nevertheless, exactly

adapted to the nature and office of *Ariel*, although they do not strut in Heroics, nor terminate with Alexandrines, which we suppose is what is meant by "dignity." The dirge (p. 23,) has a fine rich solemnity about it truly Shakspearian; and the final air ("Where the bee sucks,") breathes the very essence of ethereal exultation. Dr. Wilson, in his "Court Ayres," published 1660, asserts that these two pieces were first set by Robert Johnson, a composer contemporary with Shakspeare.

The comic characters contribute little to the progress of the plot, but they are admirable personations, from *Trinculo** down to the *Sailors*, who fall to prayers at the approach of peril. Even the brief part of the *Boatswain* displays the hand of a master. *Trinculo* and *Stephano* are delightful fellows; their encounter with *Caliban*, in the second act, is as fine as any thing of the kind that Shakspeare has written; and nothing can be imagined more exquisitely humorous than *Trinculo's* sudden return of courage, and display of contempt for the "shallow monster," upon discovering how groundless were his apprehensions of him. Of the remaining personages we have already said as much as seems to be necessary. Johnson observes of *Gonzalo*, "that being the only good man who appears with the *King*, he is the only one that preserves his cheerfulness in the wreck, and his hope on the island." We may also remark, that the confused silence of *Antonio* and *Sebastian*, after *Prospero* has discovered himself to them, is very naturally imagined. Modern writers of *comédie larmoyante*, always make their greatest villains fall to weeping and talking fluently of their remorse. The regularity of the plan we have spoken of before. Shakspeare seems to have made great progress in what may be styled the mechanical portion of his art, as he advanced in age. *Miranda's* very first words are cleverly contrived to give the reader an insight into her father's character; and *Prospero's* explanatory narrative is entirely free from the objection urged by *Mr. Sneer* against such convenient communications. 'Tis impossible for any detail of the kind to be less awkwardly introduced.

No play abounds so much with beautiful poetry as this does, and perhaps no passage in the English language has been so frequently

* Davies says, that Underhill was so celebrated for his performance of this part, that he was called by the nick-name of *Prince Trinculo*.

quoted as that well-known one, beginning "*The cloud-capt towers, &c.*"* We abstain, however, from giving farther specimens of what is in the hands of every one, and in the recollection of most people; but we must remark, that some of the finest parts are either expunged altogether from the acting-copy, or greatly curtailed. The delightful *Masque*, for instance, which is excelled in beauty by few similar productions. It was Seward, we believe, who discovered that Shakspeare evinced his contempt for this species of composition, by leaving behind him no specimen of it: Mr. Seward must have been extremely ignorant, or strangely forgetful.

Mrs. Griffiths laments that the "*Tempest*" has no striking moral, but says, that, from the incidents, the following reflections may naturally be deduced:— "That the justice and goodness of providence are so frequently manifested towards mankind, even in this life, that the circumstance should encourage an honest mind to form hopes in the most forlorn situations; and ought also to warn the wicked never to rest assured in the false confidence of wealth and power. The story also affords a lesson to princes not to render themselves ciphers by placing a dangerous confidence in favourites."

"*The Tempest*," from the accidental circumstance of having been placed at the commencement of the first folio volume of Shakspeare's plays, has generally occupied the same station in subsequent editions,

* There is a remarkable coincidence between this celebrated lesson to pride, and some lines which occur in Lord Sterling's "*Tragedy of Darius*." Shakspeare appears to have been the imitator, for Lord Sterling's play was written so early as 1602, eight or ten years previous to the production of the "*Tempest*." The passage in question runs thus:—

"Let greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt,

Not sceptres,—no; but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken;
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,

All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.

Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,

With furniture ~~scarcely~~ ^{superfluously} fair;

Those stately courts, those sky-encouring walls,

Evenish all like vapours in the air."

though it was unquestionably one of his latest performances. Malone and Chalmers fix upon 1612 or 1613 as the date of its production, and they are perhaps correct in their conclusion, though somewhat fanciful in their premises. Stowe recording that a terrible storm of wind occurred about that period, the commentators at once decide that Shakspeare availed himself of the circumstance to choose a title, which, from apparently alluding to the common subject of conversation, seemed likely to render his play attractive. The probabilities seem to be in favour of 1612, as Vertue's MSS. record that it was "acted at court the *beginning* of 1613." Dryden tells us that it was a favourite at the Blackfriars' Theatre; but after the Restoration it appears to have been neglected for a time, as we do not find its name in the list of pieces performed either by the King's or Duke's company. In the year 1667, however, an alteration of it by Dryden and Davenant was produced by the latter company, in a very splendid style, which has been the ground-work of all subsequent adaptations of it to the stage. Dryden's account of the motives which led him to undertake this performance deserves to be quoted, were it only for the honourable mention it makes of his unjustly-neglected colleague:—

"I do not," says he, "set a value on any thing I have written in this play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, who did me the honour to join with me in the alteration of it. It was originally Shakspeare's, a poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The play itself had formerly been acted with success in the Blackfriars'; and our excellent Fletcher had so great a value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same design, not much varied, a second time. Those who have seen his 'Sea Voyage,' may easily discern that it was a copy of Shakspeare's 'Tempest:' the storm, the desert island, and the woman who had never seen a man, are all sufficient testimonies of it. But Fletcher was not the only poet who made use of Shakspeare's plot. Sir John Suckling, a professed admirer of our author, has followed his footsteps in his 'Goblins;' his *Reginella* being an open imitation of *Miranda*, and his *Spirits*, though counterfeited, yet are copied from *Ariel*. But Sir William Davenant, as he was a man of a quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the design of Shakspeare, of which neither Fletcher nor Suckling had ever thought; and, therefore, to put

the last hand to it, he designed the counterpart to Shakspeare's plot, viz. that of a man who had never seen a woman, that by these means those two characters of innocence and love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleased to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess, that, from the very first moment, it so pleased me, that I never writ any thing with more delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments; and that is the reason why it is not so faulty as the rest, which I have done without the help or correction of so judicious a friend. The comic parts of the *Sailors* were also of his invention, and, for the most part, his writing, as you will easily discover by his style. It had, perhaps, been easy enough for me to have arrogated more to myself than was my due in the writing of this play, and to have passed by his name with silence, in the publication of it, with the same ingratitude with which others have used him; whose writings he hath not only corrected, as he hath done this, but had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole scenes together, which may as easily be distinguished from the rest, as true gold from counterfeit by the weight. But besides the unworthiness of the action, which deterred me from it, (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his reputation,) I am satisfied I could never have received so much honour in being thought the author of any poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my imperfections with the merit and names of Shakspeare and Sir William Davenant."

Dryden's warmest admirers must allow, what he himself appears to have been aware of, that, in the attempt to improve upon Shakspeare, he failed egregiously. He has not only destroyed the noble simplicity of the original plan, and outraged all probability, by introducing a sister of *Miranda*, who has never seen a man, with a young man who has never seen a woman; but he has made them utter contemptible ribaldry, and indulge in the most puerile conceits. *Caubau*, also, has a sister, who first becomes enamoured of *Trinculo*, then transfers her affections to *Stephano*, and finally falls to fighting with her brother. The *Sailors* are rendered much more important personages, ~~many~~ of unintelligible sea slang is allotted them, which was planned by Davenant in his ~~maritime~~ scraps. The part of *Sebastian* is expunged, and the under-plot of the conspiracy omitted,

in lieu of which there occurs a contention between *Trinculo* and *Stephano* for the possession of the island. In short, Shakspeare's sublime drama is transformed into a mass of vulgar buffoonery; yet, while we fully coincide in every expression of contempt which has been heaped upon this tasteless performance, let us be allowed to offer a few words of apology for the deed. Dryden knew full well the composition of a play-house audience; he knew that the lofty conceptions and exquisite poetry of Shakspeare's piece were far too refined for the gross capacities of the major part of them; and that it would never become attractive till it was rendered more congenial to their vulgar tastes. The most inveterate enemies of his alteration must admit the truth of what has previously been hinted, that the "*Tempest*," in its original form, is not calculated to excite much interest in a theatre; nor can they deny that his additions, by increasing the intricacy of the plot, and rendering the agency of human beings more prominent, have greatly lessened the objection. The fact is, that people are accustomed to declaim bitterly against the taste of audiences, without recollecting that they are not composed of poets and philosophers only, but of an infinite variety of classes, many of them of little or no education, destitute of refinement, having, of course, no relish for poetry, nor understanding any thing removed at all beyond the sphere of actual existence. What are *Prospero*, and *Caliban*, and *Ariel* to them? Incomprehensible beings, which make them stare for the first five minutes, and yawn for the rest of the evening, unless enlivened by something more material, and more akin to their coarse perceptions. They who marvel at the damning of Fletcher's "*Faithful Shepherdess*," and the banishment from the stage of Milton's "*Comus*," would do well to think of this, and to recollect that satyrs and river-gods, *Daphnis* and *Alexis*, may be very delightful in masques and pastorals, but have no charms for the gentlemen in the galleries, though they come recommended by all the fascinations with which genius and learning can invest them.

We offer this to extenuate, not to justify Dryden's share in the foul transaction of re-modelling the "*Tempest*," of which his better judgment doubtless disapproved, but which perhaps his necessities compelled him to undertake. Of the performance itself we think as contemptibly as any one; yet, while we reverence the memory of

Shakspeare, we also regard that of Dryden, and are unwilling to hear him condemned, without urging whatever we can in his defence. That he did not venture upon altering the piece, through inability to appreciate worthily the merits of its original author, is shewn by his prologue, which his last editor, Sir Walter Scott, justly styles one of the most masterly tributes ever offered at the shrine of Shakspeare. The greater part of it may be given without offence, but at the conclusion he degenerates as usual into ribaldry :—

“ As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot,
So from old Shakspeare's honour'd dust this day
Springs up and buds a new-reviving play.
Shakspeare, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art.
He, monarch-like, gave those, his subjects, law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Jonson crept and gather'd all below :
This did his love, and this his mirth digest,
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since outwrit all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakspeare's pen.
The *storm* which vanish'd on the neighbouring shore,
Was taught by Shakspeare's *Tempest* first to roar ;
That innocence and beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this *Enchanted Isle*.*
But Shakspeare's Magic could not copied be ;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold ; nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
Which works by magic supernatural things,
But Shakspeare's power is sacred as a king's ;
'Those legends from old priesthood were receiv'd,
And he then writ as people then believ'd.”

* He alludes to Fletcher's “ *Sea-Voyage*.”

Upon Dryden's alteration, all subsequent adaptations of the play have been partly founded ; but even with the assistance of his meretricious additions, it has never been remarkably popular. We confess that this excites neither our wonder nor our regret, for the very idea of *acting* such beautiful abstractions, such impalpable shadowy conceptions as "The Tempest" and "The Midsummer Night's Dream," seems to us to be perfectly absurd. How satisfactorily are our ideas of *Prospero*, *Caliban*, and *Ariel* embodied by a solemn stalking gentleman in a long gown and grey beard, a hairy man-o'-the woods, and a robust young lady with a pair of painted gauze wings stuck to her shoulders ; and how much the beauty as well as propriety of *Ariel's* parting strain is increased, by its being transformed into a glee, performed by half a dozen fat chorus-singers, let down from the ceiling in a clumsy creaking piece of machinery. The whole affair is a futile attempt to embody beings who can have no existence but in the imagination—

"Where are the forms the poet's soul hath seiz'd?
In him alone. Can nature shew so fair?"

Dryden's drama was produced with great splendour of dresses and decorations, as the stage directions sufficiently shew. That prefixed to the opening scene is an elaborate piece of description, from which the curious frontispiece to the "Tempest," in Rowe's edition of Shakspeare, was obviously designed. The success of the play stimulated a writer named Duffet to produce a burlesque of it at the rival theatre, under the title of "The Mock Tempest;" but being a mere mass of dull ribaldry, it was soon laid aside. Dryden, however, has conferred immortality upon its name in these four lines

The dullest scribblers some admirers found,
And the *Mock Tempest* was awhile renown'd;
But this low stuff the town at last despis'd,
And scorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd."

The other principal revivals of the "Tempest" have been as follows.—In 1756, at ~~Dorset~~ *Dorset* Lane Theatre, as an opera, the songs in which were attributed to Garrick.—In 1758, at the same house, as originally written.—In 1777, at the same house, with songs,

said to be written by *Sheridan.—In 1789, at the same house, compiled from Shakspeare and Dryden, by Kemble, who, in 1806, brought it forward at Covent Garden. This last alteration is at present the standard acting-copy, and has been followed in the edition here presented to the reader, who will find that some of Dryden's interpolations have been rejected, and others retained.

Upon the occasion of the last-mentioned revival, a very animated discussion was for some time maintained in the public papers respecting the true pronounciation of the noun *aches* in this line (p. 11).

“ Fill all thy bones with *aches*—make thee roar.”

Kemble made the word in italics a dissyllable, as demanded by the measure, and as was invariably the custom in Shakspeare's time. This, however, drew upon him the derision of that large majority of his auditors, the ignorant and the malicious; and though all who understood any thing of the matter, knew that he was critically right, many sensible men questioned his judgment and prudence in thus contending with that obstinate beast the multitude. We will not tire our readers with numerous authorities in support of Kemble's pronounciation, for, when one's proofs are aptly chosen, &c.—the quotation is somewhat musty, but we fancy that the passages subjoined will be found as decisive of the question as two thousand;—

“ On the letter *H*.

“ In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee,

In what place soever *H* may pike him,

Wherever thou shalt find *ache*, thou shalt not like him.”

J. Heywood's "Epigrams," 1566.

“ Or ling'ringly his lungs consumes,

Or meets with *aches* in the bone.”

Knight of the Burning Pestle, Act II.

In fact, the plural of the noun *ache* was commonly reckoned as a dissyllable so low as the time of Swift. When Cooke once played *Prospero*, upon the occasion of Kemble's illness, much curiosity was excited to hear how he would pronounce the contested word, but he cheated both parties, by omitting the line altogether. Mr. Young, we gives *aches* as a monosyllable, and completes the measure by and after it.

Costume.

PROSPERO.

Crimson satin vest, slate-coloured mantle, trimmed with broad black velvet, flesh stockings and black sandals.

ALONZO.

Crimson velvet vest, robe, and trunk; breeches, embroidered with gold, white silk hose, white shoes, crimson velvet hat, and white plume of feathers.

ANTONIO.

Blue velvet do. do. lined with white satin.

GONZALO.

Green cloth dress, embroidered with gold.

FERDINAND.

Light blue cloth dress, same as above, richly embroidered with silver, white silk hose and russet shoes.

STEPHANO.

Jacket, breeches, and cloak of yellow, scarlet, and light blue cloth, one blue, one red stocking, and russet shoes.

TRINCULO.

Brown rough jacket, Guernsey shirt, petticoat trowsers, and pair of red hose.

CALIBAN.

Flesh-coloured dress, over which a goat skin jacket, short breeches and mantle, shoes to correspond, and long shaggy black wig.

ARIEL.

Flesh-coloured dress, white muslin tunic richly spangled, blue mantle richly spangled, wings on the back, and star in front of the head.

SPIRITS OF THE ISLAND.

Imaginary figures in masks, &c. &c.

SPIRITS IN THE GLEE.

Flesh dresses, with spangled tunics over them.

MIRANDA.

Muslin dress, trimmed with leaves and coral, small drapery, trimmed the same.

FERDINAND.

Ibid.

Persons Represented.

Covent Garden, 1821.

<i>Prospero</i>	Mr. Macready.
<i>Alonzo</i>	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Hypolito</i>	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Antonio</i>	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Prince Ferdinand</i>	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Gonzalo</i> .. .	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Trinculo</i>	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Stephano</i>	Mr. W. Farren.
<i>Caliban</i>	Mr. Emery.
<i>Miranda</i>	Miss Hallande.
<i>Dorinda</i>	Miss Stephens.
<i>Ariel</i>	{ Miss Foote. Miss M. Tree.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is three hours.—The half price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H..... is meant..... Right Hand.

L.H..... Left Hand.

S.E..... Second Entrance.

U.E..... Upper Entrance.

M.D..... Middle Door.

D.F..... Door in Flat.

R.H.D..... Right Hand Door.

L.H.D..... Left Hand Door.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I — *The Cell of Prospero.*—*Caliban's Cave*
R.H.

Enter PROSPERO, R.H. meeting MIRANDA L.H.

Pro. Miranda, where's your sister?

Mir. Sir, I saw her
Climbing tow'ards yon high point, whence I am come
From gazing on the ocean.—A brave creature,
Who has, no doubt, some other creatures in her,
Toss'd on the waste of waters,—

Pro. Be collected;

I shall do nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my daughter, and thy pretty sister.

You are both ignorant of what you are,

Nought knowing

Of whence I am; nor that I am more better (1)

(1) This ungrammatical expression is very frequent among our oldest writers. So, in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Swan*, bl. l. no date, imprinted by Wm. Copland. "And also the more sooner to come, without prolixity, to the true Chronicle," &c. Again, in the *True Tragedies of Marus and Scilla*, 1594

"To wait a message of more ~~than~~ worth"

Again, *ibid*

"That hale more greater than Cassandra now."

Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, (1)
And your no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle (2) with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So ;
(*Hangs up his mantle L.H. in flat, and wand*
R.H. against flat.)

Lie there, my art.—
The fated wreck of that same gallant ship,
I shall with such provision in mine art
So safely order,
That not so much perdition as a hair,
Shall 'tide to any creature in the vessel.
Sit down ;
For thou must now know further.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am ; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition ;
Concluding,—“ *Stay, not yet.*”

Pro. The hour's now come ;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;
Obey, and be attentive.—

(*They sit down ; Mir. L.H. Pro. R.H.*)

Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell ?
I do not think thou canst ; for then thou wast not
Out three years old. (3)

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what ?—by any other house, or person
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off ;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance

(1) i.e. A cell in a great degree of poverty.—So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* : “ I am full sorry.”

(2) *Interfere, to trouble, to busy itself, as still used in the North.*
Don't meddle with me ; ~~and~~ *let me alone ; don't molest me.*

(3) i.e. Quite three years old, three years old full out, complete

That my remembrance warrants :—had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda :
Fifteen years since, my child, but fifteen years,
Thy father was Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. O, the heavens !
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?
Or blessed was't we did ?

Pro. Both, both, my girl :
By foul play, as thou sayst, were we heav'd thence ;
But blessedly help hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds, ✓
To think o'the teen (1) that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious !—to him I put
The manage of my government,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me ?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, having both the key (2)
Of officer and office, set all hearts
To what tune pleased his ear ; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pro. Being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,
He needs will be
Absolute Milan :—me, poor man !—my library
Was dukedom large enough ; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable : confederates,

(1) Sorrow, grief, trouble.

(2) This is meant of a key, ~~as~~ ^{used} in tuning the harpsichord, spinnet, ~~the~~
virginal ; we call it now a tuning hammer.

So dry (1) he was for sway, with the king of Naples,
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
 And bend
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
 To most ignoble stooping: whereupon,
 A treacherous army levied, one mid-night
 Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
 The gates of Milan; and, i'the dead of darkness,
 Push'd me forth.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
 That hour destroy us?

Pro. Girl, they durst not.
 So dear the love my people bore me, set
 A mark so bloody on the business; but
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
 Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
 A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
 Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
 To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
 To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
 Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
 Were we then to you!

Pro. O, two cherubim
 Ye were, that did preserve me!—ye did smile,
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven;
 Which rais'd in me
 An undergoing stomach, (2) to bear up
 Against what should ensue

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pro. By providence divine.—
 Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
 Out of his charity, he being then appointed
 Master of this design, did give us; with

(1) Thirsty.

Stomach is stubborn resolution. So, Horace
 "stomachum."

Rich garments, lincens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much : so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my kingdom.

Mir. 'Would I might
But ever see that man !

Pro. Mark me, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived ; and here
Have I, your school-master, made you more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

(Rises and embraces her)

Mir. Heavens thank you for't ! And now, I pray
you, sir,

For still 'tis beating in my mind, ^{thy} your reason
For raising this sea-storm ?—*(Puts the chairs back.)*

Pro. Know thus far forth :—

By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now, my dear lady, (1) hath my enemies
Brought on these seas ; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star ; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—

(Takes up his wand, and charms Miranda to sleep.)

Here cease more questions.

Thou art inclin'd to sleep ; 'tis a good dullness,
And give it way :—I know thou canst not choose.—

*(Miranda sleeps on R.H. in a chair.—Prospero
puts on his mantle.)*

Come away, servant, come ; I am ready now :
Approach, my Ariel ; come.

Enter ARIEL, down platform L.H.S.E.

Ari. All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come,
To answer thy best pleasure, ~~to~~ ^{and} to fly,

(1) i. e. Now my auspicious mistress.

To swim, to dive into the sea, to ride
On the curl'd clouds ; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality. (1)

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Prepar'd to point (2) the tempest that I bade thee ?

Ari. To every article.

Pro. What is the time o'the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses :—the time 'twixt six and
now,

Must by us both be spent most preciousy.

Ari. Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me
pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now,—moody?

What is't thou canst demand ?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out ?—no more.

Ari. I pray thee :

Remember, I have done thee worthy service ;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumbings : thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee ?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost ; and think'st it much, to tread the
ooze

Of the salt deep ;

To run upon the sharp wind of the north ;

To do me business in the veins o'the earth,

When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing ! Hast thou for-
got

(1) i. e. All his confederates, all who are of the same profession
(2) i. e. To the minutest article ; a literal translation of the French
phrase—a point.

The foul witch Sycorax, (1) who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak;
tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier, (2)
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life:—is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,

And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy
groans

As fast as mill-wheels strike: then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.

(1) This idea might have been caught from Dionyse Settle's *Reporte of the Last Voyage of Capteine Frobenius*, 12mo. bl. l. 1577. He is speaking of a woman found on one of the islands described. "The old wretch, whom diuers of our Saylers supposed to be a Diuell, or a Witche, plucked off her buskins, to see if she were cloven footed, and for her ugly hewe and deformitie, let her goe."

(2) *Argier* is the ancient English name for *Algiers*.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. 'Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears : it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo : it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak.
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master :
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so ; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master !
What shall I do ? say, what ? what shall I do ?

Pro. Go, with the spirits under thy command,
Let loose the tempest, as I bade thee ; then,
Disperse the stranded crew about the isle,
And bring the king's son, Ferdinand, to my cell.—
Be subject to no sight but mine ; invisible
To every eye-ball else.

(*Crosses, and sits down, L.H.*)

Ari. Master, I shall.

SONG.—ARIEL.

*O, bid thy faithful Ariel fly
To the furthest India's sky ;
Or, to do thy great command,
Traverse o'er more distant land ;
I'll climb the mountains, plunge the deep,—
I, like mortals, never sleep,—
I'll do thy task, whate'er it be,
Not with ill will, but ~~not~~ merrily.* [*Exit, L.H.*]

Pro. Awake; dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well:

Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off; come on; (*Miranda rises.*)
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: (1) he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho!—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—Slave!
Caliban!—

Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. (*Without, R.H.*) There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee;
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?—
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!—

Enter CALIBAN, from his den, R.H.

[*Exit Miranda, L.H.*

Cal. As wicked (2) dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! A south-west blow on you,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins (3)
Shall, for that vast (4) of night that they may work,

(1) That is, we cannot do without him.

(2) *Wicked*, having baneful qualities. So Spenser says, *wicked weed*; so, in opposition, we say herbs or medicines have virtues.

(3) Hedgehogs.

(4) The *vast of night* means the night which is naturally empty and

All exercise on thee ; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou came'st
first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me ; would'st
give me

Water with berries in't ; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night ; and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o'the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile ;
Cursed be I that did so !—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king, and here you stye me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.—Ah—ah !

Pro. Most abhorred slave,

Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill, I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care :—I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,
Know thy own meanings, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known : but thy vile
race, (1)

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
natures

Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
Deserv'dly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language ; and my profit on't

1 without action ; or, when all things lying in sleep and silence,
the world appear one great uninhabited waste.
Race, in this place, seems to signify original disposition, inborn
feelings. In this sense we still say—*The race of wine*.

Is, I know how to curse : the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language !

Pro. Hag-seed, hence !

Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business.—Shrug'st thou, malice ?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps ;
Fill all thy bones with aches ; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee !—

I must obey : his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god Setebos, (1)
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave ; hence !

[*Exeunt ; Cal. R.H. Pro. L.H.U.E.*]

SCENE II.—*A Front Rock-scene.*

Enter MIRANDA, R.H. meeting DORINDA, L.H.

Dor. O, sister, sister,—what have I beheld !

Mir. What is it moves you so ?

Dor. From yonder rock,

As I mine eyes cast down upon the sea,
The whistling winds blew rudely in my face,
And the waves roar'd :—at first, I thought the war
Had been between themselves ; but straight I spy'd
A strange huge creature,—

Mir. O, you mean the ship.

Dor. Is't not a creature, then ? it seem'd alive.

Mir. Well—but what of it ?

Dor. This floating ram did bear his horns aloft
All ty'd with ribands ruffling in the wind ;
Sometimes he nodded down his head awhile,
And then the waves did heave him to the moon.

Mir. But, sister, I have stranger news to tell you :—

(1) We learn from Magellan's voyage, that *Setebos* was the supreme god of the Patagons, and *Cheleule* was an inferior one.

In this great creature there are other creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing
Which you have heard my father call—a man.

Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My father say, we women were made for him.

Dor. Made for him? What, that he should eat
us, sister?

Mir. No, sure; you see, my father is a man,
And yet he does us good.

Dor. Methinks, it would
Be finer, sister, if we had two young fathers.

Mir. No, sister, no; because, if they were young,
My father said, that we must call them—brothers.

Dor. How comes it, then, that we two are not
brothers?

And how came he to be our father too?

Mir. I believe, he found us, when we both were
little,

And grew within the ground.

Dor. Why didn't he find more of us? 'Pray, dear
sister,

Let you and me look up and down one day,
To find some little ones for us to play with.

Mir. Agreed.—But now we must go in; this is
The hour wherein my father's charm will work,
Which seizes all that are in open air.
The effect of this great art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as magic can.

Dor. And I, methinks, more long to see a man.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea.—A Ship in a Tempest.—
Ariel firing the ship.*

*Enter four SPIRITS OF THE WINDS dancing, R.H.
and SPIRITS OF THE STORM, L.H.*

CHORUS.

*Arise, ye terrors of the storm,
Appal the guilty eye :
Tear the wild waves, ye mighty winds,
Ye blasting lightnings, fly !
Dart thro' the tempest of the deep,
And rocks and seas confound !—
(Loud thunder.)*

*Hark, how the vengeful thunders roll !
Amazement flames around.
Behold—the fate-devoted bark
Dash'd on the trembling shore !
Mercy !—the sinking wretches cry,—
Mercy !—they're heard no more.*

[*The ship seems to founder.—Ariel and all the
other Spirits disappear, some R.H. and others
L.H.*

SCENE II.—*The Cave of Hippolyto.*

Enter PROSPERO, from centre.

Pro. The tempest has to the point obey'd my
spells,

And cast my enemies within my power.
Now, to forewarn my ward Hippolyto.
'Tis not yet fit, I let my daughters know
That I have rear'd the rightful prince of Mantua,
As I have them, from childhood, in this isle.
His father, dying, bequeath'd him to my care,
That I should breed him equal to his birth.

O, thou false brother ! was it not enough
 To usurp my state, but that thou must betray
 My pupil's dukedom to the Neapolitan,
 And doom him to the fate design'd for me ?—
 By calculation of his birth, I saw
 Death threatening him, if, till some time were pass'd,
 He should behold the face of any woman ;
 And now the danger's nigh.—Hippolyto !—
 Approach, young man ; come forth :—Hippolyto !—

Enter HIPPOLYTO, L.H.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Pro. How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,
 Heaven knows, and thou thyself canst bear me
 witness ;

Therefore accuse me not for this restraint.

Hip. I murmur not ; but I may wonder at it.

Pro. O, gentle youth, fate waits for thee abroad,
 A black star threatens thee, and death, unseen,
 Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you say, no creature
 Liv'd in this isle, but those which man was lord of :
 Why, then, should I fear ?

Pro. But here are creatures which I nam'd not to
 thee ;

Those dangerous enemies of men, call'd women.

Hip. Women !—I never heard of them before.
 What are women like ?

Pro. Imagine something 'tween young men and
 angels,
 Fatally beauteous, and with killing eyes ;
 Their voices charm beyond the nightingale's ;
 They're all enchantment ; those who once behold them
 Are made their slaves for ever :—
 Therefore, if you should chance to meet them,—mark
 me,—

Avoid them straight, I charge you.

Hip. Well, since you say they are so dangerous,
 I'll so far shun them, as I may with safety

Of the unblemish'd honour which you taught me :
But let them not provoke me ; for, I'm sure,
I shall not then forbear them.

Pro. Go in, and read the book I gave you last.

Hip. I shall obey you, sir.

[*Exeunt; Pro. R.H. Hip. centre*

SCENE III.—*A Valley in the Island.*

Enter PROSPERO, R.H.

Pro. So, so ; I hope this lesson has secur'd him ;
For I have been constrain'd to change his lodging
From the far-distant rock where I have bred him,
And bring him to the neighbourhood of my cell,
Because the shipwreck happened near his mansion.—
How, my daughters !—
I thought I had instructed them enough.

Enter MIRANDA and DORINDA, L.H.

Children, retire :—why do you walk this way ?

Mir. It is within our bounds, sir.

Pro. But both take heed ; that path is very dangerous :

Remember what I told you.

Dor. Is the man that way, sir ?

Pro. All that you can imagine ill, is there :
The curled lion, and the rugged bear,
Are not so dreadful as that savage man.
But I must in ;

For now my operant spells require my presence.—
Be you, Miranda, guardian to your sister. [*Exit, R.H.*

Dor. Come, sister, let us walk the other way,
The man will catch us else : we've but two legs,
And he, perhaps, has four.

Mir. Well, sister, tho' he have ; yet, look about
you,
And we shall spy him, ere he come too near us.

Dor. Come back, come back; that way is tow'rd his den.

Mir. Let me alone: I'll venture first; for, sure, He can devour but one of us at once. I will go softly:—if you see him first, Be sure you call me, to take care of you. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Dor. Nay, I confess, I would fain see him too: I find a longing in my very nature, Because my father has forbidden me. [*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Cave of Hyppolyto.*

Enter HYPPOLYTO, from centre, reading.

Hip. Prospero has often said, that nature makes Nothing in vain: why, then, are women made? I'll ask that question of him, when I see him next.

Enter DORINDA and MIRANDA, R.H.

Dor. O, sister, there it is!—it walks about, Like one of us!

Mir. Ay, just so;—and has legs as we have too.

Hip. It strangely puzzles me; yet, 'tis most likely, Women are somewhat between men and spirits.

Mir. Hark, hark! it talks! Why sure this is not it My father meant:—'tis just like one of us.

Dor. I am not half so much afraid on't as I was:—see, see, it turns this way.—Heav'n, what a pretty thing it is!

Mir. I'll go nearer it.

Dor. O, no; 'tis dangerous, sister: I'll go to it.

Mir. I would not for the world that you should venture;
My father charg'd me to secure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you, this is a tame man, sister; He will not hurt me; I see it by his looks.

Pro. (*Without, R.H.*) What ho! what ho! Miranda, child, where are you?

Do you not hear my father call? go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he call'd, not me.—Make haste,
make haste :—

You would not let my father wait, I hope.

Pro. (Without.) Miranda, child,—

Mir. Come, sister, come with me. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Dor. Though I die for't, I must have t'other peep.

Hip. (Turns and sees her.) What thing is that?

Sure, 'tis some favourite infant of the sun!

My sight is dazzled—I'll go nearer to it.—

May it not be that beauteous murderer, woman,

Whom I am charg'd to shun? Speak, speak—what
art thou,

Shining vision?

Dor. Alas, I know not; but I'm told, I am
A woman—Do not hurt me, 'pray, fair thing.

Hip. Won't you hurt me, fair thing? for, I was told,
A woman was my enemy.

Dor. I never knew
What 'twas to be an enemy; nor can
I e'er prove so to that which looks like you;
Although, I fear, you are a man, that lion,
That dangerous thing, of which I have been warn'd.
'Pray, tell me, what you are.

Pro. (Without.) Dorinda!

Dor. My father calls again. Ah! I must leave you.

Hip. Alas, I'm subject to the same command.

Dor. This is my first offence against my father,
Which severing us too cruelly does punish.

Hip. And this is my first trespass too; but he
Hath more offended truth than we have him:
He said our meeting would destructive be;
Yet I no death, but in our parting, see.

[*Exeunt; Dor. and Mir. R.H. Hip. centre.*]

SCENE V.—*A naked part of the Island.—Thunder,
Wind, Rain.*

Enter CALIBAN, L.H. bearing a burden of wood.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up

From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease!—(*Throws off his load.*)

His spirits hear me,

And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,

Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i'the mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark

Out of my way, unless he bid them; but

For every trifle they are set upon me;

Sometimes like apes, that mow (1) and chatter at me,

And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which

Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount

Their pricks (2) at my foot-fall; sometime am I

All wound (3) with adders, who, with cloven tongues,

Do hiss me into madness. (*Wind and rain.*)

Trin. (*Without.* L.H.) O, O, O!—

Cal. Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,

For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;

Perchance he will not mind me.

(*Lies down, in centre.*)

Enter TRINCULO, L.H.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i'the wind: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here?—a man or a fish?—dead or alive?—A fish, he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of—not the newest, poor John.—A strange fish! Legg'd like a man! and his trns like arms!—Warm, o'my troth!—I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that has lately suffered by a thunderbolt.—(*Wind and rain.*)—Alas, the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man

(1) Make mouths.

(2) Prickly.

(3) Enwrapped.

with strange bedfellows: I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

(Lies down behind Caliban.)

Enter STEPHANO, L.H. with a keg under his arm.

*Step. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore.*

'This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort.—*(Drinks.)*

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a twang,
Would cry to a sailor, "go hang;"
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.
(Drinks.)

Cal. Do not torment me:—O!

Step. What's the matter?—Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde?—Ha!—I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. This spirit torments me:—O!

Step. (Walking round Caliban.) This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who has got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

*Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster:—O, O, O!*

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;
And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts ;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock:—wilt thou go with
me ?

Step. I pr'ythee, now, lead the way without any
more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company
being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here ; bear my
bottle,—(*Gives the keg to Caliban, who drinks it
empty.*)—and lead the way, monster. Fellow Trin-
culo, we'll fill him by and bye again.

Cal. (*Sings drunkenly.*)

*No more dams I'll make for fish ;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trench'ring, (1) nor wash dish ;
'Ban, 'ban, Ca—Caliban
Has a new master—get a new man.*

(*Turning his head scornfully towards the cell
of Prospero.*) [*Exeunt, L.H.*

SCENE VI.—*A wild and beautiful part of the Is-
land, on the Sea-shore.*

Enter ARIEL, and other SPIRITS, R.H.U.E.

SONG.—ARIEL.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :*

(1) In our author's time trenchers were in general use; and male domestics were sometimes employed in cleansing them. "I have helped (says Lyly, in his *History of his Life and Times*, ad an.¹⁵⁹⁰) to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning:—all my sundry I willingly performed; scrape-trenchers," &c. | de

Enter three SEA-NYMPHS, dancing.

*Foot it fealty here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.*

CHORUS.—SPIRITS.

*Hark ! hark !
The watch-dogs bark :
Hark ! hark ! I hear
The strain of chanticleer.*

*Enter FERDINAND, R.H.U.E.—Ariel and the other
Spirits are invisible to him.*

Fer. Where should this music be ? I'the air, or
the earth ?

*It sounds no more ; and sure, it waits upon
Some god o'the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather :—but 'tis gone.—*

(Music.)

No, it begins again.

SONG.—ARIEL.

*Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made :
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that does fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change (1)
Into something rich and strange.*

The meaning is—every thing about him, that is liable to alteration, is changed.

CHORUS.—SPIRITS.

*Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.*

Fer. This ditty does remember my drown'd father
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. (1)

(Ariel waves Ferdinand after him)

CHORUS.—SPIRITS.

*Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.*

[*Exeunt, Fer. L.H. following Ariel and Spirit*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Cell of Prospero.*

(Ariel and other Spirits, still invisible to Ferdinand, sing without. L.H.)

CHORUS.—SPIRITS.

*Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.*

*While they are singing, Enter PROSPERO and
MIRANDA. L.H.*

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say, what thou see'st yond'

Mir. What is't?—a spirit?
 Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
 It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such
 senses
 As we have, such: this gallant, which thou seest,
 Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
 With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call
 him
 A goodly person.

*Enter ARIEL, waving FERDINAND after him, fol-
 lowed by other Spirits, L.H.*

Mir. I might call him
 A thing divine; for nothing natural
 I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on
 As my soul prompts it: spirit, fine spirit! I'll free
 thee
 Within two days, for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
 On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
 May know, if you remain upon this island;
 And that you will some good instruction give,
 How I may bear me here: my prime request,
 Which I do last pronounce, is,—O, you wonder!—
 If you be maid, or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
 But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language!—heavens!
 I am the best of them that speak this speech,
 Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
 What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
 A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
 Naples; he does hear me;

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords.

Pro. At the first sight

They have chang'd eyes:—delicate Ariel,

I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;

I fear, you have done yourself some wrong. Attend—

(Prospero talks apart to Ariel, R.H.U.E.)

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first

That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father

To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you

The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—

They are both in either's powers: but this swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning

Make the prize light.—One word more; I charg thee,

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp

(Crosses to centre.)

Upon this island, as a spy, to win it

From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill, can dwell in such a temple

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,

Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.—

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:

Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be

The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks

Wherein the acorn cradled: follow.

Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment, till

Mine enemy has more power.

(He draws his sword.)

Pro. Put thy sword up, traitor;

Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt :—come from thy ward ;(1)
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father !

Pro. Hence ; hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity ;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence : one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !
My foot my tutor ? (2) hush !—Come on, obey :
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are :
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid : all corners else o'the earth
Let liberty make use of ; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works :—come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel !—Follow me.—
Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

(*Prospero, R.H. talks apart to Ariel.*)

Mir. Be of comfort ;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech : ne'er, till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds : but then, exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

(1) Abandon that unavailing posture of defence.

(2) In *King Lear*, Act IV. sc. ii. one of the quartos reads—

“ My foot usurpeth thy head.”

~~Thus says Pope~~; *Essay on Man*, l. 280 :

“ What, if the foot, origin'd the dust to tread,
“ Or hand to toll, aspir'd to be the head ?”

Pro. Come, follow :—Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt Pro. and Mir. R.H.*]

SONG.—ARIEL.

*Kind fortune smiles, and she
Hath yet in store for thee
Some strange felicity :
Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see.*

CHORUS.—SPIRITS.

*Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see.* [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*An open part of the island.*

*Enter TRINCULO, CALIBAN, and STEPHANO with a
keg, L.H.*

Step. (R.H.) Tell not me ;—when the butt is out, we will drink water ; not a drop before : therefore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me :—why, thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. (L.H.) Where should they be set else ? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Step. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack :—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard. (1)

Step. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good moon-calf.

Cal. (Centre.) How does thy honour ? Let me lick thy shoe ; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

(1) Meaning, he is so much intoxicated as not to be able to stand. The quibble between *standard*, an ensign, and *standard*, a fruit-tree grown without support, is evident.

Trin. Thou ly'st, most ignorant monster; why, thou debosh'd (1) fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me!—Wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—O lord, O lord, that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Step. (*Crosses to centre.*) Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd To hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

Step. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. (*Caliban kneels.*)

Enter ARIEL, invisible to them, with a tabor and pipe, R.H.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of this island.

Ari. 'Thou ly'st.

Cal. Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, thou;—

(*Rises.*)

I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:

I do not lie.

Step. (*Centre.*) Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

(1) *i. e.* Debauched. In RANDOLPH'S *Jealous Lovers*, 1634, it is used thus:

—See your house be stor'd

“With the *deboishest* roarers in this city.”

—Again, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

—Saucy fellows,

Deboshed and dailly drunkards.”

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Step. Mum then, and no more.—Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for, I know, thou dar'st,—
I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'st, thou canst not. (*L.H. of Step.*)

Cal. What a pied(1) ninny's this ! Thou scurvy
patch !—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows.

Step. Trinculo, run into no further danger : inter-
rupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand,
I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish
of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I ? I did nothing ; I'll go
further off.

Step. Did'st thou not say, he lied ?

Ari. Thou ly'st.

(*On L.H. of Step. and gets round to R.H. of Cal.*)

Step. Do I so ? take thou that.

(*Strikes Trinculo.*)

As you like this give me the lie another time.

Trin. You lie, I did not give you the lie :—Out
o'your wits, and hearing too ?—A plague o'your
bottle ! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain
on your monster, and the devil take your fingers !

(*Goes up L.H.*)

Cal. Ha, ha, ha !

Step. Now, forward with your tale.—'Pr'ythee,
stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough : after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Step. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him

(1) It should be remembered that *Trinculo* is no sailor, but a *Jester*, and is so called in the ancient *dramatis personæ* ; he therefore wears the party-coloured dress of one of those characters. So, in the *Devil's Law Case*, 1623 :

“ Unless I wear a *pied* fool's coat.”

I'the afternoon, to sleep : there thou may'st brain him,
 Having first seiz'd his books ; or with a log
 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
 Or cut his weazand with thy knife : remember,
 First to possess his books ; for, without them,
 He's but a sot, as I am ; nor hath not
 One spirit to command : they all do hate him,
 As rootedly as I.

Step. Monster, I will kill this man, and be myself
 king of the island. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo ?

Trin. Stephano, hear me : I will speak for the
 people, because there are none in the island to speak
 for themselves.—Know then, we are all content that
 Stephano shall be king, on condition I may be vice-
 roy over him. Speak, good people, are you agreed ?
 What, no man answer ? Then, we may take their
 silence for consent.

Step. Give me thy hand.—I am sorry I beat thee :
 but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep ;
 Wilt thou destroy him then ?

Step. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Cal. Thou mak'st memerry : I am full of pleasure ;
 Let us be jocund : will you troll the catch
 You taught me but while-ere ?

Step. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
 any reason : come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

(*They sing and dance.*)

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em ;
 And skout 'em, and flout 'em ;
 Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

(*Ariel, R.H. plays the tune on the tabor and pipe
 without.*)

Step. What is this same ?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the
 picture of no-body.

Step. If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness : if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

(Ariel plays again.)

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Step. He that dies, pays all debts :—I defy thee.

(Ariel plays again.)

Mercy upon us !

(On his knees.)

Cal. Art thou afraid ?

Step. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid ; the isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me ; that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

Step. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Step. That shall be by-and-bye : I remember the story.—*(Ariel plays again, at some distance ; and continues to do so, retiring more and more, till the end of the scene.)*

Trin. The sound is going away : let's follow it, and after, do our work.

Step. Lead, monster ; we'll follow.—I would, I could see this taborer ; he lays it on.—Wilt come ?

Trin. I'll follow, Stephano. *[Exeunt, R. II.]*

SCENE III.—*A grove behind the cell of Prospero.*

Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPERO, R.H.U.E.

Pro. Your suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
But yet take heed ;—your visit must be short.—
thing I had forgot ; insinuate into his mind

A kindness to that youth whom first you saw ;
I would have friendship grow between them.

Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.

Pro. Be earnest to unite their very souls.

(*Crosses to R. II.*)

Mir. I shall endeavour it.

Pro. This may secure Hippolyto
From that dark danger which my heart forbodes ;
For friendship does provide a double strength
To oppose the assaults of fortune. Sec, he comes :—
Remember. [*Exit, L.H.U.E.*]

Enter FERDINAND, L.H.S.E. bearing a log.

Mir. Alas, now ! 'pray you, (*Crosses to L. II.*)
Work not so hard ; I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoind to pile !
'Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you : my father
Is gone to study ; 'pray now, rest yourself.

Fer. O, most dear mistress, (*Puts down the log.*)
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while : 'pray, give me that ;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature :
I had rather crack my sinews,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. Why, I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.—You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with
me,
When you are by, at night. I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name ?

Mir. Miranda :—O, my father,
I have broke your hest to say so !

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!—

Indced, the top of admiration ; worth
What's dearest to the world !—Full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard ; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil : but you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best. (1)

Mir. I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you.—
I prattle wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein I do forget.

Fer. Hear my soul speak ;—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me ?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief ! I
Beyond all limit of what else i'the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mir. At mine unworthiness.—Hence, bashful cunning !
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !

(1) It has been conjectured that this line was suggested by the celebrated picture of Venus, by Apelles ; but had our author been thinking of the judicious selection made by the Grecian artist, he would rather have expressed his meaning by "every woman's," or "every beauty's best," as the dignity of the allusion is destroyed by including the component parts of the brute creation.

THE TEMPEST.

I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest ;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't.—
Now, I've a suit to you, and I shall make it
The only trial of your love to me.

Fer. You've said enough, never to be deny'd,
Were it my life.

Mir. For my sake to love one, sir,
Who, for his own, indeed, does well deserve
All the respect that you can ever pay him.

Fer. Is there another whom I ought to love,
And love him for your sake ?

Mir. Yes ; such a one,
As, for his sweetness, and his goodly shape,
If I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge,
Can scarce be match'd : my sister thinks so too,
My dear Dörinda.

Fer. Have you a sister ?

Mir. Yes ; she loves him too :
And you must love him for my sake : you shall.

Fer. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own ?
Since you would have me love him, I must hate him.

Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake ?
Yet, sure, you would not hate him, if you saw him
As I have done, so fresh in youth and beauty.

Fer. O poison to my hopes ! *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Mir. I must attend my father :—Fare you well !—
Here comes the youth :—I fear, I've stay'd too long.

[Exit, R.H.U.E.]

Fer. Too long indeed ; and yet not long enough.

Enter HIPPOLYTO, L.H.

Sir, well encounter'd :—you're the happy man ;
 You've got the hearts of both the beauteous women.

Hip. How, sir, I pray you ? Are you sure of that ?

Fer. You know, Dorinda loves you ; and
 Miranda charg'd me love you for her sake.

Hip. Then I must have her.

Fer. Not till I am dead.

Hip. How dead ? What's that ? But whatsoe'er
 it be,

I long to have her.

Fer. Wait a little while ;

Time and my grief may make me shortly die.

Hip. I beg that you'll make haste then ; for, to
 tell you

A secret, sir, which I have lately found

Within myself,—they are all made for me.

Fer. That's but a fond conceit : you're made for
 one,

And one for you.

Hip. You cannot tell me, sir ;

I know, I'm made for twenty hundred women,—

I mean, if there be so many in the world ;—

So that, if once I see her, I shall love her.

Fer. I find, I must not let you see her, then.

Hip. How will you hinder me ?

Fer. By force of arms :

Provide yourself a sword ; for we must fight.

Hip. A sword,—what's that ?

Fer. A weapon such as this. (*Draws his sword.*)

Hip. What should I do with it ?

Fer. You must stand thus,

And aim at me, 'till one of us fall dead.

Hip. But we have no swords growing in our world.

Fer. What shall we do then, to decide our quarrel ?

Hip. We'll take the sword by turns, and fight
 with it.

Fer. Strange ignorance!—You must defend your life,
 And so must I.—But, since you have no sword,
 Take this; for, in a corner of my cave,
 I now remember that I saw another.—

(*Gives Hippolyto the sword.*)

When next we meet, prepare yourself to fight.

Hip. Make haste then; this shall ne'er be yours,
 again:

I mean to fight with all the men I meet;
 And, when they're dead, their women shall be mine.

Fer. I see you are unskilful; I desire not
 To take your life; but, if you please, we'll fight.
 On these conditions;—he, who first draws blood,
 Shall be acknowledg'd as the conqueror,
 And both the women shall be his.

Hip. Agreed;
 And ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.

Fer. But win these first.

Hip. Make haste, and find your sword.

[*Exeunt; Fer. R.H. Hip. L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*A rocky, mountainous part of the
 Island.*

Enter ANTONIO, ALONSO, and GONZALO, R.H.U.E.

Gon. (L.H.) 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you
 have cause,
 So have we all, of joy; for our escape
 Is much beyond our loss: then wisely weigh
 Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. (Centre.) Peace, Gonzalo.

Aut. (R.H.) But the rarity of it is, (which is, in-
 deed, almost beyond credit,) our garments, being, as
 they were, drench'd in the sea, are, notwithstanding,
 as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the
 marriage of your fair daughter, Claribel, to the king
 of Tunis.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against

The stomach of my sense. 'Would I had never
Marry'd my daughter there ! for coming thence,
My Ferdinand is lost.

Gon. Sir, he may live ;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs ; I do not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone :
And thou, and I, Antonio,—thou and I
Have caus'd his death.

Ant. How could we help it, sir ?

Alon. How help it ? Then we should have help'd
it, then,
When thou betray'dst thy brother, Prospero,
And gav'st the infant-sovereign of Mantua
Into my power ; then lost we Ferdinand,
Then forfeited our navy to this tempest.—
E'en here do I put off all hope : he's drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find ; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. *(Music.)*

What harmony is this ? My good friends, hark !

Gon. Marvellous sweet music.

Enter ARIEL and other spirits, R.H.S.E. A Banquet presents itself, and the spirits, having danced about it with actions of salutation, and invited the king and his followers to eat, are led away by Ariel, R.H.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven !—What were these ?

Ant. They vanish'd strangely.

Gon. No matter, since
They've left their viands behind ; for we have sto-
machs.

Will't please you taste of what is here ?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Well, sir, I will ; for I am hungry :
The devil may fright me, but he shall not starve me.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed, although my last :

No matter since I feel the best is past.

(Sounds of discordant instruments—The banquet vanishes.)

A Voice from below. You men of sin, whose destiny hath caus'd

The never-surfeited sea to cast up,
And on this isle, where man doth not inhabit,—

• You amongst men being most unfit to live,—
Remember Prospero. *(Thunder and lightning.)*

Alon. (Centre.) 'Tis monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder
Pronounc'd the name of Prospero.

Ant. (L.H.) This isle's enchanted ground; for I
have heard
Swift voices flying by my ear, and groans
Of ghosts lamenting.

Alon. Good heav'n deliver me from this dire place,
And all the after-actions of my life
Shall mark my penitence!—Lead from this spot.

(It suddenly grows dark.—Thunder and lightning.—Several Furies rise.)

• FURIES Sing.

1st Fury. Where does the black fiend, Ambition,
reside,

With the mischievous devil of pride?

2d Fury. In the lowest and darkest cavern of hell,
Both Pride and Ambition do dwell.

1st Fury. Who are the chief leaders of the damn'd
host?

2d Fury. Proud monarchs who tyrannize most.

CHORUS—SPIRITS, while others surround Alonso
and his followers.

*In hell, in hell, in flames they shall reign,
And for ever and ever shall suffer the pain.*

*[Thunder and lightning.—Exeunt, R.H. pursued
.. by the furies.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Cell of Prospero.*

PROSPERO *discovered reading.*

Pro. (Comes forward.) I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates,
Against my life ; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.
What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !

Enter ARIEL, L.II.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to ; what's thy pleasure ?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander.

Pro. Where did'st thou leave these varlets ?

Ari. They were red hot with drinking, mighty sir ;
So full of valour, that they smote the air,
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground,
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
Towards their project :—so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins :—at last, I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beside the marsh.

Pro. Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform ; and I must use you
In such another trick : go, call the spirits,
O'er whom I gave thee power, quick to this place,
And let them bring the trumpery in my cave,
For stale(1) to catch these thieves.

(1) A word in *fowling*, used to mean a *bait*, or *decoy* to catch birds.
So, in *A Looking-glass for London and England*, 1617.

“ Hence tools of wrath, *stales* of temptation.”

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink. [*Exit, Ariel, R.H.U.E.*

O, this Caliban!—

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. (1)—I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Enter ARIEL and other spirits R.H.U.E. with garments.

Come, hang them on this line.

[*The Spirits stretch a cord across the mouth of
the cell, and hang the garments on it.—Exeunt*

Pro. Ari. and the other Spirits, R.H.U.E.

Enter CALIBAN, TRINCULO, and STEPHANO, L.H.

Cal. 'Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole (2)
may not

Hear a foot fall; we now are at his cell.

Step. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harm-
less fairy, has done little better than play'd the jack-
(3) with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pond; at which
my nose is in great indignation.

Again, in GREEN's *Mamilia*, 1595: "—that she might not strike at the stale, lest she were canvassed in the nets."

(1) SHAKSPEARE, when he wrote this description, perhaps recollected what his patron's most intimate friend, the great Lord Essex, in an hour of discontent, said of Queen Elizabeth: "*that she grew old and cankered, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcase*:"—a speech which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, cost him his head, and which, we may therefore suppose, was at that time much talked of. This play being written in the time of King James, these obnoxious words might be safely repeated.

(2) This quality of hearing, which the mole is supposed to possess in so eminent a degree, is mentioned in *Euphues*, 4to 1581, p. 64:—"Doth not the lion for strength, the turtle for love, the ant for labour, excel man? Doth not the eagle see clearer, the vulture smell better, *he moale heare lightlier?*"

(3) *i. e.* He has played *Jack with a lantern*; has led us about like *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire.

Step. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still;
Be patient; for the prize I'll bring thee to,
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak
softly:

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottle in the pool,—

Step. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Step. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be over ears for my labour. (*Going.*)

Cal. 'Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet:—see'st thou here,

This is the mouth o'the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Step. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster, we know what belongs to a frippery;(1)—O, king Stephano!

Step. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool!—What do you mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? Let it alone
And do the murder first:—if he awake,
From crown to toe he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Step. Be you quiet, monster.

(1) A *frippery* was a shop where old clothes were sold. *Fripperie*,
Fr.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't : we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Step. Monster, lay to your fingers ; help to bear
this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn
you out of my kingdom : go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Step. Ay, and this.

(*Horns, and a noise of Hunters heard.*)

*Enter three SPIRITS, in monstrous shapes of hounds,
with PROSPERO, ARIEL, and two other SPIRITS,
R.H. setting them on Stephano, Trinculo, and
Caliban.*

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey !

Ari. Silver ! there it goes, Silver !

Pro. Fury, Fury ! there, Tyrant ! there ! hark,
hark !

(*Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, roaring, are
driven away, L.H.*)

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions ; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps ; and more pinch-spotted make
them,

Than pard, or cat-o'-mountain.

[*Exeunt two Spirits, L.H.*
(*Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo roar without, L.H.*)

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly.—For a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*The inside of the Cave of Hippolyto.*
Couch with skins, R.H.S.E.

*Enter FERDINAND, R.H. and HIPPOLYTO, L.H. with
drawn swords.*

Fer. Come, sir, your cave affords no choice of
place ;

But the ground's firm and even : are you ready ?

Hip. As ready as yourself, sir.

Fer. You remember

On what conditions we must fight ; who first
Receives a wound, is to submit.

Hip. Come, come,

This loses time : now for the women, sir.

(They fight, Ferdinand touches him.)

Fer. Sir, you are wounded.

Hip. No.

Fer. Believe your blood.

Hip. I feel no hurt ; no matter for my blood.

Fer. Nay, but remember our conditions, sir.

Hip. I will not leave till my sword hits you too.

*(Hippolyto presses on, Ferdinand retires and
wards.)*

Fer. You faint for loss of blood ; I see you stagger ;
Pray, sir, retire.

Hip. No, I will ne'er go back :—

Methinks the cave turns round—I cannot find—

Why do you swim and dance about me ?

Stand still, till I have made one thrust.—

(Thrusts and falls on couch.)

Fer. O, help!

Help, help!—Unhappy man ! what have I done ?

Hip. I'm going to a cold sleep ; but, when I wake,
I'll fight again :—'pray, stay for me.—*(Swoons.)*

Fer. He's gone,

He's gone!—O, stay, sweet lovely youth!—Help!—

Help!—

Enter PROSPERO, R.H.U.E.

Pro. What dismal noise is that ?

Fer. O, see, sir, see,

What mischief my unlucky hand hath wrought !

Pro. Alas, how much in vain doth feeble art

Endeavour to resist the will of heaven !

He's gone for ever!—O, thou cruel son

Of an inhuman father!—All my plans

Are ruin'd and unravell'd by this blow :

No pleasure now is left me, but revenge.

Fer. Sir, if you knew my innocence,—

Pro. Peace, peace!

Can thy excuses give me back his life?—

What, Ariel! sluggish spirit, where, where art thou?

Enter ARIEL, L.H.

Ari. Here, at thy beck, my lord.

Pro. Ay, now thou com'st,

When fate is pass'd, and not to be recall'd.

Look there, and glut the malice of thy nature;

For, as thou art thyself, thou can'st not but

Be glad to see young virtue nipp'd i' the blossom.

Ari. My lord, the Being high above can witness
I am not glad.

Pro. Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretell,
This fatal action then?

Ari. Pardon, great sir;

I meant to do it; but I was forbidden

By the ill genius of Hippolyto,

Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclos'd it,

To bind me in the bottom of the sea,

Far from the lightsome regions of the air,

My native fields, above a hundred years.

Pro. I'll chain thee in the north for thy neglect,
Within the burning bowels of mount Hecla;

I'll singe thy airy wings with sulphurous flames,

And choke thy tender nostrils with blue smoke:

At every hiccup of the belching mountain,

Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh air,

And then fall down again—

Ari. Pardon, dread lord!

Pro. No more of pardon than just heaven intends
thee,

Shalt thou e'er find from me.—Hence; fly with speed;

Unbind the charm which holds this murderer's father,
And bring him with his followers straight before me.

[*Exit Ariel, R.H.*

Fer. O, heavens! what words were those I heard,

Yet cannot see who spoke them? Sure, the nymph
I lov'd was, like to this, some airy vision.

Pro. No, murderer; she's, like thee, of morta
mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black crimes.
The will of heaven's accomplish'd: I have now
No more to fear, and nothing left to hope.

Enter ARIEL, ALONSO, ANTONIO, and GONZALO, R. II

Alon. Never were beasts so hunted into toils,
As we have been pursued by dreadful shapes.—
Speak, is not that my son?

Fer. My honour'd father!—

Alon. O Ferdinand! (*Running to embrace him.*)

Pro. There stand; for you are spell-stopp'd.—
How now, sirs?

You gaze upon me, as you ne'er had seen me:
Have fifteen years so lost me to your knowledge,
That you retain no memory of Prospero?

Gon. The good old Duke of Milan!

Pro. I wonder less,
That thou, Antonio, know'st me not, because
Thou did'st long since forget I was thy brother:
Else had I ne'er been here.

Ant. Shame chokes my words.

Alon. And wonder mine.

Pro. For you, usurping prince,
Know, by my art you were shipwreck'd on this isle;
Where, after I a while had punish'd you,
My vengeance would have ended; I design'd
To match that son of yours with this my daughter,—

Alon. Pursue it still; I am most willing to it.

Pro. So am not I. No marriages can prosper
Which are with murderers made:—look on *this*
corse:

This, while he liv'd, was prince Hippolyto,
The rightful Duke of Mantua, sir, whom you,
Having depriv'd him of his inheritance,
Expos'd with me; and whom I here bred up,

Till that blood-thirsty man, that Ferdinand—
But why do I exclaim on him, when justice
Calls to unsheathe her sword against his guilt?

Alon. What do you mean?

Pro. To execute heaven's laws:—

Here I am plac'd by heav'n; here I am prince,
Though you have dispossess'd me of my Milan:—
Blood calls for blood; your Ferdinand shall die;
And I, in bitterness, have sent for you,
To have the joy of seeing him alive;
And then the greater grief to see him die.

Alon. And think'st thou I, or these, will tamely
stand
To view the execution?

(Lays his hand upon his sword.)

Pro. Nay,—appear,
My guards!—

*(He waves his wand, and a troop of Furies
appear, R.H.S.E.)*

I thought, no more to use their aid;
But they are now the ministers of heaven,
While I revenge this murder.—
This night I will allow you, Ferdinand,
To fit you for your death: that cave's your prison.

Alon. Ah, Prospero, hear me speak: you are a
father;
Feel for a father, then, and spare my son.

Pro. You plead in vain;
I have no room for pity left within me.—
Do you refuse?—Hence, Ariel, with the prince!—
And you—*(To the Furies.)*—drive them in that way!

CHORUS.—FURIES.

*Hence, hence, guilty wretches, prepare you within
For the vengeance that waits on your horrible sin!*

*[Exeunt Ferdinand and Ariel, R.H.—the Furies
drive Antonio, Gonzalo, and Alonso, into ano-
ther cave, and Prospero remains mourning
over the body of Hippolyto.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A grove behind the cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA, R. II.

Pro. You beg in vain ; I cannot pardon him ;
He has offended heaven.

Mir. Then let heaven punish him.

Pro. It will, by me.

Mir. Grant him at least some respite, for my sake.

Pro. I, by deferring justice, should incense
The deity against myself and you.

Mir. Yet I have heard you say, the powers above
Are slow in punishing,—and should not you
Resemble them ?—

And can you be his judge and executioner ?

Pro. I cannot force Gonzalo, or my brother,
Much less the father, to destroy the son ;
It must be then the monster Caliban ;
And he's not here : but Ariel straight shall fetch him.

Enter ARIEL, L. II.

Ari. My potent lord, before thou call'st, I come
To serve thy will.

Pro. Then, spirit, fetch me hither
My savage slave.

Ari. My lord, it does not need.

Pro. Art thou then prone to mischief ? Wilt thou be
Thyself the executioner ?

Ari. Think better of thy airy minister,
Who, for thy sake, unbidden, this night hath flown
O'er almost all the habitable world.

Pro. But to what purpose was thy diligence ?

Having been chidden by my mighty lord
y neglect of young Hippolyto,
h'd his wound with care, and found that life

Was but retir'd, not sally'd out : I gather'd
 The best of simples underneath the moon,
 The best of balms, and to the hurt apply'd
 The healing juice of vulnerary herbs :
 His only danger was his loss of blood.
 Just at this hour he will awake, my lord,
 And find, at once, his wish'd-for cure complete.

• *Pro.* Miranda, seek your sister : let her know
 This bless'd recovery of Hippolyto,
 While I go visit your dear Ferdinand.

Mir. I do obey you with a double duty ;
 For now, sir, you have given me life twice over.

[*Crosses and Exit, L.H.*]

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head :
 My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time
 Goes upright with his carriage ; (1) at this hour
 Lie at my mercy all mine enemies.
 Tell me, my spirit, how fares Prince Ferdinand,
 The king, and his followers ?

Ari. Confin'd together
 In the same fashion as you gave in charge :
 Your brother, and the king, abide distracted ;
 And young Prince Ferdinand mourning over them,
 Brim-full of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly,
 Him that you term'd *The good old lord Gonzalo*,—
 His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
 From eaves of reeds : your charm so strongly works
 'em,

That, if you now beheld them, your affections
 Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
 Of their afflictions ? And shall not myself,
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
 Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?

(1) *i. e.* Time brings forward all the expected events, without faltering under his burthen.

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Will I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Follow, gentle Ariel.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The inside of the Cave of Hippolyto.*

Enter MIRANDA, HIPPOLYTO, and DORINDA, L.H.

Hip. Look, look,—what goodly creatures are there
here!

Mir. How beauteous mankind is!

Dor. O brave new world,
That has such wonders in't!

*Enter FERDINAND, ARIEL, PROSPERO, ALONSO,
GONZALO, ANTONIO, and ARIEL, R.H.*

Alon. I do entreat, it may no more be thought of:
Your purpose, though it was severe, was just:
In losing Ferdinand, I should have mourn'd,
But could not have complain'd.

Pro. Sir, I rejoice
Kind heaven decreed it otherwise.—My spirit,

Enter ARIEL, R.H.

Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell; enforce them to this place,
And presently.

Ari. I drink the air before me. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Pro. (*To Fer.*) If I have too austere-ly punish'd
you,

Your compensation makes amends; for I
Do give you here a third of my own life:
—der her to thy hand, and afore heaven

**Do ratify this my rich gift : O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off ;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.**

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice!
But,—O,—how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop ;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
 heavens,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown ;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither !

Pro. I say, amen to that. (*Crosses to Gon.*)
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 My true preserver, I will pay thy graces
 Home, both in word and deed.

Ant. (*Crosses to Pro.—Kneels.*) My brother, and
my liege, though penitence,
Forc'd by necessity, be of little worth,
Yet let me hope my blood may somewhat plead
For mercy in your bosom :—I resign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep ;
But heaven knows too, I would not.

Pro. All past griefs
I bury in the joy of this bless'd day.
(*Embraces him.*)

Alon. There is yet an act of justice due from me :
To you, young prince, I render back your own,
And as the Duke of Mantua, thus salute you.

Hip. What is it that you render back? Methinks,
You give me nothing.

Pro. (*Crosses to centre.*) You are to be lord
Of a great people, and o'er towns and cities.

Hip. And shall these people all be men and women ?

Pro. They shall, Hippolyto ; and call you lord :
And, that your happiness may be complete,
I give you my Dorinda for your wife ;
She shall be yours for ever, when the priest
Has made you one.

Hip. How can he make us one ?

Pro. By saying holy words, you shall be join'd
In marriage to each other.

Dor. O, I'll tell you ;
I warrant you, these holy words are charms :
My father means to conjure us together.

(Goes up the stage with Hip. and Fer.)

STEPHANO, TRINCULO, and CALIBAN, without,
R.H.S.E.

Cal. O ! O ! O !

Step. Most villainous monster !

Trin. Most monstrous monster !

Gon. O, look, sir ; here are more of us !
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
That fellow could not drown.

(Pro. goes up the stage.)

*Enter ARIEL, R.H. waving STEPHANO, TRINCULO,
and CALIBAN, after him.*

Step. (Entering.) Every man shift for all the rest,
and let no man take care for himself ; for all is but
fortune.

Ant. Is not this Stephano, our drunken master ?

Trin. (Entering with Caliban.) Oh ! a plague
o' your monsters !

Alon. And Trinculo, our jester ?

Gon. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?
Hast thou no mouth by land ?

O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed !
How came you in this pickle, Trinculo ?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last,

That, I fear me, will never out of my bones : I
Shall not fear fly-blowing.(1)

Gon. Why, how now, Stephano ?

Step. O, touch me not ; I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.(2)

• *Pro.* (*Advances.*) You would be king of the isle,
sirrah ?

Step. I should have been a sore one then.

Cal. My master !—O, I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. This is as strange a sight as e'er I look'd on.

• *Pro.* This mishapen thing,—

His mother was a witch ; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power :
He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape.—

These three have robb'd me ; and have plotted too
To take my life. Hence, malice, to my cell ;
Take with you your companions ; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will :—and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace.—What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool ! Ho ! ho ! ho !

[*Exit R.H.*

Step. I would I had now our gallant ship again,
and were her master ! I would willingly give all my
island for her.

Trin. She and our bottle are past praying for.

Pro. Follow that slave : be of good heart ; your
ship,

• Which but some few hours since, you gave out split,
Is tight and yare ; and bravely rigg'd, as when
You first put out to sea.

(1) Alluding to their plunge into the stinking pool—*pickling* preserves meat from fly-blowing.

(2) Prospero had ordered Ariel to *shorten up their sinews to aged cramps*. *Touch me not* alludes to the soreness occasioned by them.

Step. Trinculo, if this news be true, I resign my kingdom.

Trin. And I my vice-royship over you.

Pro. You'll find it verity:—away, begone.

Step. Huzza, Trinculo!

Trin. Huzza, Stephano!

Step. and Trin. Huzza! Huzza!

[*Exeunt, Trin. and Step.* R. II.]

Ari. Was this well done?

Pro. Bravely, my Ariel.—I shall miss thee much ;
Yet take thy liberty, my chick ;—and now,
Away, and to the elements be free ;—
Farewell!

Ari. My ever gracious master, thanks.

SONG.—ARIEL.

*Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowlip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry :
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily.—
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

R. II.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
This night ; and learn the story of my life,
Since I came to this isle :—soon in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples ;—
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these, our dear beloved, solemniz'd ;—
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all :
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
With sail so expeditious, that shall catch

Your royal fleet far off.—And when I have
 Requir'd one airy vision of my spirits,—
 Which even now I do, (to prove my power
 To act what I have promis'd you, and give
 These young ones a delight), I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book.—

*(Prospero waves his wand—the scene vanishes,
 and discovers a view of a calm sea, and the
 king's ship riding at anchor.)*

Where art thou, Ariel? Come;
 For thou hast princes now to entertain,
 And virgin beauties, with fresh youthful lovers :
 For the last time obey.

Ari. (From the sky.) Hail, Prospero, hail!

Pro. Approach, descend ; be visible to all.

ARIEL and other SPIRITS descend in bright clouds.

Ari. I come, best master ;
 And, for the freedom I enjoy in air,
 I will be still your Ariel, and wait
 On all the accidents that work for fate :
 Whatever may your happiness concern,
 From your still faithful Ariel you shall learn.

**QUARTETTO and CHORUS.—ARIEL and
 SPIRITS.**

*Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry :
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 After summer merrily.—
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

(Ariel and the Spirits re-ascend into the sky.)

Pro. Farewell, my much-lov'd Ariel : thou shalt
 find

I will retain thee ever in my mind.—
 You look in mov'd sort,—*(To Alonso.)*
 As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir ;

Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air :
 And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
 And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack (1) behind.—My cell awaits you.—
 Henceforth this land to the afflicted be
 A place of refuge, as it was to me :
 On my retreat let heaven and nature smile,
 And ever flourish the *Enchanted Isle*.

(1) Nothing can be more absurd than the attempt of several distinguished commentators to torture this phrase to *wrack*, i. e. *wreck*. The ruins of a world impress the imagination with a stupendous idea of magnitude ; whereas, Prospero evidently means that the *great globe* shall dissolve ; and, like the insubstantial pageant which has just faded from their sight, leave not even a *rack* behind ;—not so much as may be compared to the last fleeting vestage of a scattered cloud, shall survive this terrible dissolution.

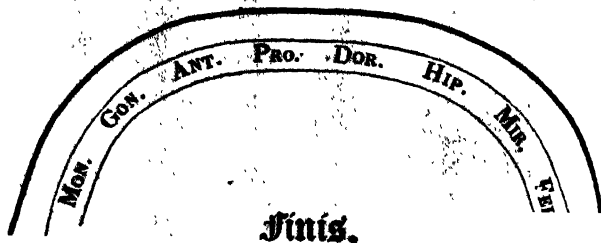
It has been suggested to read *track* for *rack*, which may be countenanced by the following passage in the first scene of *Timon of Athens* :

" But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,

" Leaving no track behind."

But the meddling spirit of emendation, whose officiousness has rooted up too many flowers with the weeds of Shakspeare, will do well to reject so profitless a change.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



R.H.

CURTAIN.

L.H.



Oxberry's Edition.

CATO.

A TRAGEDY;

By Joseph Addison.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

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Remarks.

CATO.

On its first appearance, this tragedy was extravagantly extolled by the author's friends, and as vehemently decried by his enemies, but at present there is no production of equal celebrity in the English language upon the merits of which public opinion seems to be less divided. The subject is connected with so many inspiring recollections, the hero's character is so noble, and the sentiments are so elevated, that 'tis impossible to peruse it without experiencing the most lively satisfaction. On the other hand, the plot is so deficient in interest, the actors in it are so little calculated to awaken our sympathy, and the love-scenes are so completely devoid of passion, that the play never 'drags its slow length along' in the theatre without trying the patience of an audience very severely. A dramatic poet, though he may trust to the *judgment* of his *readers*, must appeal strongly to the *passions* of *spectators*, if he wishes to become popular; and hence it is that many tragedies, though abounding with faults and absurdities, have eminently succeeded by the mere force of pathos, while others which were deficient in this point have been received with indifference, though written with consummate judgment, and according to every rule of art. The most striking instance that can be adduced in support of this observation is the tragedy now under review, which though upheld for a time by the factitious support of party feeling, has long been treated with a degree of indifference approaching closely to utter neglect.

The character of the composition has been briefly given by Johnson in so acute and discriminating a style, that it seems almost like unpardonable presumption to attempt to add any thing to his pithy and pertinent observations. "Of 'Cato,' (says he) it has been, not unjustly, determined, that it is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama ;

rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language, than a representation of natural affections, or of any state possible or probable in human life. Nothing here excites or assuages emotion; here is no magical power of raising phantastic terror or wild anxiety. The events are expected without solicitude, and are remembered without joy or sorrow. Of the agents we have no care: we consider not what they are doing, or what they are suffering; we wish only to know what they have to say. *Cato* is a being above our solicitude; a man of whom the gods take care, and whom we leave to their care with heedless confidence. To the rest, neither gods nor men can have much attention, for there is not one amongst them that strongly attracts either affection or esteem; but they are made the vehicles of such sentiments and such expression, that there is scarcely a scene which the reader does not wish to impress upon his memory."

The substance of every thing that can be said of the play seems here to be condensed into a dozen lines, and there remains nothing for minor scribblers like ourselves to perform, but to repeat or amplify the observations of our great predecessor.

The defects of the plot we have already adverted to; it is a strange 'medley of philosophy and war,' which excites no curiosity in its progress, and terminates lamely and unsatisfactorily. The incidents are frequently improbable and absurd, and the characters in general are either elevated too much above humanity, or degraded too far below it, to admit of our feeling the slightest interest in their fortunes. *Cato's* is nobly drawn, and presents perhaps a finer picture of 'an antique Roman,' than can elsewhere be met with, except in the plays of Shakespeare, though some slight objections may fairly be urged even against this vigorous conception. His behaviour in the Senate-House evinces little decision or true heroism. He condescends to discuss the propriety of yielding to *Cæsar*, and immediately after, when summoned by *Decius* to surrender, he vapours in a high tone of defiance, and repels the idea with contempt. Yet, he seems to be but a poor general, for he attempts nothing and resolves upon nothing, except to remain at *Utica* till the arrival of the conqueror leaves no alternative but submission or death. In the 4th, act his recommendation to *Porcius* to forsake a cause which he deems the sacred cause of liberty and virtue, smacks of inconsistency, nor is the manner in which he evades an explanation upon the subject extremely dignified. Fortitude, indeed,

cannot with the least appearance of justice be numbered amongst his virtues; for though in the second act he expresses confidence in his resources, and cannot think that his affairs are desperate, the treachery of *Sempronius* immediately subdues his spirit, the defection of the Numidians completes his disorder, and he resolves at once to escape from his troubles by death, instead of displaying true heroism by rising superior to them. His final speech again violates the integrity of the character. Addison seems to have feared that if he suffered his hero to expire justifying and glorying in the crime of self-murder, the example might have a pernicious tendency; the piety of the Christian clashed with the judgment of the dramatist, and consistency was sacrificed to principle. The language of the part is declamatory, but always forcible, and sometimes truly eloquent. His animated address to the Senators (p. 15,) would inspire the most dastardly slave with the love of freedom: 'the heart is stirred with it more than by a trumpet.' Many other passages occur equally fine; and the play has always been to popular declaimers a fertile garden, from which they have culled numerous flowers of rhetoric to ornament their orations in praise of liberty.

It has often been asserted that the love-scenes had no place in the piece as originally written, but were added at the instance of the author's friends, who represented that popular prejudice rendered such a violation of the severe simplicity of the design indispensably necessary. This, however, is scarcely credible, for, as Johnson has justly remarked, 'the love is so intimately connected with the whole action, that it cannot easily be thought extrinsic and adventitious. If it were taken away, what would be left? or how were the first four acts filled in the first draught?' Be this as it may, it would be as well for Addison's reputation had he never composed the scenes in question; his lovers are dull uninteresting personages, and their language is such as never yet was employed by any beings labouring under similar feelings. 'When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love,' says *Porcius*, but every one must admit that Mars and Venus assort wretchedly in this piece, and that the reproaches which *Marcia* vents upon *Juba* for indulging in fine speeches at such a critical juncture, are richly merited. Seldom in short has the passion been introduced with less propriety, or depicted with less force and liveliness. There are just half-a-dozen sighing gentlemen and ladies, who appear

by turns in couples, deliver a set of spiritless phrases, and then retire, to make room for two others, who go through the same tiresome ceremony. The uniform manner in which each character is provided with its opposite, is also worthy of notice. The tenderness of *Lucia* is contrasted with the fortitude of *Marcia*, and the impetuosity of *Marcus* with the discretion of *Porcius*. The intemperance of *Sempronius* finds a foil in the prudence of *Lucius*, and *Juba's* honourable love for *Marcia* is opposed to the lawless passion of *Sempronius*. Place the Numidian duplicity of *Syphax* against the noble Roman frankness of *Cato*, and the antithetical list includes the whole dramatis personæ.

But, the conduct of the love-scenes involves more faults than mere want of spirit. The rivalry of two brothers, both of estimable character, is always productive of painful feelings, how delicately soever it may be managed; and in the present instance, the behaviour of *Porcius* is not entirely free from an appearance of disingenuousness and double-dealing, although it evidently was the poet's intention to represent him as actuated by perfectly honourable principles. His advice to *Marcus* to overcome his passion for *Lucia* is extremely prudent, and would command our admiration, were it but a little more disinterested. This *Marcus*, it must be owned is sadly in the way, and it therefore is less surprising that his death is borne by all parties with such admirable philosophy—'the Romans called it stoicism.' *Juba* is interesting, but rather tame, and it is hard to say whether all his veneration for the father's principles would not evaporate, were it not kept from wavering by the charms of the daughter. Perhaps the most naturally drawn character is that of *Syphax*; his hypocritical wiles are depicted with great truth, and his language is extremely characteristic; yet we may well be permitted to enquire how so malignant an old ruffian, who makes no secret of his rascally principles, but openly styles honour a mere cheat, came to be selected for the bosom-friend of the ingenuous *Juba* and his virtuous father. Nor is it very easy to understand what inducement he can possibly have to join the conspiracy, when he already has *Juba's* promise that he shall be 'the second in Numidia,' and he can scarcely form higher expectations from the gratitude of *Cæsar*. 'What are his aims? What is it he aspires to?' *Lucius* is a well-meaning old gentleman, whose sole care from first to last seems to be to keep himself out of harm's way.

Events are for the most part highly improbable. The con-

spiracy is altogether a strange gratuitous piece of folly, which terminates as ridiculously as it commences; and the clumsy expedient of dressing up *Sempronius* in *Juba's* clothes would be scouted in a melodrama at the lowest minor theatre. 'Gods! what a thought was there!'—We know not whether to admire more the brilliancy of the idea or the promptitude with which it is put into execution.

The dialogue then is the great and almost the only charm of this dramatic poem. The language is extremely harmonious, and the sentiments are elevated and noble. How sublimely beautiful is the following comparison :

'*Syphax*. But, how stands Cato?
Sempronius. Thou hast seen Mount Atlas:—
 Whilst storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
 And oceans break their billows at its feet,
 It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.
 Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul,
 'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
 Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.'

How characteristically does the following fine simile proceed from an African.—They who most dislike the practice of terminating each act with a jingle, must still admit the beauty of the poetry:—

'I laugh, to think how your unshaken Cato
 Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
 Pours in upon him thus from ev'ry side.
 So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
 Sudden, the impetuous hurricanes descend,
 Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
 Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,
 The helpless traveller, with wild surprise
 Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
 And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.'

And, what lines ever smacked more truly of the old Roman spirit than *Cato's* noble address over the dead body of *Marcus* :

'Welcome, my son! Here lay him down, my friends,

Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
 The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.—
 How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue !
 Who would not be that youth ? What pity is it
 That we can die but once to serve our country !—
 Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends ?
 I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
 Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war ?'

But, we must indulge no farther in the citation of beauties, or we shall quote half the play. The principal blemishes of the language are a want of spirit and feeling in the love-scenes, with occasional displays of turgidity and fustian. We question whether Lee, Goff, or Marlowe, those great masters of the art, ever produced any thing finer in the way of bombastic bathos, than the dying words of *Sempronius*.—

' Gods, I'm distracted ! This my close of life !
 Oh, for a peal of thunder that would make
 Earth, Sea, and Air, and Heaven, and Cato tremble !'

Some of the speeches, though fine in themselves, are terribly out of character. For example, when *Lucia* tells *Porcius* they must separate for ever, he exclaims—

' Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
 Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heaven,
 Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
 In dreadful looks,—a monument of wrath !'

This appears to us to be extremely ridiculous, for though a bystander might thus paint his situation, 'tis morally impossible that any one who experienced such overwhelming sensations could so eloquently describe them ; but he presently finds means, in the midst of all this horror, to manufacture a still prettier simile, expressive of his reluctance to part, which the prompter, we believe, has judiciously expunged from the acting-copy :—

Thus o'er the dying lamp, th' unsteady flame

Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.'

The whole scene, indeed, is a ridiculous piece of business, and is unsparingly curtailed in representation, as is one still weaker in the first act, in which *Lucia* confides to *Marcia* the secret of her love for *Porcius*.

In one instance, the author seems to have been ambitious of trying his strength with Shakspeare. The similarity which the following lines, delivered by *Sempronius*, bear to a passage in 'Julius Cæsar,' must strike the most careless reader—

'Oh, think what anxious moments pass, between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods!
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design.'

Compare this with the description *Brutus* gives of the same feelings—

'Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.'

The sticklers for the Unities have highly eulogised the careful observance of that of *Place* in this tragedy, the action of which is strictly confined to the common hall of *Cato's* residence at Utica; but, while no obvious advantage is hereby gained, it is clearly productive of numberless absurdities, for who can be persuaded that such a spot of all others would be selected for planning rapes and conspiracies against the inhabitants, or that the operations of love, patriotism, and treachery

could be carried on so cleverly by turns, without experiencing the slightest interruption. The players have conquered the difficulty in a very simple manner, and have overturned, by the mere omission of four monosyllables, the classical fabric which Addison took so much pains to erect. *Porcius*, in the first scene, says to *Sempronius*,—

‘ My father has this morning call’d together
To this poor hall, his little Roman Senate ;’

but, the words in Italics being expunged from the acting-copy, the Unity of Place has disappeared along with them. It was solely to preserve this imaginary beauty, that the author violated probability by exhibiting *Cato’s* death on the stage. Common sense would appear to dictate that his children upon hearing his groans, should hasten to his assistance; but then the scene must have been changed, and this barbarism was to be avoided at all hazards.

‘ *Cato*’ is now seldom acted, though the author’s deserved celebrity, and the merit which it really possesses as a poem, cause it to be universally read. It is the laboured production of a scholar, rather than the spontaneous effusion of a man of genius, and affords one more proof of the inadequacy of mere judgment, learning and study to form a good play, when unaccompanied by loftier qualities. Its grand defect is want of interest, for the absence of which no beauty can compensate. There is no excitement. The reader is never hurried on in spite of himself, but indulges in a pause at the close of each act, with little curiosity about the events which the next may produce, though charmed with the loftiness of the ideas and the harmonious elegance of the language.

Of Addison’s life we shall not pretend to give even an outline, since the masterly production of Johnson is in the hands of every one, but restrict ourselves to stating that, besides this tragedy, he produced two other dramas, viz. ‘*Rosamond*,’ an Opera, 1707, and ‘*The Drummer*.’, a Comedy, 1715. All his works, except the last-mentioned piece, were printed in 4 vols. 4to 1721, with a biographical preface by Tickell, who tells us that Addison ‘took up the design of writing a play upon this subject when he was very young at the University, and even attempted something in it there, though not a line as it now stands. If he had found time (adds Tickell) for writing another Tragedy, the

death of Socrates would have been his story.' The world, in all probability, has lost little by the non-fulfilment of this design.

The first four acts of 'Cato' were produced during Addison's travels on the continent; and when, several years after, he was pressed to complete the work, he affected great disinclination to the task, and solicited Hughes to furnish him with a fifth act. 'Hughes (says Johnson) thought him serious, and undertaking the supplement, brought in a few days some scenes for his examination; but he had in the mean time gone to work himself, and produced half an act, which he afterwards completed, but with brevity irregularly disproportionate to the foregoing parts: like a task performed with reluctance, and hurried to a conclusion.'

The tragedy, thus perfected, was brought forward in 1713, at the theatre in Drury Lane, and immediately excited more attention than any piece that had preceded it. 'Cato,' said Pope, in one of his letters, 'was not so much the admiration of Rome in his own days, as he is of Britain in ours.' This popularity, however, was almost entirely owing to the influence of party and the exertions of the author's friends. Steele, in 1722, printed an edition of 'The Drummer,' with a dedication to Congreve, in which he thus revealed the secret of the extraordinary precautions employed to insure 'Cato's' success:— 'All the town knows how officious I was in bringing it on. I promised before it was acted, and performed my duty accordingly to the author, that I would bring together so just an audience on the first days of it, that it should be impossible for the vulgar to put its success or due applause to any hazard.'—Pope, also, told Spence that "an audience was laid for 'The Distressed Mother;' and when they found it would do, it was practised again, yet more successfully, for 'Cato.'" —We here see the commencement of the system of packing audiences, which has seldom been employed with greater effect than in the cause of this tragedy. In the course of the season it was played thirty-five times. Tickell says, "the first run of it lasted a month, and then stopped only because one of the performers became incapable of acting a principal part. Its fame spread through Europe, and it has not only been translated into, but acted in, most of the languages of Christendom."—The prologue, supplied by Pope, is one of the finest compositions of the kind ever written, though the last ten lines detract somewhat from its dignity. The play was published in

1713, with eight commendatory poems prefixed, by Steele, Hughes, Young, Eusden, Tickell, Digby Cotes, Phillips, and Jeffries, in which its merit is asserted in terms of ludicrous extravagance. Intimation was conveyed to Addison that the Queen wished it to be dedicated to her, but having previously intended that compliment for another person, he "found himself obliged, (says Tickell) by his duty on the one hand, and his honour on the other, to send it into the world without any dedication."

Addison's solicitude for the fate of his tragedy appears to have surpassed even the usual anxiety of authors. The prologue originally contained the words, 'Britons, arise!' but fearful that this might be construed into an instigation to rebellion, he prevailed upon Pope to substitute, 'Britons, attend!' His behaviour on the first night was thus described by Mrs. Porter, the original *Lucia*. Taking his station in the green-room, he dispatched a friend every minute to ascertain how things went on, in order that if he failed, he might receive intimation of his fate, without exposing himself to the mortification of hearing the hisses of the audience; but so vehement was the applause, that it was frequently audible in the green-room. Yet even this was insufficient to inspire him with confidence, and it was not till the final fall of the curtain that he felt himself secure, and ventured to leave his seat to receive the congratulations of his friends.

The part of *Cato* was originally played by Booth, who raised himself to distinguished reputation by the performance. The circumstances which led to his assumption of the character are thus related by Victor. Addison being too diffident to read his play at the theatre, requested Cibber to supply his place, who executed the task so much to the author's satisfaction, that he insisted on his performing the part of *Cato*. Cibber, however, was too good a judge of his own powers to risk his reputation in a character so unsuited to them, and therefore preferred that of *Syphax*, while Wilks chose *Juba*. *Cato*, still remained undisposed of, but they both agreed that Booth would be the most proper representative, and Wilks, fearing that Booth (then a young man) would dislike the idea of performing so old a character, took the part to his lodgings himself, to impress upon his mind its consequence, and persuade him to accept it. Booth affected to disregard the importance of the part, and to assume it merely in compliance with the managers' wishes, which condescend-

ing behaviour, with his admirable acting, delighted both the managers and the public. Every one has heard the story of Lord Bolingbroke, who sent for him to his box on the first evening, and presented him, in the name of the Whig party, with a purse of fifty guineas, for so well defending the cause of liberty against a perpetual dictator. "This (says Pope) was an incidental piece of good luck, and carried the success of the play beyond what was ever expected." The Tories, on the other hand, to avoid the suspicion of being enemies of freedom, applauded as vehemently as the Whigs, and thus the rivalry of contending factions, subsiding for the first and only time into perfect unanimity, procured for the play a popularity which could scarcely have been achieved by its intrinsic value.

Booth's most celebrated successors in the character of *Cato* have been Quin, Sheridan, and Kemble. Of the two former, the editors of the 'Dramatic Censor,' 1770, remark, "for a dumb *Cato* we should give Mr. Quin great pre-eminence, but for a speaking one prefer Mr. Sheridan." The physical powers of Kemble staggered under his mighty conception of the part, yet he still rendered the performance one of the grandest ever witnessed. His noble bearing in the Senate-scene, his encounter with the conspirators, the manner in which he received the intelligence of *Marcus'* death, and the skill with which he depicted the conflict between the artificial apathy of the Stoic, and the natural grief of the parent, can never fade from the recollection of those who witnessed them. The present generation of play goers unavoidably connect the idea of this and similar characters with Kemble's unrivalled personations of them, and the mind reverts to his career on the stage with unalloyed satisfaction. He exalted and ennobled the character of his profession not only by his transcendent abilities as an actor, but by his irreproachable behaviour as a private gentleman, and is remembered with most affectionate veneration by all friends of that profession, who since his departure look in vain for those heroic characters which he seemed expressly formed to sustain:

- " Alas ! they live in memory's page alone,
- And are no more, save in the minds of men ;
- We see, we hear them not, for he is gone,
- Who with the chain of vast conception drew
- Past ages back upon us, and who knew

To charm to life the images sublime
That lay unheeded in the womb of time.

Yet will *he* live, when many a loftier name
Has sought the nothingness from whence it came;
And when that noble form shall coldly rot
In death's embrace, unnotic'd and forgot,
The recollection of his worth will be
A fadeless halo round his memory.
Mind rests upon itself.—This mortal clay,
This dross of being, may with time decay,
But as it mingles with its parent earth,
The mind from heaven receives a second birth.*

Oh, may he oft in calm retirement gaze
'Through the long vista of departed days,'
And all the honours he enjoy'd before
Come back like sweet reality once more,
To soothe the thoughts of retrospective age,
And cheer the close of life's brief pilgrimage.
Then shall Melpomene bewail his doom,
Shall twine her leaves of cypress round his tomb,
And sighing say, whilst mourning Kemble's fall,
This was the noblest Roman of them all.†

Kemble was perhaps the first actor who paid much attention to the classical correctness of dresses, scenery, &c. in the production of this play. "*Cato's* long wig, flowered gown, and lacquered chair," when played by Booth, are immortalized by the satire of Pope; and the costume of the original representative appears to have been carefully

* This idea is taken from Simon Stijl, a Dutch poet of the last century, who says—

"Als't lichaam sterft, dan wordt de ziel herboren."

Whene'er the body dies, the soul is born again.

† Extract from an unpublished poem, by H. S. Van Dyk, Esq. author of "*Theatrical Portraits*," 1822.

copied by most of his successors. There are portraits of Sheridan in the character, executed not more than forty years since, which represent him delivering the Soliloquy in an old-fashioned elbow-chair, attired in a modern waistcoat and dressing-gown, a bag wig, long-quartered shoes and buckles, and holding in his hand a neat pocket edition of Plato on the Immortality of the Soul. When the play was revived at Covent Garden, in 1811, these absurdities were reformed altogether, the most scrupulous attention being paid to propriety of costume, &c.

The summer after the tragedy was first performed, some of the comedians, fancying that a burlesque of so celebrated a piece could not fail to prove an attractive exhibition, produced one at a theatre in the vicinity of London: Norris playing *Cato*, and Penkethman, *Juba*. The opening lines will show its character :

“ *Porcius*. This is, indeed, a damn’d dark cloudy morning ;
 Yon ass’s bray portends approaching rain,
 The clouds, big-bellied, teem with drizzling showers,
 To weep the fate of Rome, our mother-city,
 And Cato’s, too, our old dejected dad.”

The magistrates, however, prohibited a repetition of this buffoonery?

On the 4th of January, 1749, “ *Cato* ” was played at Leicester House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, by some juvenile branches of the nobility and royal family; the character of *Cato* being sustained by Prince George, father of his present Majesty, and that of *Marcia* by the Princess Augusta, late Duchess of Brunswick. A prologue and epilogue, written for the occasion, by Mallett, are printed in the ‘ Gentleman’s Magazine ’ of that month. The former, delivered by Prince George, contained a passage which perhaps suggested to him that memorable declaration in his first speech from the throne — “ Born and educated in the country, I glory in the name of Briton.” It ran thus:—

• “ Should this superior to my years be thought,
 • Know—’twas the first great lesson I was taught.
 What, tho’ a boy ! it may with pride be said,
 A boy in England born, in England bred.”

*The proper way of pronouncing the word *Cato* has at various periods been the subject of much discussion, some sounding the *a* slender, as in *spade*, and others open, as in *father*. The advocates

of the latter practice tell us that such was assuredly the custom of the Romans, but it is by no means clear that the manner in which they pronounced their language has ever been ascertained with any degree of certainty; and the probability is, that were Horace to hear one of his Odes repeated by the most accomplished Latin scholar now in existence, he would not be able to understand his own lines. There is a pleasant story related of a dispute which took place between Garrick and Quin upon the above point. Quin used the open *a*, and having one evening discussed the question with Garrick in the green-room somewhat too warmly, the latter thus revenged himself. Going forward to give out the play for the next night, he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, to-morrow evening will be performed the tragedy of 'Cato,' (pronouncing the *a* soft,) the part of *Carto* by Mr. Quin."

Some of the ideas in the celebrated Soliloquy, which has been praised beyond its merits, appear evidently to have been suggested by a passage in Sir John Davies's poem called "Nosce Teipsum," 1609. We subjoin a few lines from this production, to shew the resemblance.

"Doubtless all souls have a surviving thought,
Therefore of death we think with quiet mind;
But if we think of being turn'd to nought,
A trembling horror in our souls we find.
Hence springs that universal strong desire
Which all men have of immortality;
Not some few spirits to this thought aspire,
But all men's minds in this united be."

Johnson, says "the last line of 'Cato' is Pope's, having been originally written—

"And, oh! 'twas this that ended Cato's life,"

Pope might have made more objections to the six concluding lines. In the first couplet the words *from hence* are improper, and the second line is taken from Dryden's Virgil. Of the next couplet, the first verse being included in the second, is therefore useless; and in the third, *discord* is made to produce *strife*."

Addison's enemies asserted that "Cato" was written slowly and laboriously; but Steele, who doubtless was well-informed upon the subject, says in the Dedication of "The Drummer," already mentioned, "Never play, which would bring any reputation for wit and conduct,

employed the author so little a time in writing; if I remember right, the 5th act was written in less than a week's time." Take also Pope's testimony upon this point:—"He wrote very fluently, but was slow and scrupulous in correcting; he would alter any thing to please his friends, before publication, but would not retouch his pieces afterwards: and I believe not one word in '*Cato*,' to which I made an objection, was suffered to stand."

We close this article with some specimens of Dennis's celebrated attack upon the tragedy. His arguments are violent but acute, and doubtless gave the sensitive author no little uneasiness. Our extracts should be more copious, but that the composition has been rendered familiar by the notice given of it in Johnson's *Life of Addison*:—

"The grief of *Cato* in the 4th act is not one jot more in nature than that of his son and *Lucia* in the 3d. *Cato* receives the news of his son's death not only with dry eyes, but with a sort of satisfaction; and in the same page sheds tears for the calamities of his country, and does the same thing in the next page upon the bare apprehension of the danger of his friends. Now, since the love of one's country is the love of one's countrymen, as I have shewn upon another occasion, I desire to ask these questions: Of all our countrymen, which do we love most, those whom we know, or those whom we know not? And of those whom we know, which do we cherish most, our friends or our enemies? And of our friends, which are the dearest to us, those who are related to us, or those who are not? And of all our relations, for which have we most tenderness, for those who are near to us, or those who are remote? And of our near relations, which are the nearest, and consequently the dearest to us, our offspring or others? Our offspring, most certainly; as nature, or in other words Providence, has wisely contrived for the preservation of mankind. Now, does it not follow, from what has been said, that for a man to receive the news of his son's death with dry eyes, and weep at the same time for the calamities of his country, is a wretched affectation, and a miserable inconsistency? Is not that, in plain English, to receive with dry eyes the news of the deaths of those for whose sake our country is a name so dear to us, and at the same time to shed tears for those for whose sakes our country is not a name so dear to us?"

The absurdities springing from the strict observance of the Unity of Place are mercilessly ridiculed. "Upon the departure of *Porcius* in

the first scene, (says he) *Sempronius* makes but one soliloquy, and in comes *Syphax*, and then the two politicians are at it immediately. They lay their heads together, with their snuff-boxes in their hands, as Mr. Bayes has it, and league it away. But, in the midst of this wise scene, *Syphax* seems to give a seasonable caution to *Sempronius* :—

‘ But it is true, *Sempronius*, that your senate
Is call’d together? Gods! thou must be cautious,
Cato has piercing eyes.’

‘There is a great deal of caution shewn indeed, in meeting in a governor’s own hall to carry on their plot against him. Whatever opinion they have of his eyes, I suppose they had none of his ears, or they never would have talked at this foolish rate.’

“ But let us come to the scenery of the 5th act. *Cato* appears first upon the scene, sitting in a thoughtful posture; in his hand Plato’s treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, a drawn sword on the table by him. Now, let us consider the place in which this sight is presented to us. The place, forsooth, is a long hall. Let us suppose that any one should place himself in this posture in the midst of one of our halls in London; that he should appear *solus*, in a sullen posture, a drawn sword on the table by him, in his hand Plato’s treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, translated lately by Bernard Lintot; I desire the reader to consider whether such a person as this would pass with them who beheld him, for a great patriot, a great philosopher, or a general, or for some whimsical person who fancied himself all these; and whether the people who belonged to the family, would think that such a person had a design upon their midriffs or his own?

“ In short, that *Cato* should sit long enough, in the aforesaid posture, in the midst of this large hall, to read over Plato’s treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, which is a lecture of two long hours; that he should propose to himself to be private there upon that occasion; that he should be angry with his son for intruding there; then, that he should leave this hall upon the pretence of sleep, give himself the mortal wound in his bed-chamber, be brought back into that hall to expire, purely to shew his good-breeding, and save his friends the trouble coming up to his bed-chamber, all this appears to me to be improbable, incredible, impossible.”

P. P.

Costume.

CATO.

Flesh-coloured dress, black Roman sandals, white Roman tunic, and white kerseymere toga edged with scarlet.

LUCIUS.

Roman toga and tunic, flesh-coloured dress, and black sandals.

PORCIUS.

Roman breast-plate and lambrakins, scarlet mantle, flesh-coloured dress, red sandals, and helmet.

MARCIUS.

Ibid.

DECIUS.

Ibid.

JUBA.

Scarlet satin jacket, blue satin robe, rich bracelets and coronet, copper-coloured flesh dress.

SYPHAX.

Black jacket, rich breast-plate, scarlet sash, and white trousers, richly embroidered.

JUNIUS.

Roman dress.

TITUS.

Ibid.

SENATORS.

Roman togas, tunics, flesh-coloured dresses and black sandals.

FASCES, ROMAN GUARDS.

Roman dresses.

NUMIDIAN GUARDS.

Turkish robes, white vests and trousers, yellow boots, turbans, scimitars and spears.

LUCIA.

White muslin dress, with blue Roman drapery.

MARCIA.

White muslin dress,—ibid.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Cato</i>	Mr. Kemble.
<i>Lucius</i> ..	Mr. Murray.
<i>Porcius</i>	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Marcus</i>	Mr. Connor.
<i>Decius</i>	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Juba</i> ..	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Syphax</i>	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Junius</i>	Mr. King.
<i>Titus</i>	Mr. Penn.
<i>Marcia</i>	Mrs. Egerton.
<i>Lucia</i>	Miss G. Booth.

C A T O.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

Enter PORCIUS, R.H. and MARCUS, L.H.

Por. The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.—Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword :
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works !

Mar. Thy steady temper, Porcius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy :
I'm tortur'd, even to madness, when I think
On the proud victor ; every time he's named,
Pharsalia rises to my view ; I see
The insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter.

O Porcius, is there not some chosen curse,

Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
 Red with uncommon wrath to blast the man
 Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin!

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,

And mix'd with too much horror to be envied.
 How does the lustre of our father's actions,
 Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
 Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
 His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round him:
 Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
 Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.

Mar. Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
 Against a world, a base degenerate world,
 That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
 Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
 A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
 And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
 A feeble army, and an empty senate,
 Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
 By heavens, such virtues, join'd with such success,
 Distract my very soul: our father's fortune
 Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told us:
 The ways of heaven are dark and intricate:
 Our understanding traces them in vain;
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search,
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
 Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Mar. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
 O Porcius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
 That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus calmly.
 Passion unpitied and successful love
 Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
 My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind,—

(Crosses to R.H.)

Por. (*Aside.*)—Thou seest not that thy brother is
 thy rival:
 But I must hide it; for I know thy temper.—
 Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:

CATO.

Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul :
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

Mar. Alas, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness ;
'Tis second life, that grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse :
I feel it here : my resolution melts—

Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince :
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her ;
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him :
The sense of honour and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.—
What ! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul ?

Mar. No more, no more ! your words leave stings
behind 'em.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Porcius, show
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour ?

(Crosses to L.H.)

Por. O Marcus, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Believe me, I could freely die to do it.

Mar. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends !
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions.—But, Sempronius comes :
He must not find this softness hanging on me.

[Exit, L.H.]

Enter SEMPRONIUS, R.H.

Sem. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd

Than executed. — (*Aside.*) — What means Porcius here?

I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.—
Good morrow, Porcius! Let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, whilst yet we both are free:
To-morrow, should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms:
This sun, perhaps, this morning's sun's the last
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

Por. My father has this morning call'd together
His little Roman senate,—

The leavings of Pharsalia,—to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome and all her gods before it,—
Or must, at length, give up the world to Cæsar.

Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence:
His virtues render her assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make even Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. O my Porcius,
Could I but call that wonderous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be bless'd indeed.

Por. Alas! Sempronius, would'st thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charin'd. Thou must take heed, m
Porcius;

The world has all its eyes on Cato's son:
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my lingerin
here

On this important hour.—I'll straight away,

(*Crosses to R.H*)

To animate the soldiers' drooping courage
 With love of freedom, and contempt of life,
 And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
 'Tis not in mortals to command success ;
 But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

[*Exit, R. H.*

Sem. Curse on the stripling ! How he apes his
 sire,
 Ambitiously sententious !—But I wonder,
 Old Syphax comes not. His Numidian genius
 Is well dispos'd to mischief—
 Cato has us'd me ill : he has refus'd
 His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows :
 Besides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cause
 Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
 That showers down greatness on his friends, will
 raise me
 To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
 I claim in my reward his captive daughter.—
 Syphax comes.

Enter SYPHAX, L. H.

Syph. Sempronius, all is ready ; . .
 I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
 And find them ripe for a revolt : they all
 Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
 And wait but the command to change their master.

Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste ;
 Even whilst we speak our conqueror comes on,
 And gathers ground upon us every moment.
 But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba ?
 That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
 And challenge better terms.

Syph. Alas, he's lost,
 He's lost, Sempronius ; all his thoughts are full
 Of Cato's virtues !—But I'll try once more,
 For every instant I expect him here,
 If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
 Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,

That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck the infection into all his soul.

Sem. Be sure to press upon him every motive :
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Africk into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

Syph. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious :
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax : I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion : 'tis the surest way :
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar, till I shake the senate :
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick : would'st thou be thought in
earnest,

Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury.

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit.

Sem. Once more, be sure to try thy skill on Juba.
Meanwhile, I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,

(Crosses to L.H.)

Inflame the mutiny, and, underhand,
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste ;
O think, what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods ;
It is a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death ;
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design.

[Exit, L.H.]

Syph. I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short ; Cæsar comes rushing on us ;—
But hold !—Young Juba sees me, and approaches.

Enter JUBA, advances R.H.

Juba. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent :
'Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince ?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Nor carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart ;
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Juba. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous
terms
Against these wonderous sovereigns of the world ?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before 'em,
And own the force of their superior virtue ?

Syph. Gods ! where's the worth that sets this people
up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons ?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow ?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm ?
Who, like our active African, instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand ?
Or guides in troops the embattled elephant,
Loaden with war ? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Juba. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves :
A Roman soul is bent on higher views.
To make man mild, and sociable to man,—
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts,—
The embellishments of life,—virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Syph. Patience, kind heavens!—Excuse an old man's warmth ;—

What are these wonderous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame ?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts ?
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us ?

Juba. To strike thee dumb, turn up thy eyes to Cato ;

There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man :
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat ;
And, when his fortune sets before him all
The poms and pleasures that our souls can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues ;
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase ;
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,—
Toils all the day, and, at the approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn ;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,—
And if, the following day, he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Juba. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance, and choice ;
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But, grant that others could, with equal glory,
Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense,
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato ?
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him !

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;

I think, the Romans call it *Stoicism*.

Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fallen, by a slave's hand, inglorious;
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Africk's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
'To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Juba. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

Juba. What would'st thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon Cato.

Juba. Never:—I should be more than twice an orphan

By such a loss.

Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you,
You long to call him father; Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato;
No wonder, you are deaf to all I say.

Juba. No more;—your zeal becomes importunate.—

I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large: but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

(*Crosses to R.R.*)

Syph. Yet hear me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,

'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale unripen'd beauties of the north.

Juba. 'Tis not a set of features, nor complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
 The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex :
 True, she is fair,—O how divinely fair !—
 But still the lovely maid improves her charms
 With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
 And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
 Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
 While winning mildness and attractive smiles
 Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
 Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her
 praise !

But, on my knees, I beg you would consider—

Juba. Ha ! is't not she ?—It is :—she moves this
 way :

And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
 My heart beats thick.—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Syph. Ten thousand curses fasten on them both !
 Now will this woman, with a single glance,
 Undo what I've been labouring all this while.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter MARCIA and LUCIA, R.H.

Juba. Hail, charming maid ! How does thy beauty
 smooth

The face of war, and make even horror smile !
 At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows ;
 I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
 And for a while forget the approach of Cæsar.

Mar. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my
 presence

Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd them to arms,
 While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
 Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Juba. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
 And gentle wishes follow me to battle :

The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Mar. My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Juba. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Mar. My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Juba. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid. I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp, then will I think on thee,—
O lovely maid!—then will I think on thee;
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man who
hopes
For Marcia's love.

[*Exit*, L. H.]

Luc. Marcia, you're too severe :
How could you chide, and drive so sternly from you,
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

Mar. How, Lucia! would'st thou have me sink
away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When every moment Cato's life's at stake?

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress :
Tell me, who raises up this conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I say,
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. But tell me, whose address thou favour'st most :

I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Suppose 'twere Porcius,—could you blame my choice ?

O Porcius, thou hast stolen away my soul !

Marcus is furious, wild, in his complaints ;

I hear him with a secret kind of dread,

And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas, poor youth !—And canst thou throw him from thee ?

How will thy coldness raise

Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom !

I dread the consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead

Against your brother Porcius.

Mar. Lucia, no :

Had Porcius been the unsuccessful lover,

The same compassion would have fallen on him.

Luc. Porcius himself oft falls in tears before me,

As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success ;

Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,

Nor show which way it turns : so much he fears

The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows ;

But to the gods submit the event of things.

Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,

May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours :

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains

Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,

Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines,

Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,

Reflects each flower that on the border grows,

And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

[*Exeunt*, L. H.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Senate House.**(A Flourish of Trumpets, R.H.)*

SEMPRONIUS, R.H. LUCIUS, L.H. and Senators discovered.

Sem. Rome still survives in this assembled senate.
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Luci. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
The occasion of our meeting.—

(A sound of trumpets.)

Hark, he comes.—

May all the guardian-gods of Rome direct him !

(A sound of trumpets, R.H. continued till Cato is seated.)

Enter CATO, PORCIUS, and MARCUS, R.H.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council :
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man ?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes :
Pharsalia gave him Rome ; Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death ? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time, we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts : — are they still
fix'd
To hold it out, and fight it to the last ?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought

By time and ill success to a submission?—
Sempronius, speak.

Sem. (Rises.) My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose,—slavery or death?
No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps, some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.

Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens:
Rouse up for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud,—To battle:
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.
(*Sits.*)

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason.
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides:
All else is towering frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not the impartial world too justly say,
We lavish'd at our death the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luci. (Rises.) My thoughts, I must confess, are
turn'd on peace.

We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth: when this end fails,
Arms have no further use: our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our
hands,

And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed.—What men could do

Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent. (Sits.)

Cato. Let us appear nor rash, nor diffident:
Immoderate valour swells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into publick counsels,
Betrays like treason: let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate: we have bulwarks round
us;

Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Africk's heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait, at least, till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last;
So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
And let me perish, but, in Cato's judgement,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter JUNIUS, R.H.

Jun. Fathers, even now a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp; and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight: he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers.—Bid him enter.
[*Exit Junius, R.H.*

Decius was once my friend: but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.—
His message may determine our resolves.

• *Enter DECIVS, JUNIVS, and TITVS, R.H.*

Cato. Could he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato. Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato? Bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar:
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd, forbid it

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions;
Restore the commonwealth to liberty;
Submit his actions to the publick censure,
And stand the judgement of a Roman senate:—
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

Cato. Nay more,—though Cato's voice was ne'er
employ'd

To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,—
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar; he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Dec. Let him consider that who drives us hither;
Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,

And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
{ Which conquest and success have thrown upon him !
{ Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes ;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares and proffer'd friendship ?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain :
Presumptuous man ! the gods take care of Cato.—
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By sheltering men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you
forget

You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate here after
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears :

[*Exit with Junius and Titus, R.H*

Sem. (Rises.) Cato, we thank thee :
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests. (*Sits.*)

Luci. (Rises.) The senate owns its gratitude to
Cato,

Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

(*Sits.*)

Sem. (Rises.) Sempronius gives no thanks on this
account.

Lucius seems fond of life : but what is life ?
'Tis not to draw fresh air from time to time ;
'Tis, to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
Oh ! could my dying hand but lodge a sword

In Cæsar's bosom and revenge my country,
By heavens, I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony ! (Sits.)

Luci. Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

Sem. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

Cato. Come ! no more, Sempronius.
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other :
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.

Sem. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome.—I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

Luci. Cato, we all go in to your opinion :
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out, till terms arrive.

Sem. We ought to hold it out till death.—But, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful,
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it ;
That heaven may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell.—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

[*Exeunt Porcius, Marcus, Lucius, Sempronius, and the other Senators, L.H. in centre.*]

Enter JUBA, R.H.

Cato. Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

Juba. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father when some days before his death

He order'd me to march for Utica,—
 Alas, I thought not then his death so near!—
 Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
 And, as his griefs gave way, My son, he said,
 However fortune may dispose of me,
 Be Cato's friend: he'll train thee up to great
 And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
 Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. Thy sire, good Juba, was a worthy prince,
 And merited, alas! a better fate:—
 But heaven thought otherwise.

Juba. His cruel fate,
 In spite of all the fortitude that shines
 Before my face in Cato's great example,
 Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Juba. His virtues drew respect from foreign climes:
 The kings of Africk sought him for their friend,
 Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
 Behind the hidden sources of the Nile;
 Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd.
 Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

Juba. I do not mean to boast his power and greatness,

But point out new alliances to Cato.
 Had we not better leave this Utica,
 To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
 The assistance of my father's numerous friends?
 Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
 Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
 Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
 Doubling the native horror of the war,
 And making death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think,
 Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar,
 Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
 From court to court, and wander up and down
 A vagabond in Africk?

Juba. Cato, perhaps,

I'm too officious ; but my forward cares
 Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
 My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
 Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
 But know, young prince, that valour soars above
 What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
 These are not ills ; else would they never fall
 On heaven's first favourites, and the best of men :
 The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
 That give mankind occasion to exert
 Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
 Virtues, which lie conceal'd
 In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Juba I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st : I pant for
 virtue,
 And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and
 toil ?—

Laborious virtues all !—Learn them from Cato :
 Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

Juba. The best good fortune that can fall on
 Juba,
 The whole success at which my heart aspirès,
 Depends on Cato.

Cato. What does Juba say ?
 Tell me thy wishes, prince.

Juba. O, they're extravagant !
 Still let me hide them.

Cato. Speak : what canst thou ask
 That Cato will refuse ?

Juba. I fear to name it :—
 Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

Cato Adieu, young prince : I would not hear a word
 Might lessen thee in my esteem. Remember,
 The hand of fate is over us, and heaven
 Exacts severity from all our thoughts :
 It is not now a time to talk of aught
 But chains or conquest, liberty or death. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter SYPHAX, R.H.

Syph. How's this, my prince? What! cover'd with confusion?

You look, as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Juba. Syphax, I'm undone.

Syph. I know it well.

Juba. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all mankind.

Juba. I've open'd to him

The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

Syph. Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with!

Juba. O, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! Was ever wretch like Juba!

Syph. Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've seen
you;

Even in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down;
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and, stooping from your horse,
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Juba. Pr'ythee, no more.

Syph. How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

Juba. Syphax, this old man's talk, though honey
flow'd

In every word, would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia's lost for ever!

(Crosses to R.H.)

Syph. Young prince, I yet could give you good
advice:

Marcia might still be yours.

Juba. What say'st thou, Syphax?

By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.

Syph. Marcia might still be yours.

Juba. As how, dear Syphax?

Syph. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs and bits, and fleetier than the wind :
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

Juba. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man ! Would'st thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?

Syph. Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk !
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperient'd men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Juba. Would'st thou degrade thy prince into a
ruffian ?

Syph. The boasted ancestors of these great men
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians :
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bonnds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape :
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,—
These gods on earth,—are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

Juba. Syphax, I fear, that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

Syph. My prince, you want to know the world :
You have not read mankind : your youth admires
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, the extravagance of virtue.

Juba. If knowledge of the world makes man per-
fidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance !

Syph. Go, go, you're young.

Juba. Gods, must I tamely be
This arrogance unanswer'd !—Thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor. (Crosses to L.H.)

Syph. (*Aside.*) I have gone too far.

Juba. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

Syph. (Aside.) I must appease this storm, or perish in it.—

Young prince, behold these locks that are grown white

Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Juba. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

Syph. Must one rash word, the infirmity of age, Throw down the merit of my better years?

This the reward of a whole life of service?—

(Aside.) Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me!

Juba. Is it, because the throne of my forefathers

Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown

Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall inclose,

Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

(Crosses to R.H.)

Syph. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?

Does not old Syphax follow you to war?

What are his aims? What is it he aspires to?

Is it not this? To shed the slow remains,

His last poor ebb of blood in your defence?

Juba. Syphax, no more: I would not hear you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk? What, when my faith to Juba,

My royal master's son, is call'd in question?

My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:

But, whilst I live, I must not hold my tongue,

And languish out old age in his displeasure.

Juba. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart:

I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

Syph. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd

To do an action which my soul abhors,

And gain you whom you love, at any price:

And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

Juba. Sure thou mistak'st: I did not call thee so.

Syph. You did indeed, my prince, you call'd me
traitor :

Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato ?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life,—nay more, his honour,—in your service ?

Juba. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me : but thy zeal
'To serve thy master, carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not :
It ought not to be sported with.

Syph. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax
weep,
To hear you talk,—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

Juba. Give me thy hand : we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age.
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person :
(*Embraces Syphax.*)

If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

Syph. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness ?

My joy grows burthensome : I sha'n't support it.

Juba. My friend, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

Syph. Young men soon give, and soon forget,
affronts ;
Old age is slow in both.—A false old traitor !
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee :—
But hence ! 'tis gone : I give it to the winds :—
Caesar, I'm wholly thine.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, R.H.

All hail, Sempronius!

Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege, before it yields.

Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate;
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.

Syph. Who is this messenger?

Sem. I've practis'd with him;
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.—
Is Juba fix'd?

Syph. Yes,—but it is to Cato.
I've tried the force of every reason on him,
Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight;
But all are vain; he scorns them all for Cato.

Sem. Well, 'tis no matter; we shall do without
him.

My friend, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have
her!

But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

Sem. All, all is ready;
The factious leaders are our friends, and spread
Murmers and discontents among the soldiers:
Within an hour, they'll storm the senate-house.

Syph. Meanwhile, I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.

I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.

So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden th'impetuous hurricanes descend,

Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
 Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
 The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
 Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
 And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Portico of the Palace.*

Enter MARCUS, L.H. and PORCIUS, R.H.

Mar. Thanks to my stars, I have not rang'd about
 The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend:
 Nature first pointed out my Porcius to me,
 And early taught me, by her secret force,
 To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
 Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

Por. The friendships of the world are oft, my brother,
 Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
 Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
 And such a friendship ends not but with life.

Mar. Porcius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness;
 Then, pr'ythee, spare me on its tender side;
 Indulge me but in love, my other passions
 Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

Por. When love's well tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love:
 The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise
 Sink in the soft captivity together.
 I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,—

I know 'twere vain,—but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

Mar. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
The impatient throbs and longings of a soul
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time :
In every moment of my Lúcia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burthen ;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone ; while hope, and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

(Crosses to R.H.)

Por. What can I say, or do, to give thee help?

Mar. Porcius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence :

Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her, thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom ;
That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food,
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him :
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou see'st me suffer.

Por. I do entreat thee, give me not an office
That suits with me so ill ;—thou know'st my temper.

Mar. Can'st thou behold me sinking in my woes,
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows ?
O Porcius, Porcius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love :
Then would'st thou pity and assist thy brother.

(Retires, R.H. in great agitation.)

Por. (*Aside.*) What should I do? If I disclose my
passion,
Our friendship's at an end : if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother.

Mar. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,

Enjoys the noon-day breeze!—Behold her! Porcius,
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of
beauty!—

Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

Por. She sees us, and advances.

Mar. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Porcius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter LUCIA, L.H. in centre, and advances, R.H.

Luc. Did I not see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

Por. O Lucia, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies.
My heart bleeds for him:

Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, though thou smil'st upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honour in the shock
Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my Porcius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might, perhaps, destroy him.

Por. Alas, poor youth! What dost thou think, my
Lucia?

His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him:
Then do not strike him dead with a denial;
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us,—

Luc. No, Porcius, no: I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves:
And, Porcius, here I swear—(*Kneels.*)—to heaven I
swear,

' To heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
 Never to join my plighted hand with thine,
 While such a cloud of mischief hangs about us,—
 But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
 From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

Por (*Raises her.*) What hast thou said? Recall
 those hasty words,
 Or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Think, Porcius, think thou see'st thy dying
 brother
 Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
 Storming at heaven and thee. Thy awful sire
 Sternly demands the cause, the accursed cause
 That robs him of his son.—Farewell, my Porcius!
 Farewell, though death is in the word, for ever!

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Por. Thou must not go; my soul still hovers o'er
 thee,
 And can't get loose.

Luc. If the firm Porcius shake
 To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers.
 But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way:
 I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell!—
 Farewell!—and know, thou wrong'st me, if thou
 think'st
 Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

[*Exit, L.H. in centre.*]

Enter MARCUS, R.H.

Mar. Porcius, what hopes? How stands she? Am I
 doom'd
 To life or death?

Por. What wouldst thou have me say?

Mar. Thy downcast looks, and thy disorder'd
 thoughts,
 Tell me my fate; I ask not the success
 My cause has found.

Por. I'm griev'd, I undertook it.

Mar. What! does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
And triumph in my pains?

Por. Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs:
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Mar. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion, when 'tis void of love?—
Fool that I was, to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause!—Compassionates my pains!—
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty,—'tis scorn,—'tis death.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Por. Marcus, no more! Have I deserv'd this treatment?

Mar. What have I said?—O Porcius! O forgive me!—

A soul exasperated in ills, falls out
With every thing, its friends, itself.—

(*A sound of trumpets, &c. L.H.*)

But hah!—

What means that sound, big with the threat of war?
What new alarm?

(*A sound of trumpets, &c. L.H.*)

Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

Mar. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me: thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

Por. (L.H.) Quick, let us hence: who knows if Cato's life

Stands sure? O Marcus, I am on fire; my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*

(*A sound of trumpets, &c. L.H. continued till Sempronius comes on.*)

SCENE II.—*A Square before the Palace.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, L.H. JUNIUS, in centre, TITUS, and other Mutineers.

Sem. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm
blows high;
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
'Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Meanwhile, I'll herd among his friends; and seem
One of the number; that, whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Jun. We are all safe; Sempronius is our friend.—
(*A sound of trumpets, L.H.*)

Hark! Cato enters.—Bear up boldly to him;
'This day will end our toils, and give us rest.—
Fear nothing; for Sempronius is our friend.
(*A sound of trumpets, L.H.*)

Enter L.H. CATO, PORCIUS, MARCUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, and Senators.

L.H.S.E.—Ensign, Eagle, Lictors, Guards.

Guards.

Lictors..

Ensign.

4 Senators.

Eagle.

2 Senators.

*Mutineers, Titus, Junius, Lucius, Cato, Porcius,
MARCUS, Sempronius,*

R. H.

L. H.

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

Sem. (Aside.) Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd!

Cato. Perfidious men!—and will you thus dishonour

Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?

Do you confess, 'twas not a zeal for Rome,

Nor love of liberty,

Drew you thus far, but hopes to share the spoil

Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?

Fir'd with such motives, you do well to join

With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.

Behold,—ungrateful men!—

Rehold my bosom naked to your swords,

And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.—

Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,

Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?

Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,

Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?

Painful pre-eminence!

Sem. (Aside.) By heavens, they droop:—

Confusion to the villains!—all is lost.

Cato. Hence, worthless men!—hence, and complain to Cæsar,

You could not undergo the toils of war,

Nor bear the hard-hips that your general bore.

Luci. See, Cato, see,—the unhappy men!—they weep:

Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime

Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest men; give up your leaders, And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my care:

First, let them each be broken on the rack,—

Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left

To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake;—

There let them hang, and taint the southern wind:

The partners of their crime will learn obedience,

When they look up, and see their fellow-traitors

Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

Cato. Forbear, Sempionius:—see, they suffer death;
But, in their deaths, remember they are men.—

(*The Mutineers retire, R.H.—The 4 Senators advance into their places, R.H.*)

• *Lucius*, the base degenerate age requires
Severity and justice in its rigour;
This curbs an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay the uplifted thunderbolt aside.

Sem. Cato, I gladly execute thy will.

Cato. Meanwhile, we'll sacrifice to liberty.

(*The 2 Senators take their places, L.H.*)

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
So dearly bought, the price of so much blood:—

• O let it never perish in your hands,
But piously transmit it to your children!
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence!

[*Flourish.—Exit Cato, Porcius, Marcus,
Lucius, Senators, Ensign, Lictors, & Guards,
L.H. and L.H.S.E.*]

Jun. Sempronius, you have acted like yourself:
One would have thought, you had been half in earnest.

• *Sem.* Villain, stand off!—Base, groveling, worthless
wretches!

Mongrels in faction! poor faint-hearted traitors!

Tit. Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius:
Throw off the mask; there are none here but friends.

• *Sem.* Know, villains, when such paltry slaves pre-
sume

To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by; but, if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.—
Guards,—

Enter Guards, L.H.S.E.

Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death.

Jun. Nay; since it comes to this,—

Sem. Dispatch them quick;—but first, pluck out
their tongues;

Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

[*Exeunt Guards, with the Mutineers, R.H.*]

Enter SYPHAX, L.H.U.E.

Syph. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;

Still there remains an after-game to play:

My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds

Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:

Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,

We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,

And hew down all that would oppose our passage.

A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

Sem. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose:

Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!

Syph. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?

Sem. Think not that I can ever feel the soft

Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,

And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:

When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syph. What hinders then, but that thou find her
out,

And hurry her away by manly force?

Sem. But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but Juba and her brothers.

Syph. Thou shalt have Juba's dress and Juba's
guards:

The doors will open when Numidia's prince
to appear before the slaves that watch them.

Sem. I thank thy friendly zeal:—Marcia's my own !
 How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
 When I behold her struggling in my arms,
 With glowing beauty and disorder'd charms ;
 While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
 Pant in her breast, and vary in her face !
 So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpina, convey'd
 To hell's tremendous gloom the affrighted maid ;
 There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
 Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Portico of the Palace.*

Enter MARCIA and LUCIA, R.H.

Luc. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
 If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
 To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers ?

Mar. O Lucia, Lucia, might my big-swoln heart
 Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
 Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
 With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

Luc. I know, thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd
 By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius ;
 But which of these has power to charm like Porcius ?

Mar. Still must I beg thee not to name Sempronius ?
 Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man :
 Juba to all the bravery of a hero
 Adds softest love and sweetness : he, I own,
 Might make indeed the proudest woman happy.

Luc. But, should your father give you to Sempronius?—

Mar. I dare not think he will: but, if he should,—
I hear the sound of feet:—they march this way.—
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtue we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost.

[*Exeunt, L.H. in centre.*]

Enter SEMPRONIUS, R.H. dressed like Juba, with Numidian Guards.

Sem. The deer is lodg'd; I've track'd her to her covert:

Be sure you mind the word; and, when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey:
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.—
How will the young Numidian rave, to see
His mistress lost! If aught could glad my soul
Beyond the enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay barbarian.—
But hark, what noise? Death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self. There is but one way left:
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards. Hah, dastards, do you
tremble?
Or act like men; or, by yon azure heaven,—

Enter JUBA, R.H. with Guards.

Juba. What do I see? Who's this, that dares usurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

Sem. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth.

Juba. What can this mean? Sempronius!

Sem. My sword shall answer thee:—have at thy heart.

Juba. Nay, then beware thy own, proud barbarous man.

(They fight.—Sempronius falls.—His Guards surrender to Juba's.—Their swords are taken from them.)

Sem. Curse on my stars! Am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, and for a worthless woman?
This my close of life!—

Oh, for a peal of thunder, that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble!

(Dies.)

Juba. With what a spring his furious soul broke
loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

[Exit, R.H. with Guards and Prisoners.]

Enter MARCIA and LUCIA, L.H. in centre.

Luc. Sure, 'twas the clash of swords: my troubled
heart

Is so cast down and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.
O Marcia, should thy brothers, for my sake—
I die away with horror at the thought.

Mar. See, Lucia, see! here's blood!
What! a Numidian! Heavens preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment,—
But hah!—death to my sight!—a diadem?—
O gods! 'tis he! Juba lies dead before us.

Luc. Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind.

Mar. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience:
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee com-
fort?

Enter JUBA, R.H.U.E. with Guards.

Mar. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills.
Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.
I will indulge my sorrows ;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

Juba. What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius

That best of men? O, had I fall'n like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy.

Mar. O Juba! Juba! Juba!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel?
Alas, he knew not, —hapless youth! —he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba.

Juba. Do I live, —or am indeed
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me.

Mar. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men,
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbids
A last embrace, while thus—

Juba. (*Comes forward.*) See, Marcia, see,
The happy Juba lives,—he lives, to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

Mar. With pleasure and amaze I stand transported.
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

Juba. A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba on a curs'd design.

(*Signs to his guards to carry off the body, R.H.*)
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out;
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee:
I found thee weeping; and confess, this once,
Am rapt with joy, to see my Marcia's tears.

Mar. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back: the love that lay

Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre :
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

Juba. My joy! my best belov'd! my only wish!

How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

Mar. Lucia, thy arm; O let me rest upon it!—

The vital blood that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—
O prince! I blush, to think what I have said;
But fate has wrested the confession from me.
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour:
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Exit, with Lucia, L.H. in centre.*]

Juba. I am so bless'd, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness: I absolve my stars
What, though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces, to swell the victor's triumph?
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Square before the Palace.*

Trumpets heard at a distance, R.H.

Enter LUCIUS, CATO, and Freedmen, L.H.

Juba.

Lictors.

Senators.

Soldiers.—Marcus on a Bier.

Freedmen. } *Helmet—Shield.*

Eagle. } *Sword—Spear.*

Ensigns, S.P.Q.R.

Ensigns—Pateras and Hand.

Guards—Arms reversed.

L.H.

Luci. I stand astonish'd. What! the bold Sempronius,

That still broke foremost thro' the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported!
And, virtuous even to madness,—

Cato. Trust me, my friend,
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.—
O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world:
The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.—

Enter PORCIUS, advances to R.H. in centre.

But see where Porcius comes.—What means this haste?

Por. My heart is griev'd;
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

Por. Not so:—

The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch:
I saw, and call'd to stop him; but in vain;
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

Cato. Perfidious men!—But haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.

*[Exit Porcius R.H. in centre, with the Freedmen,
who draw their swords.]*

Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force; the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's: Cato has no business in it.

Luci. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

Cato. Would Lucius have me live, to swell the
number
Of Cæsar's slaves?—or, by a base submission,
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?
(Crosses to R.H.)

Luci. The victor never will impose on Cato
ingenerous terms :—his enemies confess,
he virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

Cato. Curse on his virtues ! they've undone his
country :
Such popular humanity is treason.—

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

But Juba comes.—The ingenuous prince appears
'bll of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

Enter JUBA, L.H.

Juba. I blush, and am confounded, to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

Cato. What's thy crime ?

Juba. I'm a Numidian.

Cato. And a brave one too :
Thou hast a Roman soul.

Juba. Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen ?

Cato. Alas, good youth,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes ;—Rome has its Cæsars.

Juba. 'Tis generous, thus to comfort the distress'd.

Cato. 'Tis just, to give applause where 'tis de-
serv'd.

Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

Enter PORCIUS, R.H. in centre.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune ! grief on grief !
My brother Marcus—

Cato. Hah ! what has he done ?—
Has he forsook his post ? Has he given way ?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass ?

Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him,
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.

Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
 He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,—
 Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
 Oppress'd with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfied.

Por. Nor did he fall, before
 His sword had pierc'd thro' the false heart of Syphax.)
 I saw the hoary traitor
 Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his
 duty.—

Porcius, when I am dead, be sure you place
 His urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep asunder!

Luci. O Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience!
 See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches;
 The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
 Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

(*A dead march sounds, R.H.U.E.*)

*Enter R.H. in centre, Lictors, Senators,—Soldiers
 bearing the body of Marcus on a Bier.—Freed-
 men, with his Helmet, Shield, Sword, and Spear,
 —Eagle and other Ensigns,—and Guards with
 their arms reversed.*

*Enter R.H.U.E. 2 Lictors. }
 2 Lictors. } Fasces.
 2 Lictors. }*

They divide in c. and range R.H. and L.H.

6 Senators—Two and Two.

They pass the Lictors and range R.H. and L.H.

4 Guards with the Bier.

*2 Freedmen on each side the Bier,
 Bearing Marcus's Sword, Helmet, Spear, and Shield.
 Eagle.*

2 Ensigns, S.P.Q.R.

2 Ditto—Pateras with hands.

12 Guards, two and two.

12 Guards.

Patera S.P.Q.R.—*Eagle*.—*Patera*, S.P.Q.R.

3 *Fasces*.

3 *Fasces*.

2 *Freedmen*.

2 *Freedmen*.

Bier.

3 *Senators*.

Cato.

3 *Senators*.

Lucius.

Juba.

Porcius.

R. H.

L. H.

Cato. Welcome, my son!—Here set him down, my friends,

Full in my sight; that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.—
How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
That we can die but once, to serve our country!—
Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd, if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.—
Porcius, behold thy brother; and remember,
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.—
When Rome demands?—But Rome is now no more;
The Roman empire's fall'n,—O curs'd ambition!
Fall'n into Cæsar's hands;—our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer, but his country.

Juba. Behold that generous man! Rome fills his eyes

With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.

Por. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.

Cato. Cæsar asham'd! Has he not seen Pharsalia?

Luci. Cato, 'tis time, thou save thyself and us.

Cato. Lose not a thought on me; I'm out of danger;
Cæsar shall never say, *I've conquer'd Cato*.

But, O my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts.—How shall I save my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

Luci. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you: let him know,
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it;

Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
 That I myself, with tears, request it of him,
 The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.—
 Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake :
 Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
 Or seek the conqueror ?

Juba. If I forsake thee
 Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon Juba !

Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
 Will one day make thee great. At Rome, hereafter,
 'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.—
 Porcius, come hither to me,—Ah, my son,
 Despairing of success,
 Let me advise thee to withdraw betimes
 To our paternal seat, the Sabine field,
 Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,
 And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd
 In humble virtues, and a rural life :
 There live retir'd :

Content thyself to be obscurely good :
 When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
 The post of honour is a private station.

Por. I hope, my father does not recommend
 A life to Porcius, that he scorns himself.

Cato. (*Crosses to R.H.*)—Farewell, my friends !—
 (*Lucius leads the three Senators who are R.H. be-*
hind to the other Senators L.H.)—If there be any
 of you

Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
 Know, there are ships prepar'd by my command,
 Their sails already opening to the winds,
 That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
 Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you ?
 The conqueror draws near. Once more, farewell !—
 If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
 In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
 Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

(*Pointing to his dead son.*)
 There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
 Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,

All know he conquer'd:—(*The four Soldiers take up the Bier.—Exeunt Lucius and Senators, two by two.*)—The firm patriot there,
 Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
 Though still by faction, vice, and fortune cross'd,
 Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

(*A dead march sounds in the Orchestra.*)

[*Exeunt R.H. Cato.*

Bier, attended by Freedmen.

Porcius and Juba.

Eagle.

6 Fasces—Two by Two.

Ensigns, S.P.Q.R.

Ensigns—Pateras.

Guards, two and two

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in the Palace.*

CATO *discovered, sitting in a thoughtful posture:—*
In his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of
the Soul:—a drawn sword on the table by him.

Cato. It must be so;—Plato, thou reasonest well;—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity!—Thou pleasing, dreadful, thought!—
 Through what variety of untried being,

Through what new scenes and changes must we pass
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.—
 Here will I hold : If there's a Power above us,—
 (And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 'Through all her works,—he must delight in virtue ;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.—
 But when ? or where ?—This world was made for
 Caesar.—

I'm weary of conjectures : This must end 'em.

(*Laying his hand on his Sword.*)

Thus am I doubly arm'd : my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me :
 This in a moment brings me to an end ;
 But this informs me, I shall never die.
 The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.—
 What means this heaviness that hangs upon me ?
 Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
 That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
 Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
 An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
 Disturb man's rest : Cato knows neither of 'em,
 Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.—

Enter PORCIUS, R. H. D.

But hah ! how's this ?—My son ! Why this intrusion !
 Were not my orders that I would be private ?
 Why am I disobey'd ?

Por. Alas, my father !

What means this sword ? this instrument of death ?

Let me convey it hence. (*Takes up the sword.*)

Cato. Rash youth, forbear !

Por. O let the prayers, the entreaties of your friends,

their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

Cato. Would'st thou betray me? would'st thou give me up,

slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands?

Cato. Tire: and learn obedience to a father;

know, young man,—

Por. Look not thus sternly on me:

(Lays down the sword.)

You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well: again I'm master of myself.

Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,

And bar each avenue; thy gathering fleets

O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;

Cato shall open to himself a passage,

And mock thy hopes.

Por. *(Kneels.)* O sir, forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him!—O my father,—

How am I sure it is not the last time

I e'er shall call you so:—be not displeas'd,

O be not angry with me, whilst I weep,

And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you

To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul.

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

(Raises and embraces him.)

Weep not, my son; all will be well again:

The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,

Will succour Cato, and protect his children.

Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

Cato. Porcius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct:
Cato will never act what misbecomes him.—

But go, my son; take care that nought be wanting

Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd;

And tell me if the winds and seas befriend 'em.—

My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks

The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

[Exit Cato, L.H. in centre.]

Por. My thoughts are more at ease; my heart revives.—

Enter MARCIA, L.H.D.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope :
 Our father will not cast away a life
 So needful to us all, and to his country.
 He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
 Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
 With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
 And studious for the safety of his friends.
 Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers :

[Exit Porcius, R.H.D.]

Mar. O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
 Watch round his couch, and soften his repose !
 Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
 With easy dreams ! Remember all his virtues,
 And show mankind that goodness is your care !

Enter LUCIA, L.H.D.

Luc. Where is your father, Marcia ? Where is
 Cato ?

Mar. Lucia, speak low :—he is retir'd to rest.
 My friend, I feel a gentle dawning hope
 Rise in my soul : we may be happy still.

Luc. Alas, I tremble when I think on Cato ;
 In every view, in every thought, I tremble.
 Cato is stern, and awful as a god :
 He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
 Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Mar. Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
 He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
 Compassionate and gentle, to his friends :
 Fill'd with domestic tenderness,—the best,
 The kindest father !—I have ever found him
 Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us happy.
 But who knows Cato's thoughts ?
 Who knows how yet he may dispose of Porcius ?
 Or, how he has determin'd of thyself ?

Mar. Let him but live, commit the rest to heaven.

Enter LUCIUS, L.H. centre :—advances to centre.

Luci. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man.—

O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father :

Some power invisible supports his soul,

And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.

And refreshing sleep has fallen upon him :

I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost

In pleasing dreams : as I drew near his couch,

He smil'd, and cried, Cæsar, thou canst not hurt me.

Mar. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

Enter JUBA, R.H.D.

Juba. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing

The number, strength, and posture of our foes,

Who now encamp within a short hour's march.

On the high point of yon bright western tower

We ken them from afar ; the setting sun

Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,

And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Luci. Marcia, 'tis time, we should awake thy father.

Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms ;

And waits at distance, till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORCIUS, R.H.D.

Porcius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.

What tidings dost thou bring ? Methinks, I see

Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now

My father's friends, impatient for a passage,

Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arriv'd

From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain

Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,

And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
 Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
 Assert her rights and claim her liberty.—

(*Cato's groans are heard.*)

But hark! what means that groan?—O give me
 way,

And let me fly into my father's presence.

[*Exit Porcius, L.H. in centre.*]

Luci, Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rom
 And in the wild disorder of his soul
 Mourns o'er his country.—

(*Cato groans again L.H. in centre.*)

Hah! a second groan!—Heaven guard us all!

Mar. Alas! 'tis not the voice
 Of one who sleeps: 'tis agonizing pain,
 'Tis death is in that sound.

*Enter PORCIUS, L.H. in centre, advances between
 Marcia and Juba.*

Por. O sight of woe!
 O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!—
 Cato is fallen upon his sword,—

Luci. O Porcius,
 Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
 And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up,
 And plac'd him in his chair; where, pale and faint,
 He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,—
 (*The persons on the stage separate and look to the
 back scene.*)

Juba, Porcius.
 R. H.

Marcus, Lucius, Lucia.
 L. H.

Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
 Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

Mar. O Heaven, assist me in this dreadful hour
 To pay the last sad duties to my father!

Enter 2 Freedmen and CATO, L.H. in centre, supported by his 2 Freedmen.—Two first Freedmen remove the table R.H. and remain by it.—Marcia runs to assist Cato. Takes his left arm and helps to bring him to his chair.

2 *Freedmen.*
Table.

2 *Freedmen.*
Chair—*Lucia*

Cato.

Porcius.

Marcia.

Juba.

Lucius.

R.H.

L.H.

Juba. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, ()
(*Æsar?*)

Luci. Now is Rome fallen indeed !

Cato. Here set me down.—

Porcius, come near me:—are my friends embark'd ?

Can any thing be thought of for their service ?

Whilst yet I live, let me not live in vain.—

O *Lucius,* art thou here?—Thou art too good !—

Let this our friendship live between our children ;

Make *Porcius* happy in thy daughter *Lucia*.—

Alas, poor man, he weeps !—*Marcia,* my daughter,—

O bend me forward !—*Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.

A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,

Would not have match'd his daughter with a king ;

But *Cæsar's* arms have thrown down all distinction :

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman.—

I'm sick to death.—O, when shall I get loose

From this vain world, the abode of guilt and sorrow !—

And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in

On my departing soul.—Alas ! I fear,

I've been too hasty.—O ye powers, that search

The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,

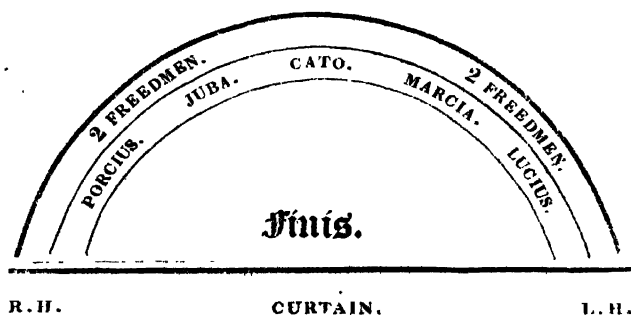
If I have done amiss, impute it not !—

~~The gods~~ may err,—but you are good, and—oh !

(*Dies.*)

(*Curtain drops to slow Music.*)

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain Falls





Oxberry's Edition.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

A TRAGEDY;

By George Lillo.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
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**From the Press of W. Oxberry
& Co., White-Hart Yard.**

Remarks.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

If good intentions are to be accepted as an atonement for dull writing, this tedious extract from the "Newgate Calendar" may escape uncensured; but, if judged upon the score of its actual merits, without any reference to the author's aim in producing it, few readers will hesitate to pronounce it a tasteless composition, devoid alike of ingenuity in its construction, probability in its incidents, elevation of sentiment, and elegance of language. The characters some people have declared to be vastly natural, simply because their occupations and rank are those of common life; and we are constrained to allow that mercenary strumpets, prosy tradesmen, and knavish shop-boys, are every day to be met with; but, that the individuals of the kind here introduced are true to nature, either in their actions or their ideas, we stoutly deny.

Even had the author been as skilful in the treatment of his subject as he has been the reverse, we should still maintain, in spite of every thing advanced to the contrary, that he betrayed a most woful lack of judgment in the selection of it. The nature displayed in Tragedy is, or should be, nature sublimated, refined, and purged of its grossness: not drawn from subjects essentially mean, nor depicting the ordinary occupations of domestic life, which no ability can elevate into importance, or divest of vulgar associations. It does not follow because certain things and persons are to be met with in the world, that they necessarily fit subjects for the dramatist to employ his skill upon; for, unless a principle were once admitted, it would not be long ere some ingenious playwright regaled an audience with the spectacle of Mrs. Brorvarigg flogging her apprentices, or the mob of Edinburgh hang-

ing Captain Porteous upon a dyer's pole : subjects quite as edifying, and far more interesting than the freaks of Master Barnwell. Lillo's counting-house heroics, it can't be denied, are in vile taste. Day-books and ledgers, exports and imports, the Old Bailey and Tyburn, assort wretchedly with the true attributes of Melpomene ; and though some men of good sense will still defend " George Barnwell," out of respect for its supposed moral tendency, (of which by the bye) none but those who have no relish for the charms of refined composition, and whose gross minds require the excitements offered by clashing fetters, tolling bells, black clothes, and white handkerchiefs, will ever cordially admire it. As for the style in which it is composed, the remarks of the highest authority upon such points, Dr. Johnson, seem to be perfectly conclusive. He observed " that he could hardly consider a prose tragedy dramatic ; that it is difficult for the performers to speak it ; that, let the scene be either in high or low life, it may still, though in metre, be rendered familiar and colloquial ; and that the writing of prose is generally but an excuse for poverty of genius."

Admitting, however, for argument's sake, that prose may sometimes be employed as the language of tragedy, and is not invariably made use of from the author's inability to write verse, let us examine the style in which the characters of this play express themselves, and see how far it is suited to their characters and situations. We commence with a few reflections interchanged by *Barnwell* and his friend *Trueman* :

" *Barnwell*. Will yesterday return ? We have heard, the glorious sun, that till then incessant rolled, once stopped his rapid course, and once went back. The dead have risen, and parched rocks poured forth a liquid stream, to quench a people's thirst. The sea divided, and form'd walls of water, while a whole nation pass'd in safety thro' its sandy bosom. Hungry lions have refus'd their prey ; and men unhurt have walk'd amidst consuming flames ; but, never yet did time, once past, return.

Trueman. Though the continued chain of time has never once been broke, nor ever will, but uninterrupted must keep on its course, till, lost in eternity, it ends where it first began ; yet, as heaven can repair whatever evils time can bring upon us, we ought never to despair. But, business requires our attendance ; business, the youth's best preservative from ill, as idleness his worst of snares."

This, good reader, is not poetry, 'tis only prose run mad ; and yet the admirers of such wretched jargon presume to prate about the inflation of blank verse, " false notions of elegance," and Lillo's strict adherence to nature. Nature, indeed ! never did two apprentices converse in such a style since the invention of indentures. But, let us see some more. The following is *Barnwell's* soliloquy when about to murder his uncle, during the delivery of which, in order to heighten its effect, he " sometimes presents a pistol, and then draws it back again :

" Oh, death ! thou strange mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood, but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou ? The extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars, that worlds exotic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempts to pass in vain ; lost and bewildered in the horrid gloom, defeated, she returns more doubtful than before, of nothing certain, but of labour lost."

The reader of this tragedy will find himself in a precisely similar predicament.

The young lady, *Maria*, is as choice in her language as any of her associates, and her opening soliloquy has but two faults,—'tis somewhat unmeaning, and quite out of place :

" How forcible is truth ! The weakest mind, inspired with love of that, fixed and collected in itself, with indifference beholds the united force of earth and hell opposing. Such souls are raised above the sense of pain, or so supported that they regard it not. The martyr cheaply purchases his heaven : small are his sufferings, great is his reward. Not so the wretch who combats love with duty, &c."

We shall not tire our readers with more of Mr. Lillo's heroics, though all his characters, down to *Mr. Blunt*, who occupies the very reputable situation of bully in *Millwood's* furnished apartments on the first-floor, express themselves occasionally in the same high-flown terms ; and *Millwood*, in the last act, soars to a pitch of fustian about wheels, racks, scorpions, melted lead, and seas of sulphur, which is perfectly astounding. We prefer selecting a scrap or two of the familiar and useful from the conversation of *Thorowgood* and *Trueman*.

" *Trueman*. Sir, have you any commands for me at this time ?

Thorowgood. Only look carefully over the files, to see whether there are any tradesmen's bills unpaid ; if there are, send and dis-

charge them. We must not let artificers lose their time, so useful to the public and their families, in unnecessary attendance.

Trueman. I have observed, those countries where trade is promoted and encouraged, do not make discoveries to destroy, but to improve mankind by love and friendship; to tame the fierce, and polish the most savage; to teach them the advantage of honest traffic, by taking from them, with their own consent, their useless superfluities, and giving them, in return, what, from their ignorance in manual arts, their situation, or some other accident, they stand in need of."

This is all very sensible truly, and would be right novel also, had not the worthy gentlemen been anticipated by the compiler of that excellent manuel "The Young Man's Best Companion," which we believe was given to the world some time before the appearance of "George Barnwell." How greatly would the interest and animation of the scene have been heightened, had the collocutors proceeded to favour the audience with their ideas upon Simple and Compound Interest, Book-keeping by Double and Single Entry, or the Duties of the Customs and Excise. The reader will please to observe that he is indebted to us for placing before him the above splendid passages, some of which we fear he will not find in the present *acting*-edition of the play, as the inverted commas are more thickly scattered than in any other piece we ever looked into. 'Tis scarcely credible, and yet 'tis true, that the language of Lillo's play has met with admirers, who have styled it characteristically simple, though constantly disgraced by such bombast and twattle as we have just quoted. We recollect but a single truly natural sentiment throughout; it is in the 4th act, where *Barnwell* says to *Millwood*

"'Tis fit I die, indeed,—but not by you."

One quiet touch of nature like this is worth more than whole pages of the unmeaning rant previously transcribed.

So much for the language,—the characters are worthy of it. Upon the stage, the skill of the performers may possibly command for them some little attention among the cook-maids and house-keepers in the galleries; but, in the mind of the reader they excite no sentiment either of pity or respect. Who can be interested about the fate of such common-place personages as *Thorowgood* and his daughter, or of

a vulgar, heartless strumpet like *Millwood*, destitute of a single mental fascination, and fit only to beat hemp in Bridewell. For *Barnwell* himself, we feel nothing but contempt. He is a canting hypocritical rascal, and an egregious coxcomb into the bargain. Had he not, in his own expressive language, "been suspended between heaven and earth, a dreadful spectacle to the gaping crowd," he would in due time have settled down into a sleek, plausible, substantial, sensual tradesman of the dissenting persuasion; lied, cheated, and attended chapel, with singular assiduity; and, after death, have been honoured with a tomb, proclaiming to the world his exemplary virtues. "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus," we all of us learned at school, but the proceedings of *Barnwell* give the assertion the lie most flatly. His post-haste progress in guilt outrages all probability; never did corruption make such rapid progress. We see him at the opening of the play, a shamefaced ingenuous youth, and immediately after, with scarcely any preparation for such a change, we find him, we scarcely know how, transformed into a monster of perfidy and ingratitude, a liar, a robber, and a gratuitous murderer. In the hands of a clever writer, who would have rendered *Millwood* more captivating, thrown the early part of the action into narrative, and introduced *Barnwell* in an advanced stage of his career, the story might have been rendered much more interesting and probable; at present the play is but a jumble of tiresome absurdities.

But, the most objectionable characteristic of the piece, in our estimation, is that for which it has by many worthy people been highly valued, viz. its effect upon the morals of the spectators. We have not much faith, as our readers well know, in the imputed power of stage exhibitions to change the whole character of a people, or indeed, to work any very material alteration either for better or for worse in their feelings and opinions; but, we do sincerely believe that if "George Barnwell" has actually any influence upon the minds of those who see it performed, 'tis far more likely to be pernicious than salutary. "Where ignorance is virtue, 'tis folly to be wise;" and the minute representation of the intrigues of a strumpet, will do more, we suspect, towards vitiating the principles and inflaming the imaginations of young men, than the "great moral lesson" at the close will serve to benefit them. Children, too, are very apt at drawing conclusions from what they see and hear; they have active inquiring

minds; and some of the conversations between *Millwood* and *Lucy* are calculated to teach their young ideas how to shoot very luxuriantly. Vice, we shall be told is so hateful a creature, that to be hated she need but be seen; but he who sent his son to walk the lobbies, in the expectation of his being disgusted with the *Millwoods* that frequent them, would venture upon a somewhat hazardous experiment.

In every point of view, then, we consider this play to be a disgrace to the English Drama, and the countenance it once met with, a blot upon the national taste. We trust it will never be suffered to resume its place upon the stage, from which of late it has been deservedly banished, but that the story of *Barnwell's* misdeeds will in future be confined to the Cheap Repository Tracts, and similar "Two-penny Trash," with which the country is inundated; and serve merely as a birth-day present from Mrs. Lovechild to Master Goodlad.

George Lillo, the author of this tragedy, was born on the 4th of Feb. 1693, near Moorgate, where his father, a Dutch emigrant, carried on the business of a jeweller, in which he was succeeded by his son, who pursued the occupation for many years with an unblemished character. Davies the bookseller, who published an edition of his works in 2 vols. 12mo. 1775, says that he was in person lusty, but not tall, and of a pleasing countenance, though deprived of one eye. If we may judge of his disposition from the following anecdote, related of him by the same writer, it appears to have savoured strongly of eccentricity:—

"Towards the latter part of his life, either from judgment or humour, he determined to put the sincerity of his friends, who possessed a very high regard for him, to a trial. To effect this, he practised an odd kind of stratagem. He asked one of his intimate acquaintance to lend him a considerable sum of money, for which he declared he would give no bond, nor any other security, except a note of hand; but the person to whom he applied, not liking the terms, civilly refused him. Soon after, Lillo met his nephew, a Mr. Underwood, with whom he had been at variance for some time, and whom he requested to lend him money upon the same conditions. His nephew, either from a sagacious apprehension of his uncle's real intention, or from generosity of spirit, immediately offered to grant his request. Lillo was so pleased with this ready compliance, that he assured his nephew he should reap the benefit such generous behaviour deserved, and in

performance of his promise, he bequeathed him the bulk of his fortune."

In matters of religion, Lillo dissented from the doctrines of the Established Church. He died on the 3d of September, 1739, aged 47 years, and a few months after, Fielding printed this character of him in "*The Champion*:"

"He had a perfect knowledge of human nature, though his contempt of all base means of application, which are the necessary steps to great acquaintance, restrained his conversation within very narrow bounds. He had the spirit of an old Roman, joined to the innocence of a primitive Christian. He was content ^with his little state of life, in which his excellent temper of mind gave him a happiness beyond the power of riches to bestow; and it was necessary for his friends to have a sharp insight into his want of their services, as well as good inclination or abilities to serve him. In short, he was one of the best of men, and those who knew him best will most regret his loss."

The names of Lillo's dramas are, 1. *Silvia*; or, *The Country Burial*, Op. 1731.—2. *George Barnwell*, T. 1731.—3. *The Christian Hero*, T. 1734.—4. *Fatal Curiosity*, T. 1737.—5. *Marina*, P. 1738.—6. *Britannia and Batavia*, M. 1740.—7. *Elmerick*; or, *Justice Triumphant*, T. 1740.—8. *Arden of Feversham*, T. 1762. Besides these, he is said to have written a comedy called the "*Regulators*," for the MS. of which the publisher of an edition of his plays in 1810, made strict enquiry, without success.

The Prologue to his "*Elmerick*," which was not played till after his death, asserted that he ended his days depressed by want as well as disease; but this, his editor Davies has clearly proved to be a mistake. He died possessed of an annuity of £60 per annum, besides various valuable effects.

"*George Barnwell*" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, in April 1731, and met with so much success, that it was played twenty nights before the termination of the season, and even attracted the attention of royalty. In a newspaper of the time appears this paragraph:—"Friday, the 2d of July, the queen sent to the play-house in Drury-Lane, for the MS. of '*George Barnwell*,' to peruse it, which Mr. WILKS carried to Hampton Court." This popularity was by no means anticipated by the managers, nor were the critics of the day more sanguine in their expectations, according to the following story, which,

however, bears falshood, or at least exaggeration, on the face of it :—
 “ The play being founded on a well-known ballad, many critics of the time, who went to the first representation, formed so contemptuous an idea of it, that they purchased the ballad (*many thousands* of which were used in one day on this account) to draw comparisons between that and the play. But the merit of the piece soon got the better of this contempt, and presented them with scenes written so truly to the heart, that they were compelled to subscribe to their power, and drop their ballads to take up their handkerchiefs.”

The Ballad in question is printed in Percy’s “Reliques,” from a MS. in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford, entitled “ An Excellent Ballad of George Barnwell, an Apprentice of London, who thrice robbed his Master, and murdered his Uncle at Ludlow.” This ditty, in which *Barnwell* relates his own story, differs nothing in its incidents from the play, and contains no passages worth transcribing.

Till within a very few years, “ George Barnwell” was constantly exhibited for the edification of young people of both sexes, on Easter Monday, and previous to the first performance of the Christmas pantomime; but good taste and common-sense have at length caused the discontinuance of the absurdity. Let it be recorded to Mr. Elliston’s credit, that he was the first to break through the practice, and abolish this mumery, having omitted to perform the piece at Drury-lane, Christmas, 1819, since which period, it has, very rarely, been allowed to revisit the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous, and cleaving the general ear with horrid speech.

We must not conclude without inserting a letter sent by Ross the actor to a friend, which seems to have a kind of prescriptive right to accompany every edition of “ George Barnwell.”

“ Hampstead, 20th August, 1787.

“ In the year 1752, during the Christmas holidays, I played *George Barnwell*, and the late Mrs. Pritchard *Millwood*. Doctor Barrowby, physician to St. Bartholomew’s hospital, told me he was sent for by a young gentleman in Great St. Helen’s, apprentice to a capital merchant. He found him very ill, with a slow fever, and a heavy summer pulse, that no medicine could touch. The nurse told him he had at times so heavily, that she was sure something lay upon his mind. The doctor sent every one out of the room, and told his patient

he was certain there was something oppressed his mind, and lay so heavy on his spirits, that it would be in vain to render him medicine, unless he would open his mind freely. After much solicitation, the youth confessed there was something lay heavy at his heart, but that he would sooner die than divulge it, as it must be his ruin, if known. The Doctor assured him, if he would make him his confidant, he would serve him, by every means in his power, and that the secret, if he desired it, should remain so to all the world, but to those who might be necessary to relieve him. After much conversation, he told the Doctor he was the second son to a gentleman of good fortune in Hertfordshire; that he had made an improper acquaintance with a kept mistress of a captain of an Indiaman, then abroad; that he was within a year of being out of his time, and had been intrusted with cash, drafts, and notes, which he had made free with, to the amount of £200. That going two or three nights before to Drury Lane, to see Ross and Mrs. Pritchard in the characters of *George Barnwell* and *Millwood*, he was so forcibly struck, that he had not enjoyed a moment's peace since, and wished to die, to avoid the shame he saw hanging over him. The Doctor asked where his father was; he replied, he expected him there every minute, as he was sent for by his master, upon his being taken so very ill. The Doctor desired the young gentleman, to make himself perfectly easy, as he would undertake that his father should set all right; and, to get his patient in a promising way, assured him, if his father made the least hesitation, he should have the money of him. The father soon arrived; the Doctor took him into another room, and, after explaining the cause of his son's illness, begged him to save the honour of his family, and the life of his son. The father, with tears in his eyes, gave him a thousand thanks, and said he would step to his banker, and fetch the money. While he was gone, Doctor Barrowby went to his patient, and told him every thing would be settled in a few minutes to his ease and satisfaction; that his father was gone to his banker's for the money, and would soon return with peace and forgiveness, and never mention or even think of it more. What is very extraordinary, the Doctor told me, that in a few minutes after he had communicated this news to his patient, upon feeling of his pulse, without the help of any medicine, he was quite another creature. The father returned with notes to the amount of £200, which he put into his son's hands —they wept, kissed, embraced. The son soon recovered, and lived

to be a very eminent merchant. Doctor Barrowby never told me the name, but the story he mentioned often, in the Green-Room of Drury Lane Theatre; and, after telling it one night when I was standing by, he said to me, 'You have done some good in your profession; more, perhaps, than many a clergyman who preached last Sunday;'—for, the patient told the Doctor, the play raised such horror and contrition in his soul, that he resolved, if it would please God to raise a friend to extricate him out of that distress, to dedicate the rest of his life to religion and virtue. Though I never knew his name, nor saw him, to my knowledge, I received for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note sealed up, with ten guineas, and these words 'A Tribute of Gratitude, from one who was highly obliged, and saved from ruin, by seeing Mr. Ross's performance of *Barnwell*.'

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your's truly,

"David Ross."

What credit is due to this relation we are unable to say, but it would be satisfactory to know whether Doctor Barrowby was *living* at the date of the letter; and whether of the numerous individuals who must have heard the anecdote so "often repeated" in the Drury Lane Green-Room, any one ever corroborated Ross's statement, by mentioning the circumstance. At all events, supposing the story to be strictly true, it still proves but little in favour of the play's moral tendency, for whilst it may have shewn to one man the error of his ways, it may also have perverted the imaginations of hundreds.

P.P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is two hours and a quarter.—The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H..... is meant..... Right Hand.

L.H..... Left Hand.

S.E..... Second Entrance.

U.E..... Upper Entrance.

M.D..... Middle Door.

D.F..... Door in Flat.

R.H.D..... Right Hand Door.

L.H.D..... Left Hand Door.

Costume.

THOROWGOOD.

First dress.—Brown coat, waistcoat, and breeches.—Second dress.—Suit of black.

BARNWELL.

Morone coloured coat, waistcoat, breeches, and camlet great coat

GEORGE BARNWELL.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, and black breeches.

TRUEMAN.

Black coat, waistcoat, and breeches.

BLUNT.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, and black breeches.

JAILOR.

Brown coat, red waistcoat, and black breeches.

MILLWOOD.

Pink satin dress, handsomely trimmed.

MARIA.

First dress.—White leno, trimmed with white satin ribbon.—Second dress.—Black crape.

LUCY.

Smart coloured gown.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-lane.</i>	<i>Covent-garden.</i>
<i>Thoroughgood</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Barnwell</i>	Mr. Thomson.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>George Barnwell</i>	Mr. Cooper.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Trueman</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Blunt</i>	Mr. W. H. Williams.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Jemlor</i>	Mr. Willmott.	Mr. Louis.
<i>Millwood</i>	Mrs. W. West.	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Lucy</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Maria</i>	Miss Smithson.	Miss Foote.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. CIBBER, JUN.

The Tragic Muse, sublime, delights to show
Princes distrest, and scenes of royal woe ;
In awful pomp, majestic, to relate
The fall of nations, or some hero's fate :
That scepter'd chiefs may by example know
The strange vicissitude of things below :
What dangers on security attend ;
How pride and cruelty in ruin end :
Hence Providence supreme to know ; and own
Humanity adds glory to a throne.

In ev'ry former age, and foreign tongue,
With native grandeur thus the Goddess sung.
Upon our stage indeed, with wish'd success,
You've sometimes seen her in a humbler dress ;
Great only in distress. When she complains
In Southern's, Rowe's, or Otway's moving strains,
The brilliant drops that fall from each bright eye,
The absent pomp, with brighter jems, supply.
Forgive us then, if we attempt to show,
In artless strains, a tale of private woe.
A London 'Prentice ruin'd is our theme,
Drawn from the fam'd old song, that bears his name.
We hope your taste is not so high to scorn
A moral tale, esteem'd e'er you were born ;
Which for a century of rolling years,
Has fill'd a thousand-thousand eyes with tears.
If thoughtless youth to warn, and shame the age
From vice destructive, well becomes the stage ;
If this example innocence secure,
Prevent our guilt, or by reflection cure ;
If Millwood's dreadful guilt, and sad despair,
Commend the virtue of the good and fair,
Tho' art be wanting, and our numbers fail,
Indulge th' attempt in justice to the tale.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ. AND SPOKEN BY
MRS. CIBBER.

Since fate has robb'd me of the hapless youth,
For whom my heart had hoarded up its truth ;
By all the laws of love and honour, now,
I'm free again to choose,—and one of you.

But soft,—with caution first I'll round me peep,
Maids, in my case, should look, before they leap :
Here's choice enough, of various sorts, and hue,
The cit, the wit, the rake cock'd up in cue,
The fair spruce Mercer, and the tawney Jew.

Suppose I search the sober gallery ;—No,
There's none but 'prentices, and cuckolds all a row,
And these, I doubt, are those that make 'em so.

(Pointing to the boxes.)

'Tis very well, enjoy the jest :—but you,
Fine powder'd sparks ;—nay, I'm told 'tis true,
Your happy spouses—can make cuckolds too.

'Twixt you and them, the difference this perhaps,
The cit's ashamed whene'er his duck he traps ;
But you, when madam's tripping, let her fall,
Cock up your hats, and take no shame at all.

What if some favour'd poet I could meet ?
Whose love would lay his laurels at my feet.
No,—painted passion real love abhors,—
His flame would prove the suit of creditors.

Not to detain you then with longer pause,
In short, my heart, to this conclusion draws,
I yield it to the hand that's loudest in applause.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Thorowgood's House.*

Enter THOROWGOOD L.H. and TRUEMAN, R.H.

True. Sir, the packet from Genoa is arrived.

(Gives letters.)

Thor. Heaven be praised, the storm that threatened our royal mistress, pure religion, liberty, and laws, is for a time diverted; by which means time is gained to make such preparations on our part as may, heaven concurring, prevent his malice, or turn the meditated mischief on himself.

True. He must be insensible indeed, who is not affected when the safety of his country is concerned.—Sir, may I know by what means—if I am too bold—

Thor. Your curiosity is laudable; and at some future period I shall gratify it with the greater pleasure, because from thence you may learn how honest merchants, as such, may sometimes contribute to the safety of their country, as they do at all times to its happiness; that if hereafter you should be tempted to any action that has the appearance of vice or meanness in it, upon reflecting on the dignity of our profession, you may with honest scorn reject whatever is unworthy of it.

True. Should Barnwell or I, who have the benefit of your example, by our ill conduct bring any imputation on that honourable name, we must be left without excuse.

Thor. You compliment, young man.—(*Trueman bows respectfully.*)—Nay, I am not offended. As the name of merchant never degrades the gentleman, so by no means does it exclude him; only take heed not to purchase the character of complaisant at the expense of your sincerity.

True. Well, sir, have you any commands for me at this time?

Thor. Only to look carefully over the the files to see whether there are any tradesman's bills unpaid; and if there are, to send and discharge them. We must not let artificers lose their time, so useful to the public and their families, in unnecessary attendance.

[*Exit Trueman, R.H.*]

Enter MARIA, L.H.

Thor. Well, Maria, have you given orders for the entertainment? I would have it in some measure worthy the guests. Let there be plenty, and of the best; that the courtiers, though they should deny us citizens politeness, may at least commend our hospitality.

Maria. Sir, I have endeavoured not to wrong your well-known generosity by an ill-timed parsimony.

Thor. Nay, 'twas a needless caution; I have no cause to doubt your prudence.

Maria. Sir, I find myself unfit for conversation at present: I should but increase the number of the company, without adding to their satisfaction.

Thor. Nay, my child, this melancholy must not be indulged.

Maria. Company will but increase it. I wish you would dispense with my absence; solitude best suits my present temper.

Thor. You are not insensible that it is chiefly on your account these noble lords do me the honour so frequently to grace my board; should you be absent, the disappointment may make them repent their conclusion, and think their labour lost.

Maria. He that shall think his time or honour lost in

visiting you, can set no real value on your daughter's company, whose only merit is that she is yours. The man of quality, who chuses to converse with a gentleman and merchant of your worth and character, may confer honour by so doing, but he loses none.

Thor. Come, come, Maria, I need not tell you that a young gentleman may prefer your conversation to mine, yet intend me no disrespect at all; for though he may lose no honour in my company, 'tis very natural for him to expect more pleasure in yours. I remember the time when the company of the greatest and wisest man in the kingdom would have been insipid and tiresome to me, if it had deprived me of an opportunity of enjoying your mother's.

Maria. Yours, no doubt, was as agreeable to her: for generous minds know no pleasure in society but where 'tis mutual.

Thor. Thou know'st I have no heir, no child but thee; the fruits of many years successful industry must all be thine; now it would give me pleasure great as my love, to see on whom you would bestow it. I am daily solicited by men of the greatest rank and merit for leave to address you, but I have hitherto declined it, in hopes that by observation I should learn which way your inclination tends; for as I know love to be essential to happiness in the married state, I had rather my approbation should confirm your choice than direct it.

Maria. What can I say?—how shall I answer as I ought this tenderness, so uncommon, even in the best of parents? But you are without example; yet, had you been less indulgent, I had been most wretched. That I look on the crowd of courtiers that visit here with equal esteem, but equal indifference, you have observed, and I must needs confess; yet, had you asserted your authority, and insisted on a parent's right to be obeyed, I had submitted, and to my duty sacrificed my peace.

Thor. From your perfect obedience in every other instance, I feared as much, and therefore would leave

you without a bias in an affair wherein your happiness is so immediately concerned.

Maria. Whether from a want of that just ambition that would become your daughter, or from some other cause, I know not; but I find high birth and titles do not recommend the man who owns them to my affections.

Thor. I would not that they should, unless his merit recommends him more. A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in the fairest light.

Maria. I cannot answer for my inclinations, but they shall ever be submitted to your wisdom and authority; and as you will not compel me to marry where I cannot love, so love shall never make me act contrary to my duty. Sir, have I your permission to retire?

Thor. I'll see you to your chamber.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Millwood's House.*

MILLWOOD *discovered*; LUCY *waiting*.

Mill. How do I look to-day, Lucy?

Lucy. O, killingly, madam! A little more red, and you'll be irresistible! But why this more than ordinary care of your dress and complexion? What new conquest are you aiming at?

Mill. A conquest would be new indeed!

Lucy. Not to you, who make 'em every day,—but to me. Well, 'tis what I'm never to expect,—unfortunate as I am: but your wit and beauty—

Mill. First made me a wretch, and still continue me so. Men, however generous or sincere to one another, are all selfish hypocrites in their affairs with us. We are no otherwise esteemed or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their satisfaction. It is a general maxim among the knowing part of mankind, that a woman without virtue, like a man without honour,

or honesty, is capable of any action, though never so vile: and yet what pains will they not take, what arts not use, to seduce us from our innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own opinions? Then is it not just the villains, to their cost, should find us so? But guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their guard; therefore we can take advantage only of the young and innocent part of the sex, who, having never injured woman, apprehend no injury from them.

Lucy. Ay, they must be young indeed.

Mill. Such a one, I think, I have found. As I've passed through the city, I have often observed him receiving and paying considerable sums of money; from thence I conclude he is employed in affairs of consequence.

Lucy. Is he handsome?

Mill. Ay, ay, the stripling is well made.

Lucy. About—

Mill. Eighteen.

Lucy. Innocent, handsome, and about eighteen!—you'll be vastly happy. Why, if you manage well, you may keep him to yourself these two or three years.

Mill. If I manage well, I shall have done with him much sooner. Having long had a design on him, and meeting him yesterday, I made a full stop, and gazing wishfully on his face, asked him his name: he blushed, and bowing very low, answered—George Barnwell. I begged his pardon for the freedom I had taken, and told him that he was the person I had long wished to see, and to whom I had an affair of importance to communicate, at a proper time and place. He named a tavern; I talked of honour and reputation, and invited him to my house: he swallowed the bait, promised to come, and this is the time I expect him.—(*Knocking at the door, L.H.*)—Somebody knocks:—d'ye hear, I am at home to nobody to-day but him.—[*Exit Lucy, L.H.*]
—Less affairs must give way to those of more consequence; and I am strangely mistaken if this does not prove of great importance to

me and him too before I am done with him.—Now, after what manner shall I receive him?—Let me consider—what manner of person am I to receive? He is young, innocent, and bashful; therefore I must take care not to put him out of countenance at first. But then, if I have any skill in phisiognomy, he is amorous, and with a little assistance, will soon get the better of his modesty. I'll trust to nature, who does wonders in these matters. If to seem what one is not, in order to be the better liked for what one really is; if to speak one thing, and mean the direct contrary, be art in a woman, then I know nothing of nature.

Enter BARNWELL, L.H. bowing very low; LUCY at a distance.

Mill. Sir!—the surprise and joy!—

Barn. Madam!

Mill. This is such a favour,— *(Advancing.)*

Barn. Pardon me, madam,—

Mill. So unhop'd for,—*(Still advances: Barnwell salutes her, and retires in confusion.)*—To see you here—excuse the confusion—

Barn. I fear I am too bold.

Mill. Alas, sir, all my apprehensions proceed from the fear of your thinking me so.—Please, sir, to sit.—I am as much at a loss how to receive this honour as I ought, as I am surprised at your goodness in conferring it.

Barn. I thought you had expected me—I promised to come.

Mill. This is the more surprising; few men are such religious observers of their word.

Barn. All who are honest are.

Mill. To one another; but we silly women are seldom thought of consequence enough to gain a place in your remembrance.

(Laying her hand on his, as by accident.)

Barn. Her disorder is so great, she don't perceive she has laid her hand on mine.—Heaven, how she trembles!—What can this mean! *(Aside.)*

Mill. The interest I have in all that relates to you, (the reason of which you shall know hereafter) excites my curiosity ; and, were I sure you would pardon my presumption, I should desire to know your real sentiments on a very particular affair.

Barn. Madam, you may command my poor thoughts on any subject ; I have none that I would conceal.

Mill. You'll think me bold ?

Barn. No, indeed.

Mill. What, then, are your thoughts of love ?

Barn. If you mean the love of women, I have not thought of it at all. My youth and circumstances make such thoughts improper in me yet. But, if you mean the general love we owe mankind, I think no one has more of it in his temper than myself. I do not know that person in the world whose happiness I do not wish, and would not promote, were it in my power. In an especial manner, I love my uncle and my master ; but, above all, my friend.

Mill. You have a friend, then, whom you love ?

Barn. As he does me, sincerely.

Mill. He is, no doubt, often blessed with your company and conversation ?

Barn. We live in one house together, and both serve the same worthy merchant.

Mill. Happy, happy youth ! whoe'er thou art, I envy thee, and so must all, who see and know this youth.—(*Aside.*) What have I lost, by being formed a woman ! I hate my sex, myself. Had I been a man, I might, perhaps, have been as happy in your friendship as he who now enjoys it ; but, as it is—Oh !—

Barn. I never observed women before, or this is, sure, the most beautiful or her sex.—(*Aside.*) You seem disordered, madam ? may I know the cause ?

Mill. Do not ask me,—I can never speak it, whatever is the cause ;—I wish for things impossible :—I would be a servant, bound to the same master as you are, to live in one house with you.

Barn. How strange, and yet how kind, her words and actions are—and the effect they have on me is as

strange! I feel desires I never knew before: I must be gone, while I have power to go.—(*Aside.*)—Madam, I humbly take my leave.

Mill. You will not, sure, leave me so soon!

Barn. Indeed I must.

Mill. You cannot be so cruel! I have prepared a poor supper, at which I promised myself your company.

Barn. I am sorry I must refuse the honour that you designed me; but my duty to my master calls me hence. I never yet neglected his service; he is so gentle, and so good a master, that should I wrong him, though he might forgive me, I never should forgive myself.

Mill. Am I refused, by the first man, the second favour I ever stooped to ask? Go, then, thou proud, hard-hearted youth!—But know, you are the only man that could be found, who would let me sue twice for greater favours.

Barn. What shall I do!—How shall I go or stay!

Mill. Yet do not, do not leave me!—I wish my sex's pride would meet your scorn; but, when I look upon you, when I behold those eyes—O, spare my tongue, and let my blushes speak!—This flood of tears to that will force their way, and declare—what woman's modesty should hide.

Barn. O, heavens! she loves me, worthless as I am; her looks, her words, her flowing tears confess it:—and can I leave her, then? Oh, never, never!—Madam, dry up those tears. You shall command me always: I will stay here for ever, if you'd have me.

Lucy. So! she has wheedled him out of his virtue of obedience already, and will strip him of all the rest, one after another, till she has left him as few as her ladyship, or myself. (*Aside.*)

Mill. Now you are kind, indeed; but I mean not to detain you always: I would have you shake off all slavish obedience to your master, but you may serve him still.

Lucy. Serve him still!—ay, or he'll have no öp-

portunity of fingering his cash, and then he'll not serve your end, I'll be sworn. (*Aside.*)

Enter BLUNT, R.H.

Blunt. Madam, supper's on the table.

Mill. Come, sir; 'you'll excuse all defects:—my thoughts were too much employed on my guest to observe the entertainment.

[*Exeunt Millwood and Barnwell, R.H.*

Blunt. What, is all this preparation, this elegant supper, variety of wines, and music, for the entertainment of that young fellow!

Lucy. So it seems.

Blunt. What, is our mistress turned fool at last!—she's in love with him, I suppose?

Lucy. I suppose not,—but she designs to make him in love with her, if she can.

Blunt. What will she get by that? He seems under age, and can't be supposed to have much money.

Lucy. But his master has; and that's the same thing, as she'll manage it.

Blunt. I don't like this fooling with a handsome young fellow: while she's endeavouring to ensnare him, she may be caught herself.

Lucy. Nay, were she like me, that would certainly be the consequence; for, I confess, there is something in youth and innocence that moves me mightily.

Blunt. Yes, so does the smoothness and plumpness of a partridge move a mighty desire in the hawk to be the destruction of it.

Lucy. Why, birds are their prey, as men are ours; though, as you observed, we are sometimes caught ourselves; but that, I dare say, will never be the case with our mistress.

Blunt. I wish it may prove so; for you know we all depend upon her: should she trifle away her time with a young fellow that there's nothing to be got by, we must all starve.

Lucy. There's no danger of that, for I am sure she has no view in this affair but interest

Blunt. Well, and what hopes are there of success in that?

Lucy. The most promising that can be. 'Tis true, the youth has his scruples; but she'll soon teach him to answer them, by stifling his conscience. O, the lad is in a hopeful way, depend upon it. [*Exeunt.* R.H.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Thorowgood's House.*

Enter BARNWELL, R.H.

Barn. How strange are all things round me! Like some thief, who treads forbidden ground, fearful I enter each apartment of this well-known house. To guilty love, as if that was too little, already have I added breach of trust. A thief! Can I know myself that wretched thing, and look my honest friend and injured master in the face? Though hypocrisy may awhile conceal my guilt, at length it will be known, and public shame and ruin must ensue. In the mean time, what must be my life? ever to speak a language foreign to my heart; hourly to add to the number of my crimes in order to conceal them. Sure such was the condition of the grand apostate, when first he lost his purity; like me disconsolate he wandered, and while yet in heaven, bore all his future hell upon him.

Enter TRUEMAN, L.H.

True. Barnwell! O how I rejoice to see you safe! so will our master and his gentle daughter, who during your absence often enquired after you!

Barn. Would he were gone, his officious love will pry into the secrets of my soul. (*Aside.*)

True. Unless you knew the pain the whole family has felt on your account, you cannot conceive how much you are beloved ; but why thus cold and silent ? When my heart is full of joy for your return, why do you turn away ? Why thus avoid me ? What have I done ? How am I altered since you saw me last ? Or rather what have you done ? And why are you thus changed ? for I am still the same.

Barn. What have I done indeed ? (*Aside.*)

True. Not speak nor look upon me !

Barn. By my face he will discover all I would conceal ; methinks already I begin to hate him.

(*Aside.*)

True. I cannot bear this usage from a friend, one whom till now I ever found so loving, who I yet I love, though this unkindness strikes at the root of friendship, and might destroy it in any breast but mine.

Barn. I am not well.—(*Turning to him.*)—Sleep has been a stranger to these eyes since you beheld them last.

True. Heavy they look indeed, and swollen with tears ;—now they o’erflow ;—rightly did my sympathising heart forbode last night when thou wast absent, something fatal to our peace.

Barn. Your friendship engages you too far. My troubles, whatever they are, are mine alone, you have no interest in them, nor ought your concern for me give you a moment’s pain.

True. You speak as if you knew of friendship nothing but the name. Before I saw your grief I felt it :—even now, though ignorant of the cause, your sorrow wounds me to the heart.

Barn. ’Twill not be always thus, friendship and all engagements cease, as circumstances and occasions vary ; and since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both that now you loved me

True. Sure I but dream ! without a cause would Barnwell use me thus ?—Ungenerous and ungrateful youth, farewell,—I shall endeavour to follow your advice.—(*Going.*)—Yet stay, perhaps I am too rash :—prythee forgive me, Barnwell. Try to compose your ruffled mind, and let me know the cause that thus transports you from yourself ; my friendly counsel may restore your peace.

Barn. All that is possible for man to do for man, your generous friendship may effect ; but here even that's in vain.

True. Something dreadful is labouring in your breast, O give it vent and let me share your grief : 'twill ease your pain should it admit no cure ; and make it lighter by the part I bear.

Barn. Vain supposition ! My woes increase by being observed ; should the cause be known they would exceed all bounds.

True. So well I know thy honest heart, guilt cannot harbour there.

Barn. O torture insupportable ! (*Aside.*)

True. Then why am I excluded—have I a thought I would conceal from you ?

Barn. If still you urge me on this hated subject, I'll never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your face again.

True. 'Tis strange,—but I have done : say but you hate me not.

Barn. Hate you ! I am not that monster yet.

True. Shall our friendship still continue.

Barn. It is a blessing I never was worthy of, yet now must stand on terms, and but upon conditions can confirm it.

True. What are they ?

Barn. Never hereafter, though you should wonder at my conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

True. 'Tis hard, but upon any conditions I must be your friend.

Barn. Then, as much as one lost to himself be another's, I am your's. (*Embracing*)

True. Be ever so, and may heaven restore your peace.—But business requires our attendance; business, the youth's best preservative from ill, as idleness his worst of snares. Will you go with me?

Barn. I'll take a little time to reflect on what has past, and follow you.—[*Exit Trueman, L.H.*—] I might have trusted Trueman to have applied to my uncle to have repaired the wrong I have done my master; but what of Millwood? Shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the cause? She who loves me with such a boundless passion; can cruelty be duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure. How then can I determine?

Enter THOROWGOOD, L.H.

Thor. Without a cause assigned, or notice given, to absent yourself last night was a fault, young man, and I came to chide you for it, but hope I am prevented; that modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame: when we have offended heaven, it requires no more; and shall man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease: If my pardon or love be of moment to your peace, look up secure of both.

Barn. This goodness has o'ercome me.—(*Aside.*)—O sir! you know not the nature and extent of my offence; and I should abuse your mistaken bounty to receive 'em. Though I had rather die than speak my shame; though racks could not have forced the guilty secret from my breast, your kindness has.

Thor. Enough, enough, whate'er it be, this concern shows you are convinced, and I am satisfied.—How painful is the sense of guilt to an ingenuous mind!—some youthful folly which it were prudent not to enquire into.

Barn. It will be known, and you recall your pardon and abhor me.

Thor. I ~~per~~ will; so heaven confirm to me the pardon of my offences. Yet be upon your guard in

this gay thoughtless season of your life ; when vice becomes habitual, the very power of leaving it is lost.

Barn. Hear me then on my knees confess.

Thor. I will not hear a syllable more upon this subject ; it were not mercy, but cruelty, to hear what must give you such torment to reveal.

Barn. This generosity amazes and distracts me.

Thor. This remorse makes thee dearer to me than if thou hadst never offended ; whatever is your fault, of this I'm certain, 'twas harder for you to offend than me to pardon. [*Exit* L.H.]

Barn. Villain, villain, villain ! basely to wrong so excellent a man : should I again return to folly—detested thought !—but what of Millwood then ?—Why, I renounce her ;—I give her up ;—the struggle is over, and virtue has prevailed. Reason may convince, but gratitude compels. This unlooked-for generosity has saved me from destruction. (*Going.*)

Enter to him a FOOTMAN, L.H.

Foot. Sir, two ladies, from your uncle in the country, desire to see you.

Barn. Who should they be ?—(*Aside.*)—Tell them I'll wait upon them.—[*Exit Footman, L.H.*]—Me-thinks I dread to see them.—Guilt, what a coward hast thou made me ?—Now every thing alarms me.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Another room in Thorowgood's house.*

*Enter MILLWOOD and LUCY, R.H. and to them a
FOOTMAN, L.H.*

Foot. Ladies, he'll wait upon you immediately.

Mill. 'Tis very well.—I thank you.

[*Exit Footman, L.H.*]

Enter BARNWELL, L.H.

Barn. Confusion ! Millwood.

Mill. That angry look tells me that here I'm an unwelcome guest; I feared as much,—the unhappy are so every where.

Barn. Will nothing but my utter ruin content you?

Mill. Unkind and cruel! Lost myself, your happiness is now my only care.

Barn. How did you gain admission?

Mill. Saying we were desired by your uncle to visit and deliver a message to you, we were received by the family without suspicion, and with much respect directed here.

Barn. Why did you come at all?

Mill. I never shall trouble you more, I'm come to take my leave for ever. Such is the malice of my fate. I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This hour is all I have left me. One short hour is all I have to bestow on love and you, for whom I thought the longest life too short.

Barn. Then we are to part for ever?

Mill. It must be so;—yet think not that time or absence shall ever put a period to my grief, or make me love you less; though I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

Barn. Condemn you? No, I approve your resolution, and rejoice to hear it; 'tis just,—'tis necessary, —I have well weighed, and found it so.

Lucy. I'm afraid the young man has more sense than she thought he had. (*Aside.*)

Barn. Before you came I had determined never to see you more.

Mill. Confusion! (*Aside.*)

Lucy. Ay! we are all out; this is a turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my part, they must e'en play the scene betwixt themselves. (*Aside.*)

Mill. 'Twas some relief to think, though absent, you would love me still; but to find you had resolved to cast me off—this, as I never could expect, I have not learnt to bear.

Barn. I am sorry to hear that you blame in me, a resolution that so well becomes us both.

Mill. I have reason for what I do, but you have none.

Barn. Can we want a reason for parting, who had so many to wish we never had met.

Mill. Look on me, Barnwell; nay, look again:—am I not she whom yesterday you thought the fairest and the kindest of her sex?

Barn. No more; let me repent my former follies, if possible, without remembering what they were.

Mill. Why?

Barn. Such is my frailty, that 'tis dangerous.

Mill. Where is the danger, since we are to part?

Barn. The thought of that already is too painful.

Mill. If it be painful to part, then I may hope at least you do not hate me?

Barn. No,—no,—I never said I did,—O my heart!—

Mill. Perhaps you pity me!

Barn. I do,—I do,—indeed, I do.

Mill. You'll think upon me?

Barn. Doubt it not, while I can think, at all.

Mill. You may judge an embrace at parting too great a favour, though it would be the last?—(*He draws back.*)—A look shall then suffice,—farewell for ever.

[*Exit with Lucy, R. H.*]

Barn. If to resolve to suffer be to conquer, I have conquered. Painful victory!

Re-enter MILLWOOD and LUCY, R. H.

Mill. One thing I had forgot,—I never must return to my own house again. This I thought proper to let you know, lest your mind should change and you should seek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this second intrusion; I only came to give you caution, and that perhaps was needless.

B. I hope it was, yet it is kind, and I must thank you for it.

Mill. My friend, your arm.—(*To Lucy.*)—Now I am gone for ever. (*Going.*)

Barn. One thing more ;—sure there's no danger in my knowing where you go? If you think otherwise?—

Mill. Alas ! (*Weeping.*)

Lucy. We are right I find, that's my cue.—(*Aside.*)
—Ah, dear sir, she's going she knows not whither ; but go she must.

Barn. Humanity obliges me to wish you well ; why will you expose yourself to needless troubles ?

Lucy. Nay, there's no help for it : she must quit the town immediately, and the kingdom as soon as possible ; it was no small matter you may be sure, that could make her resolve to leave you

Mill. No more, my friend ; since he for whose dear sake alone I suffer, and am content to suffer, is kind and pities me. Where'er I wander through wilds and desarts, benighted and forlorn, that thought shall give me comfort.

Barn. For my sake ! O tell me how ; which way am I so cursed as to bring such ruin on thee ?

Mill. To know it will but increase your troubles.

Barn. My troubles can't be greater than they are.

Lucy. Well, well, sir, if she wont satisfy you, I will.

Barn. I am bound to you beyond expression.

Mill. Remember, sir, that I desired you not to hear it.

Barn. Begin, and ease my racking expectation.

Lucy. Why, you must know, my lady here was an only child ; but her parents dying while she was young, left her and her fortune, (no inconsiderable one, I assure you) to the care of a gentleman who has a good estate of his own.

Mill. Ay, ay, the barbarous man is rich enough ; —but what are riches when compared to love ?

Lucy. For a while he performed the office of a faithful guardian, settled her in a house, hired her

servants ;—but you have seen in what manner she lived, so I need say no more of that.

Mill. How I shall live hereafter, heaven knows.

Lucy. All things went on as one could wish, till, some time ago, his wife dying, he fell violently in love with his charge, and would fain have married her : now the man is neither old nor ugly, but a good personable sort of a man, but I don't know how it was, she could never endure him ; in short, her ill usage so provoked him, that he brought in an account of his executorship, wherein he makes her debtor to him—

Mill. A trifle in itself, but more than enough to ruin me, whom, by this unjust account, he had stripped of all before.

Lucy. Now she having neither money, nor friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he compelled her to pass his account, and give bond for the sum he demanded ; but still provided handsomely for her, and continued his courtship, till being informed by his spies (truly I suspect some in her own family) that you were entertained at her house, and stayed with her all night, he came this morning raving, and storming like a madman ; talks no more of marriage, so there's no hopes of making up matters that way, but vows her ruin, unless she'll allow him the same favour that he supposes she granted you.

Barn. Must she be ruined, or find her refuge in another's arms ?

Mill. He gave me but an hour to resolve in, that's happily spent with you ; and now I go.

Barn. To be exposed to all the rigours of the various seasons ; the summer's parching heat, and winter's cold, unhoused to wander friendless through the inhospitable world, in misery and want ; attended with fear and danger, and pursued by malice and revenge, would'st thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing to prevent it ?

Lucy. 'Tis really a pity, there can be no way found out.

Barn. O, where are all my resolutions now !

Lucy. Now I advised her, sir, to comply with the gentleman.

Barn. Tormenting fiend, away. I had rather perish, nay, see her perish, than have her saved by him ;—I will myself prevent her ruin, though with my own. A moment's patience ; I'll return immediately.

[*Exit L.H.*]

Lucy. 'Twas well you came, or by what I can perceive, you had lost him.

Mill. Hush !—he's here.

Enter BARNWELL, L.H. with a bag of money.

Barn. What am I about to do ! Now you, who boast your reason all sufficient, suppose yourselves in my condition, and determine for me ; whether it's right to let her suffer for my faults, or, by this small addition to my guilt, prevent the ill effects of what is past.—Here, take this, and with it purchase your deliverance ; return to your house, and live in peace and safety.

Mill. So I may hope to see you there again.

Barn. Answer me not,—but fly,—least, in the agonies of my remorse, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to want and misery.

Mill. Say but you'll come.

Barn. You are my fate, my heaven, or my hell !

[*Exeunt Millwood and Lucy. R. H.*]

What have I done ? Were my resolutions founded on reason, and sincerely made,—why then as heaven suffered me to fall ? I sought not the occasion ; and, if my heart deceives me not, compassion and generosity were my motives. But why should I attempt to reason ? All is confusion, horror, and remorse ; I find I am lost, cast down from all my late erected hopes, and plunged again in guilt, yet scarce know how or why—

Such undistinguish'd horrors make my brain,
Like hell, the seat of darkness and of pain.

[*Exit* L.H.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Thorowgood's house.*

THOROWGOOD and TRUEMAN *sitting at a table with
account books.*

Thor. Well! I have examined your accounts: they are not only just, as I have always found them, but regularly kept, and fairly entered. I commend your diligence. Method in business is the surest guide. Are Barnwell's accounts ready for my inspection? he does not use to be the last on these occasions.

True. Upon receiving your orders he retired, I thought, in some confusion. If you please, I'll go and hasten him.

Thor. I'm now going to the Exchange; let him know, at my return, I expect to find him ready.

[*Exeunt Thor.* R.H. *True.* L.H.

Enter MARIA, R.H. *with a book, sits and reads.*

Maria. How forcible is truth! The weakest mind, inspired with love of that, fixed and collected in itself, with indifference beholds the united force of earth and hell opposing: such souls are raised above the sense of pain, or so supported, that they regard it not. The martyr cheaply purchases his heaven. Small are his sufferings, great is his reward; not so the wretch, who combats love with duty; when the

mind, weakened and dissolved by the soft passion, feeble and hopeless opposes its own desires. What is an hour, a day, a year of pain, to a whole life of tortures, such as these?

Enter TRUEMAN, L.H.

True. O, Barnwell! O, my friend, how art thou fallen!

Maria. Ha! Barnwell! What of him? Speak, say what of Barnwell.

True. 'Tis not to be concealed.—I've news to tell of him that will afflict your generous father, yourself, and all who knew him.

Maria. Defend us heaven!

True. I cannot speak it. See there. (*Gives a letter.*)

Maria. (*Reads.*) TRUEMAN,—*I know my absence will surprise my honoured master and yourself; and the more, when you shall understand that the reason of my withdrawing, is my having embezzled part of the cash with which I was entrusted. After this, 'tis needless to inform you that I intend never to return again: though this might have been known, by examining my accounts, yet, to prevent that unnecessary trouble, and to cut off all fruitless expectations of my return, I have left this from the lost*

GEORGE BARNWELL.

True. Lost indeed! Yet how he should be guilty of what he there charges himself withal, raises my wonder equal to my grief. Never had youth a higher sense of virtue—justly he thought, and as he thought he practised; never was life more regular than his; an understanding uncommon at his years; an open, generous, manliness of temper; his manners easy, unaffected, and engaging.

Maria. This and much more you might have said with truth. He was the delight of every eye, and joy of every heart that knew him.

True. Since such he was, and was my friend, can I support his loss? See the fairest and happiest maid

this wealthy city boasts, kindly condescends to weep for thy unhappy fate, poor ruined Barnwell!

Maria. Trueman, do you think a soul so delicate as his, so sensible of shame, can e'er submit to live a slave to vice?

True. Never, never. So well I know him, I'm sure this act of his, so contrary to his nature, must have been caused by some unavoidable necessity.

Maria. Is there no means yet to preserve him?

True. O! that there were. But few men recover reputation lost. A merchant never. Nor would he, I fear, though I should find him, ever be brought to look his injured master in the face.

Maria. I fear as much, and therefore would never have my father know it.

True. That's impossible!

Maria. What's the sum?

True. 'Tis considerable. I've marked it here, to show it, with the letter, to your father, at his return.

Maria. If I should supply the money, could you so dispose of that, and the account, as to conceal this unhappy mismanagement from my father.

True. Nothing more easy: but can you intend it? Will you save a helpless wretch from ruin? Oh! 'twere an act worthy such exalted virtue as Maria's. Sure heaven, in mercy to my friend, inspired the generous thought.

Maria. Doubt not but I would purchase so great a happiness at a much dearer price. But how shall it be found?

True. Trust to my diligence for that. In the mean time, I'll conceal his absence from your father, or find such excuses for it, that the real cause shall never be suspected.

Maria. In attempting to save from shame, one whom we hope may yet return to virtue, to heaven, and you, the judges of this action, I appeal, whether I have done any thing misbecoming my sex and character.

True. Earth must approve the deed, and heaven, I doubt not, will reward it.

Maria. If heaven succeed it, I am well rewarded. A virgin's fame is sullied by suspicion's slightest breath ; and therefore as this must be a secret from my father, and the world, for Barnwell's sake ; for mine let it be so to him. [*Exeunt Maria, R.H. Trueman, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Millwood's house.*

Enter LUCY, L.H. and BLUNT, R.H.

Lucy. Well ! what do you think of Millwood's conduct now !

Blunt. I own it is surprising ; I don't know which to admire most, her feigned or his real passion ; though I have sometimes been afraid that her avarice would discover her : but his youth and want of experience make it the easier to impose on him.

Lucy. No, it is his love. To do him justice, notwithstanding his youth, he don't want understanding ; but you men are much easier imposed on, in these affairs, than your vanity will allow you to believe. Let me see the wisest of you all, as much in love with me, as Barnwell is with Millwood, and I'll engage to make as great a fool of him.

Blunt. And all circumstances considered, to make as much money of him too.

Lucy. I can't answer for that. Her artifice in making him rob his master at first, and the various stratagems, by which she has obliged him to continue in that course, astonish even me, who know her so well.

Blunt. But then you are to consider that the money was his master's.

Lucy. There was the difficulty of it.—Had it been his own, it had been nothing.—Were the world his, he might have it for a smile :—But those golden days are done ;—he's ruined, and Millwood's hopes of farther profit there, are at an end.

Blunt. That's no more than we all expected.

Lucy. Being called, by his master, to make up his

accounts, he was forced to quit his house and service, and wisely flies to Millwood for relief and entertainment.

Blunt. How did she receive him?

Lucy. As you would expect.—She wondered what he meant, was astonished at his impudence,—and, with an air of modesty peculiar to herself, swore so heartily, that she never saw him before,—that she put me out of countenance.

Blunt. That's much indeed! But how did Barnwell behave?

Lucy. He grieved, and, at length, enraged at this barbarous treatment, was preparing to be gone; and, making toward the door, showed a bag of money which he had stolen from his master,—the last he's ever like to have from thence.

Blunt. But then, Millwood?

Lucy. Aye, she, with her usual address, returned to her old arts of lying, swearing, and dissembling.—Hung on his neck, and wept, and swore 'twas meant in jest; till the easy fool, melted into tears, threw the money into her lap, and swore he had rather die, than think her false.

Blunt. Strange infatuation!

Lucy. But what followed was stranger still. As doubts and fears, followed by reconciliation, ever increase love, where the passion is sincere; so in him it caused so wild a transport of excessive fondness, such joy, such grief, such pleasure, and such anguish, that nature in him seemed sinking with the weight, and the charmed soul disposed to quit his breast for hers.—just then, when every passion with lawless anarchy prevailed,—and reason was in the raging tempest lost, the cruel artful Millwood prevailed upon the wretched youth to promise what I tremble but to think on.

Blunt. I am amazed! what can it be?

Lucy. You will be more so, to hear it is to attempt the life of his nearest relation, and best benefactor.

Blunt. His uncle! whom we have often heard him

speak of, as a gentleman of a large estate and fair character in the country, where he lives !

Lucy. The same. She was no sooner possessed of the last dear purchase of his ruin, but her avarice, insatiate as the grave, demands this horrid sacrifice.

Blunt. 'Tis time the world was rid of such a monster. There is something so horrid in murder, that all other crimes seem nothing when compared to that. —I would not be involved in the guilt of that for all the world.

Lucy. Nor I, heaven knows ; therefore let us clear ourselves by doing all that is in our power to prevent it. I have just thought of a way, that, to me seems probable. Will you join with me to detect this cursed design ?

Blunt. With all my heart. How else shall I clear myself ? He who knows of a murder intended to be committed and does not discover it, in the eye of the law, and reason, is a murderer.

Lucy. Let us lose no time ;—I'll acquaint you with the particulars as we go. [*Exeunt, L.H.*

SCENE III.—*A walk at some distance, from a country seat.—Lights down.*

Enter BARNWELL, R.H.

Barn. A dismal gloom obscures the face of day ; either the sun has slipped behind a cloud, or journeys down the west of heaven, with more than common speed, to avoid the sight of what I'm doomed to act. Since I set forth on this accursed design, where'er I tread, methinks the solid earth trembles beneath my feet. Murder my uncle ! My father's only brother ! who since his death has been to me a father ;—who took me up an infant, and an orphan ; reared me with tenderest care, and still indulged me with most paternal fondness ; yet here I stand avowed his destined murderer :—I stiffen with horror at my own impiety ? 'Tis yet unperformed.—What if I quit my bloody

purpose ; and fly the place !—(*Going, then stops.*)—But whither, O whither shall I fly ! My master's once friendly doors are ever shut against me ; and without money Millwood will never see me more, and life is not to be endured without her : she's got such firm possession of my heart, and governs there with such despotic sway ; aye, there's the cause of all my sin and sorrow : 'tis more than love : 'tis the fever of the soul, and madness of desire. In vain does nature, reason, conscience, all oppose it ; the impetuous passion bears down all before it, and drives me on to lust, to theft, and murder. Oh conscience ! feeble guide to virtue, who only shews us when we go astray, but wants the power to stop us in our course. Ha ! in yonder shady walk I see my uncle. He's alone. Now for my disguise.—(*Plucks out a vizard.*)—'This is his hour of private meditation. Thus daily he prepares his soul for heaven, whilst I—But what have I to do with heaven ! Ha ! No struggles, conscience—

Hence ! hence remorse, and ev'ry thought that's good ;

/ The storm that lust began, must end in blood.

[*Puts on the vizard, draws a pistol, and exit, R.H.*

SCENE IV.—*A Cut Wood.*

Enter UNCLE, R.H.U.E.

Uncle. If I was superstitious, I should fear some danger lurked unseen, or death were nigh : a heavy melancholy clouds my spirits ; my imagination is filled with ghastly forms of dreary graves, and bodies changed by death.

Enter GEORGE BARNWELL at a distance, R.H.U.E.

O death, thou strange mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood, but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou ? The extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe,

'sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars; that world's exotic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempt to pass in vain, lost and bewildered in the horrid gloom,—defeated she returns more doubtful than before; of nothing certain, but of labour lost.

(During this speech, Barnwell sometimes presents the pistol, and draws it back again; at last he drops it, at which his uncle starts, and draws his sword.)

Barn. Oh, 'tis impossible.

Uncle. A man so near me, armed and masqued!

Barn. Nay, then there's no retreat.

(Plucks a poniard from his bosom, and stabs him.)

Uncle. Oh! I am slain! All gracious heaven regard the prayer of thy dying servant. Bless, with thy choicest blessings, my dearest nephew; forgive my murderer, and take my fleeting soul to endless mercy.

(Barnwell throws off his mask, runs to him, and kneeling by him, raises and chafes him.)

Barn. Expiring saint! Oh, murdered, martyred uncle! Lift up your dying eyes, and view your nephew in your murderer.—O do not look so tenderly upon me. Let indignation lighten from your eyes, and blast me ere you die.—By heaven he weeps in pity of my woes. Tears,—tears, for blood. The murdered, in the agonies of death, weeps for his murderer.—O, speak your pious purpose,—pronounce my pardon then, and take me with you.—He would, but cannot. O why, with such fond affection do you press my murdering hand! What! wilt you kiss me!—*(Kisses his hand.—Uncle groans and dies.)*—Life that hovered on his lips but till he had sealed my pardon, in that sigh expired.—He's gone for ever,—and oh! I follow.—*(Swoons away upon his uncle's dead body.)*—Do I still live to press the suffering bosom of the earth? Do I still breathe, and taint with my infectious breath the wholesome air! Let heaven, from its high throne, in justice or in mercy, now look down on that dear murdered saint, and me the murderer. And, if his vengeance spares, let pity strike and end my wretch-

ed being. Murder the worst of crimes, and parricide the worst of murders, and this the worst of parricides.

O, may it ever stand alone, accused,

The last of murders, as it is the worst. [*Exit*, R.H.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room in Thorowgood's house.*

Enter MARIA, R.H. TRUEMAN, L.H.

Maria. What news of Barnwell?

True. None. I have sought him with the greatest diligence, but all in vain.

Maria. Doth my father yet suspect the cause of his absenting himself?

True. All appeared so just and fair to him, it is not possible he ever should; but his absence will no longer be concealed. Your father's wise; and though he seems to hearken to the friendly excuses, I would make for Barnwell; yet, I'm afraid he regards them only as such, without suffering them to influence his judgment.

Maria. How does the unhappy youth defeat all our designs to serve him! yet I can never repent what we have done. Should he return, 'twill make his reconciliation with my father easier, and preserve him from future reproach from a malicious unforgiving world.

Enter THOROWGOOD and LUCY, L.H.

Thor. This woman here has given me a sad, (and bating some circumstances) too probable account of Barnwell's defection.

Lucy. I am sorry, sir, that my frank confession of my former unhappy course of life should cause you to suspect my truth on this occasion.

Thor. It is not that ; your confession has in it all the appearance of truth.—(*To them.*)—Among many other particulars, she informs me that Barnwell has been influenced to break his trust, and wrong me, at several times, of considerable sums of money ; now, as I know this to be false, I would fain doubt the whole of her relation,—too dreadful to be willingly believed.

Maria. Sir, your pardon ; I find myself on a sudden so indisposed, that I must retire. Poor ruined Barnwell ! Wretched lost Maria ! [*Aside.*—*Exit, n. n.*]

Thor. How am I distressed on every side ? Pity for that unhappy youth, fear for the life of a much valued friend—and then my child—the only joy and hope of my declining life. Her melancholy increases hourly, and gives me painful apprehensions of her loss.—O Trueman ! this person informs me, that your friend, at the instigation of an impious woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable uncle.

Truc. O execrable deed ! I am blasted with the horror of the thought.

Lucy. This delay may ruin all.

Thor. What to do or think I know not ; that he ever wronged me, I know is false, the rest may be so too, there is all my hope.

True. Trust not to that, rather suppose all true than lose a moment's time ; even now the horrid deed may be a doing ; dreadful imagination ; or it may be done, and we are vainly debating on the means to prevent what is already past.

Thor. This earnestness convinces me that he knows more than he has yet discovered—What ho ! without there ! who waits ?

Enter a SERVANT, L.H.

Order the groom to saddle the swiftest horse, and prepare himself to set out with speed. An affair of life and death demands his diligence.—[*Exit Servant, L.H.*]=For you, whose behaviour on this occasion, I

have no time to commend as it deserves, I must engage your farther assistance. Return and observe this Millwood till I come. I have your directions, and will follow you as soon as possible.—[*Exit Lucy, L.H.*]
 —Trueman, you I am sure would not be idle on this occasion. [*Exit, L.H.*

True. He only who is a friend can judge of my distress. [*Exit, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*Millwood's house.*

Enter MILLWOOD, L.H.

Mill. I wish I knew the event of this design; the attempt without success would ruin him. Well! what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too much. The mischief being only intended, his friends, in pity of his youth, turn all their rage on me. I should have thought of that before. Suppose the deed done, then, and then only I shall be secure; or what if he returns without attempting it at all? But he is here, and I have done him wrong; his bloody hands show he has done the deed, but show he wants the prudence to conceal it.

Enter BARNWELL, bloody, L.H.

Barn. Where shall I hide me? Whither shall I fly to avoid the swift unerring hand of justice?

Mill. Dismiss those fears; though thousands had pursued you to the door, yet being entered here, you are safe as innocence; I have such a cavern, by art so cunningly contrived, that the piercing eyes of jealousy and revenge may search in vain, nor find the entrance to the safe retreat. There will I hide you if any danger's near.

Barn. O hide me from myself if it be possible; for while I bear my conscience in my bosom, though I were hid, where man's eye never saw, nor light e'er dawned, 'twere all in vain. For that inmate, that

impartial judge, will try, convict, and sentence me for murder; and execute me with never ending torments. Behold these hands all crimsoned o'er with my dear uncle's blood! Here's a sight to make a statue start with horror, or turn a living man into a statue.

Mill. Ridiculous! Then it seems you are afraid of your own shadow; or what's less than a shadow, your conscience.

Barn. Though to man unknown I did the accursed act, what can we hide from heaven's omniscient eye?

Mill. No more of this stuff; what advantage have you made of his death? or what advantage may yet be made of it? Did you secure the keys of his treasure, those no doubt were about him; what gold, what jewels, or what else of value have you brought me?

Barn. Think you I added sacrilege to murder? Oh! had you seen him as his life flowed from him in a crimson flood, and heard him praying for me by the double name of nephew and of murderer; alas, alas! he knew not then that his nephew was his murderer; how would you have wished as I did, though you had a thousand years of life to come, to have given them all to have lengthened his one hour. But being dead, I fled the sight of what my hands had done, nor could I to have gained the empire of the world, have violated by theft his sacred corpse.

Mill. Whining preposterous canting villain, to murder your uncle, rob him of life, nature's first, last, dear prerogative, after which there's no injury, then fear to take what he no longer wanted; and bring to me your penury and guilt. Do you think I'll hazard my reputation; nay my life to entertain you?

Barn. Oh! Millwood! this from thee;—but I have done, if you hate me, if you wish me dead; then are you happy, for oh! 'tis sure my grief will quickly end me.

Mill. In his madness he will discover all, and involve me in his ruin; we are on a precipice from whence there's no retreat for both,—then to preserve

myself.—(*Pauses.*)—There is no other way, 'tis dreadful, but reflection comes too late when danger's pressing, and there's no room for choice. It must be done. (*Rings.*)

Enter a Servant, R.H.

Fetch me an officer and seize this villain, he has confessed himself a murderer, should I let him escape, I justly might be thought as bad as he.

[*Exit Servant, L.H.*

Barn. O Millwood! sure thou dost not, cannot mean it. Stop the messenger, upon my knees I beg you, call him back.—(*Kneels.*)—'Tis fit I die indeed, but not by you. I will this instant deliver myself into the hands of justice, indeed I will, for death is all I wish. But thy ingratitude so tears my wounded soul, 'tis worse ten thousand times than death with torture.

Mill. Call it what you will, I am willing to live: and live secure; which nothing but your death can warrant. (*Barnwell rises.*)

Barn. If there be a pitch of wickedness that seats the author beyond the reach of vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal dungeon, hard-galling fetters, an awful trial, and ignominious death, justly to fall unpitied and abhorred? After death to be suspended between heaven and earth, a dreadful spectacle, the warning and horror of a gaping crowd. This I could bear, nay wish not to avoid, had it come from any hand but thine.

Enter BLUNT, Officer and Attendants, L.H.

Mill. Heaven defend me! Conceal a murderer! here, sir, take this youth into your custody, I accuse him of murder, and will appear to make good my charge. (*They seize him.*)

Barn. To whom, of what, or how shall I complain; I'll not accuse her, the hand of heaven is in it, and this the punishment of lust and parricide.

Be warn'd ye youths, who see my sad despair,
 Avoid lewd women, false as they are fair,
 By reason guided, honest joys pursue,
 The fair to honour, and to virtue true,
 Just to herself, will ne'er be false to you.
 By my example learn to shun my fate,
 (How wretched is the man who's wise too late?)
 Ere innocence and fame, and life be lost,
 Here purchase wisdom, cheaply, at my cost.

[*Exit, with Officers, L.H.*]

Mill. Where's Lucy, why is she absent at such a time?

Blunt. Would I had been so too, Lucy will soon be here, and I hope to thy confusion, thou devil!

Mill. Insolent! this to me.

Blunt. The worst that we know of the devil is, that he first seduces to sin, and then betrays to punishment.
 [Exit, L.H.]

Mill. They disapprove of my conduct—my ruin is resolved; I see my danger, but scorn it and them. I was not born to fall by such weak instruments.

(*Going.*)

Enter THOROWGOOD, L.H.

Thor. Where is this scandal of her own sex, and curse of ours?

Mill. What means this insolence? Who do you seek?

Thor. Millwood.

Mill. Well, you have found her then. I am Millwood.

Thor. Then you are the most impious wretch that e'er the sun beheld.

Mill. From your appearance, I should have expected wisdom and moderation, but your manners belie your aspect. What is your business here? I know you not.

Thor. Hereafter you may know me better; I am Barniwell's master.

Mill Then you are master to a villain; which I think is not much to your credit.

Thor. Had he been as much above thy arts, as my credit is superior to thy malice, I need not have blushed to own him.

Mill. My arts! I do not understand you, sir! If he has done amiss, what's that to me? Was he my servant, or yours? You should have taught him better.

Thor. Why should I wonder to find such uncommon impudence in one arrived to such a height of wickedness. Know, sorceress, I am not ignorant of any of your arts, by which you first deceived the unwary youth: I know how, step by step, you've led him on, reluctant and unwilling, from crime to crime, to this last horrid act, which you contrived, and, by your cursed wiles, even forced him to commit, and then betrayed him.

Mill. Ha! Lucy has got the advantage of me and accused me first, unless I can turn the accusation, and fix it upon her and Blunt, I am lost. (*Aside.*)

Thor. Had I known your cruel design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punished as the law directs, is all that now remains. Poor satisfaction, for he, innocent as he is, compared to you, must suffer too.

Mill. I find, sir, we are both unhappy in our servants. I was surprised at such ill treatment, from a gentleman of your appearance, without cause, and therefore too hastily returned it; for which I ask your pardon. I now perceive you have been so far imposed on, as to think me engaged in a former correspondence with your servant, and, some way or other, accessory to his undoing.

Thor. I charge you as the cause, the sole cause of all his guilt, and all his suffering, of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful death shall put a dreadful period to his life and miseries together.

Mill. 'Tis very strange! but who's secure from scandal and detraction? So far from contributing to

his ruin, I never spoke to him till since that fatal accident, which I lament as much as you : 'tis true, I have a servant, on whose account he has of late frequented my house ; if she has abused my good opinion of her, am I to blame ? Has not Barnwell done the same by you ?

Thor. I hear you ; pray go on.

Mill. I have been informed he had a violent passion for her, and she for him ; but I always thought it innocent ; I know her poor, and given to expensive pleasures. Now who can tell but she may have influenced the amorous youth to commit this murder, to supply her extravagancies—it must be so, I now recollect a thousand circumstances that confirm it : I'll have her and a man servant, that I suspect as an accomplice, secured immediately. I hope, sir, you will lay aside your ill-grounded suspicions of me, and join to punish the real contrivers of this bloody deed.

(Offers to go.)

Thor. Madam, you pass not this way : I see your design, but shall protect them from your malice.

Mill. I hope you will not use your influence, and the credit of your name, to screen such guilty wretches. Consider, sir ! the wickedness of persuading a thoughtless youth to such a crime.

Thor. I do,—and of betraying him when it was done.

Mill. That which you call betraying him, may convince you of my innocence. She who loves him, though she contrived the murder, would never have delivered him into the hands of justice, as I, struck with the horror of his crimes, have done.

Thor. Those whom subtly you would accuse, you know are your accusers ; and what proves unanswerably their innocence and your guilt, they accused you before the deed was done, and did all that was in their power to have prevented it.

Mill. Sir, you are very hard to be convinced ; but I have such a proof, which, when produced, will silence all objections,

[Exit, R.H.]

Enter LUCY, TRUEMAN, BLUNT, *Officers, &c.* L.H.

Lucy. Gentlemen, pray place yourselves, some on one side of that door, and some on the other ; watch her entrance, and act as your prudence shall direct you.—This way—(*To Thorowgood.*)—She's driven to the last extremity, and is forming some desperate resolution. I guess at her design.

Enter MILLWOOD *with a pistol.* R.H. *Trueman secures her.*

True. Herethy power of doing mischief ends ; deceitful, cruel, bloody woman !

Mill. Fool, hypocrite, villain, man ! thou can'st not call me that.

True. To call thee woman, were to wrong the sex, thou devil !

Mill. That imaginary being is an emblem of thy cursed sex collected. A mirror, wherein each particular man may see his own likeness, and that of all mankind.

True. Think not by aggravating the fault of others to extenuate thy own, of which the abuse of such uncommon perfections of mind and body is not the least.

Mill. If such I had, well may I curse your barbarous sex, who robbed me of them, ere I knew their worth ; then left me, too late, to count their value by their loss. Another and another spoiler came, and all my gain was poverty and reproach. My soul disdained, and yet disdains, dependance and contempt. Riches, no matter by what means obtained, I saw secured the worst of men from both : I found it therefore necessary to be rich ; and, to that end, I summoned all my arts. You call them wicked, be it so, they were such as my conversation with your sex had furnished me withal.

Thor. Sure none but the worst of men conversed with thee.

Mill. Men of all degrees and all professions I have known, yet found no difference, but in their several capacities ; all were alike wicked to the utmost of their power. In pride, contention, avarice, cruelty, and revenge, the reverend priesthood were my unerring guides. From suburb magistrates, who live by ruined reputations, as the inhospitable natives of Cornwall do by shipwrecks, I learned that to charge my innocent neighbours with my crimes, was to merit their protection ; for to skreen the guilty, is the less scandalous, when many are suspected, and detraction, like darkness and death, blackens all objects, and levels all distinction. Such are your venal magistrates, who favour none but such as, by their office, they are sworn to punish : with them not to be guilty, is the worst of crimes ; and large fees privately paid, are every needful virtue.

Thor. Your practice has sufficiently discovered your contempt of laws, both human and divine ; no wonder then that you should hate the officers of both.

Mill. I hate you all, I know you, and expect no mercy ; nay, I ask for none ; I have done nothing that I am sorry for ; I followed my inclinations, and that the best of you does every day. All actions are alike natural and indifferent to man and beast, who devour, or are devoured, as they meet with others weaker or stronger than themselves.

Thor. What pity it is, a mind so comprehensive, daring and inquisitive, should be a stranger to religion's sweet, but powerful charms.

Mill. I am not fool enough to be an Atheist, though I have known enough of men's hypocrisy to make a thousand simple women so. Whatever religion is in itself, as practised by mankind, it has caused the evil you say it was designed to cure. War, plague, and famine has not destroyed so many of the human race, as this pretended piety has done ; and with such barbarous cruelty, as if the only way to honour heaven, were to turn the present world into hell.

Thor. Truth is truth though from an enemy, and

spoke in malice. You bloody, blind, and superstitious bigots, how will you answer this ?

Mill. What are your laws, of which you make your boast, but the fool's wisdom, and the coward's valour; the instrument and skreen of all your villanies, by which you punish in others what you act yourselves, or would have acted, had you been in their circumstances. The judge who condemns the poor man for being a thief, had been a thief himself had he been poor. Thus you go on deceiving, and being deceived, harrassing, and plaguing, and destroying one another ; but women are your universal prey.

Women, by whom you are, the source of joy,
 With cruel arts your labour to destroy :
 A thousand ways our ruin you pursue,
 Yet blame in us those arts, first taught by you.
 O may, from hence, each violated maid,
 By flattering, faithless, barb'rous man betray'd ;
 When robb'd of innocence, and virgin fame,
 From your destruction raise a nobler name ;
 To right their sex's wrongs devote their mind,
 And future Millwood's prove to plague mankind.
[*Exeunt*, L.H.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Dungeon, a Table and Lamp.*
BARNWELL, reading.

Enter THOROWGOOD, L.H.

Thor. See there the bitter fruits of passion's detested reign, and sensual appetite indulged. Severe reflections, penitence and tears.

Barn. My honoured injured master, forgive this last unwilling disrespect,—indeed I saw you not.

Thor. 'Tis well, I hope you were better employed in viewing of yourself;—I sent a reverend divine to teach you to improve it, and should be glad to hear of his success.

Barn. The word of truth, which he recommended for my constant companion in this my sad retirement, has at length removed the doubts I laboured under. From thence I've learned the infinite extent of heavenly mercy; that my offences, though great, are not unpardonable; and that it is not my interest only, but my duty to believe, and to rejoice in that hope;—so shall heaven receive the glory, and future penitents the profit of my example.

Thor. Go on.—How happy am I who live to see this.

Barn. 'Tis wonderful,—that words should charm despair, speak peace and pardon to a murderer's conscience;—but truth and mercy flow in every sentence, attended with force and energy divine. How shall I describe my present state of mind? I hope in doubt—and trembling I rejoice.—I feel my grief increase, even as my fears give way.—Joy and gratitude now supply more tears, than the horror and anguish of despair before.

Thor. These are the genuine signs of true repentance—the only preparatory—certain way to everlasting peace.

Barn. What do I owe for all your generous kindness? but though I cannot, heaven can and will reward you

Thor. To see thee thus, is joy too great for words. Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee.—Farewell.

Barn. O! sir, there's something I could say, if my sad swelling heart would give me leave.

Thor. Give it vent awhile, and try.

Barn. I had a friend,—'tis true I am unworthy, yet methinks your generous example might persuade;

—could I not see him once before I go from whence there's no return.

Thor. He's coming,—and as much thy friend as ever; but I'll not anticipate his sorrow,—too soon he'll see the sad effect of this contagious ruin.—I must retire to indulge a weakness I find impossible to overcome.—(*Aside*)—Much loved,—and much lamented youth,—Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee—eternally farewell.

Barn. The best of masters and of men—Farewell;—while I live let me not want your prayers.

Thor. Thou shalt not;—thy peace being made with heaven, death is already vanquished; bear a little longer the pains that attend this transitory life, and cease from pain for ever. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Barn. I find a power within that bears my soul above the fears of death, and spite of conscious shame and guilt, gives me a taste of pleasure more than mortal.

Enter TRUEMAN, L.H.

Barn. Trueman,—my friend, whom I so wished to see, yet now he's here I dare not look upon him.

(*Weeps.*)

True. O Barnwell! Barnwell!

Barn. Mercy! Mercy! gracious heaven! for death, but not for this, was I prepared.

True. What have I suffered since I saw you last?—what pain has absence given me?—But oh! to see thee thus!

Barn. I know it is dreadful! I feel the anguish of thy generous soul; but I was born to murder all who love me.

(*Both weep.*)

True. I came not to reproach you;—I thought to bring you comfort. O had you trusted me when first the fair seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

Barn. Alas, thou knowest not what a wretch I've

been! breach of friendship was my first and least offence.—So far was I lost to goodness;—so devoted to the author of my ruin;—that had she insisted on my murdering thee, I think I should have done it.

True. Prythee aggravate thy faults no more.

Barn. I think I should!—thus good and generous as you are, I should have murdered you!

True. We have not yet embraced, and may be interrupted. Come to my arms.

Barn. Never, never will I taste such joys on earth; never will I so soothe my just remorse. Are those honest arms, and faithful bosom, fit to embrace and to support a murderer—These iron fetters only shall clasp, and flinty pavement bear me;—even these too good for such a bloody monster.

True. Shall fortune sever those whom friendship joined! Thy miseries cannot lay thee so low, but love will find thee. Upon this rugged couch then let us lie, for well it suits our most deplorable condition. Here will we offer to stern calamity,—this earth the altar, and ourselves the sacrifice.—Our mutual groans shall echo to each other through the dreary vault. Our sighs shall number the moments as they pass, and mingling tears communicate such anguish, as words were never made to express.

Barn. Since you propose an intercourse of woe, pour all your griefs into my breast, and in exchange take mine.—(*Embracing.*)—Where's now the anguish that you promised? You have taken mine, and make me no return. Sure peace and comfort dwell within these arms, and sorrow cannot reproach me while I am here! This too is the work of heaven, who, having before spoke peace and pardon to me, now sends thee to confirm it. O take, take some of the joy that overflows my breast.

Enter KEEPER, L.H.

Keeper. Sir.

True. I come.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

Barn. Must you leave me! Death would soon have parted us for ever.

True. O my Barnwell, there is yet another task behind : again your heart must bleed for others woes.

Barn. To meet and part with you, I thought was all I had to do on earth ! What is there more for me to do or suffer ?

True. I dread to tell thee, yet it must be known ! Maria—

Barn. Our master's fair and virtuous daughter !

True. The same.

Barn. No misfortune, I hope, has reached that lovely maid ! Preserve her, heaven, from every ill, to show mankind that goodness is your care.

True. Whatever you and I have felt, and more, if more be possible, she feels for you.

Barn. This is, indeed, the bitterness of death !

(*Aside.*)

True. You must remember, for we all observed it, for some time past, a heavy melancholy weighed her down. Disconsolate she seemed, and pined and languished from a cause unknown ; till hearing of your dreadful fate, the long stifled flame blazed out, and in the transport of her grief, discovered her own lost state, while she lamented yours.

Barn. (*Weeping.*) Why didn't you let me die and never know it ?

True. It was impossible ; she makes no secret of her passion for you, and is determined to see you ere you die ; she waits for me to introduce her. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Barn. Vain busy thoughts be still ! What avails it to think on what I might have been,—I now am,—what I have made myself.

Enter TRUEMAN and MARIA, L.H.

True. Madam, reluctant I lead you to this dismal scene : this is the seat of misery and guilt. Here awful justice reserves her public victims. This is the entrance to shameful death.

Maria. To this sad place then no improper guest, the abandoned lost Maria brings despair, and see the subject and the cause of all this world of woe. Silent and motionless he stands, as if his soul had quitted her abode, and the lifeless form alone was left behind.

Barn. Just heaven, I am your own; do with me what you please.

Maria. Why are your streaming eyes still fixed below? as though thou'dst give the greedy earth thy sorrows, and rob me of my due. Were happiness within your power, you should bestow it where you pleased; but in your misery I must and will partake.

Barn. Oh! say not so, but fly, abhor, and leave me to my fate. Consider what you are: so shall I quickly be to you as though I had never been.

Maria. When I forget you I must be so indeed. Reason, choice, virtue, all forbid it. Let women, like Millwood, if there be more such women, smile in prosperity, and in adversity forsake. Be it the pride of virtue to repair, or to partake, the ruin such have made.

True. Lovely, ill-fated maid!

Maria. Yes, fruitless is my love, and unavailing all my sighs and tears. Can they save thee from approaching death? From such a death? O, sorrow insupportable.

Barn. Preserve her, heaven, and restore her peace, nor let her death be added to my crimes.—(*Bell tolls.*)—I am summoned to my fate.

Enter KEEPER, L.H.

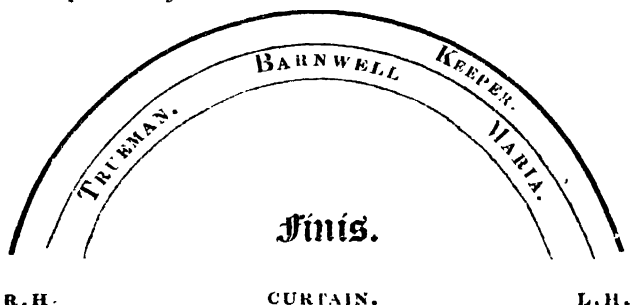
Keep. The officers attend you, sir. Millwood is already summoned. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Barn. Tell them I am ready. And now, my friend, farewell.—(*Embracing.*)—Support and comfort the best you can this mourning fair. No more. Forget not to pray for me;—(*Crosses to Maria.*)—would you, bright excellence permit me the honor of a chaste embrace, the last happiness this world could give were mine.—(*She inclines towards him; they*

embrace.)—Exalted goodness! O turn your eyes from earth and me, to heaven, where virtue, like yours, is ever heard. Pray for the peace of my departing soul. Early my race of wickedness began, and soon has reached the summit. Ere nature has finished her work, and stamped me man, just at the time that others begin to stray, my course is finished; though short my span of life, and few my days; yet count my crimes for years, and I have lived whole ages. Justice and mercy are in heaven the same; Its utmost severity is mercy to the whole,—thereby to cure man's folly and presumption, which else would render even infinite mercy vain and ineffectual. Thus justice, in compassion to mankind, cuts off a wretch like me, by one such example to secure thousands from future ruin.

If any youth, like you, in future times,
 Shall mourn my fate, though he abhor my crimes;
 Or tender maid, like you, my tale shall hear,
 And to my sorrows give a pitying tear:
 To each such melting eye, and throbbing heart,
 Would gracious heaven this benefit impart,
 Never to know my guilt, nor feel my pain,
 Then must you own you ought not to complain;
 Since you nor weep, nor shall I die in vain.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain Falls





Orberry's Edition.

THE TRAVELLERS;

OR,

MUSIC'S FASCINATION.

AN OPERATIC DRAMA,

By A. Cherry.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1823.

Remarks.

THE TRAVELLERS.

ALTHOUGH, upon the whole, we have found the task of perusing this opera sufficiently irksome, we must confess it has in one point of view afforded us sincere satisfaction, for it has convinced us that the character of the English Theatre has advanced rather than retrograded during the last sixteen years, a circumstance which we previously were not much inclined to suspect. Heaven knows, the dramas of the present day are not particularly calculated to awaken our national pride, nor are the audiences remarkably squeamish respecting the quality of the productions that are presented to their notice ; but, we do verily believe, that were the " Travellers" now brought forward for the first time, and performed before the best humoured set of mortals that chance could collect together, they would turn from its absurdities with contempt, and reject with loathing its insipid sentiments and nauseous clap-traps. Not so, however, the good easy folks of 1806, who for the sake of gratifying their eyes with splendid dresses, and their ears with pleasant music, permitted to pass, not only uncensured, but even with applause, the strangest mass of incongruities that ever emanated from the brain of a dullard.

We shall not, of course, be expected to waste many words upon a production, the style of which is as licentious as its plan, and which treats with perfect contempt all rules of syntax as well as of dramatic composition. To the efforts of the machinist, the composer, and the scene-painter, who set the rickety thing in motion, we concede their full share of applause ; but, unluckily, the reader of the " Travellers," who derives no benefit from their exertions, is constrained to labour through Mr. Cherry's vapid scenes, uncheered by any of those adventurous aids, which in the theatre serve in some degree to conceal the

barrenness of the plot, and sustain the feebleness of the dialogue; he is left to extract what amusement he may from five acts of unconnected incidents, and such truly natural personages as a philosophical Chinese emperor, who sends the heir of his throne to study the laws and customs of Europe; a Turkish sentinel, full of superstition and sympathy; an Italian marchioness, penetrated with admiration of English manners and institutions; and half-a-dozen other ladies and gentlemen drawn with similar attention to probability and truth. Meanwhile he is half-suffocated in every page with an excess of tawdry sentiment, and with those sickening eulogies upon Britain and Britons which absolutely make the gorge rise in impatient disgust. "Though we *are* damned honest fellows, we should stow our jargon on that head," says Mr. Cherry's *Buntline*, without, however, precisely practising what he preaches. Englishmen have the reputation of being a modest people, and individually they are so; but, collectively, they are the vainest beings upon the surface of the globe, or they never could consent to listen with complacency to the extravagant eulogies on their manifold virtues which are uttered in their theatres, and to applaud them as they do with might and main. The custom, however, of flattering John Bull, clumsily and grossly, to his face, is, we are happy to perceive, falling into disuse; the doses were administered so largely and incessantly, that the patient became surfeited, and we are now content to believe ourselves the wisest, freest, and bravest nation in the universe, without being constantly reminded of the circumstance by the players.

Mr. Cherry has thought proper to place most of his compliments to England in the mouth of an Irishman, a facetious gentleman, full of generosity and blunders, "with a head that may err, but a heart in the right place"—a kind of personage who was deemed an indispensable appendage to every comic drama while Johnstone remained upon the stage. We have heard sundry satirical rogues assert that to whatever quarter of the world you travel, you are sure to meet with a Scotchman, but Irishmen are not a whit less erratic in their dispositions, if we may credit the writers for the stage, since they constantly contrive to find a place for one, amongst their dramatic personæ, whether the scene is laid in Greenland or Japan. The jokes of *Mr. O'Gallagher*, as well as those of the old gardener, *Delvo*, though they were doubtless intended to be extremely comic, strike us as being but

deadly lively after all. We infinitely prefer the drolleries of the terrible *Duke Posilipo*, which all must admit are remarkably funny. His energetic exclamations of "Death!—Jealousy!—Damnation!" &c. are not amiss, but his humorous exit, a little after, is irresistible—

"My lord—I—I—feel—that—I am your grace's—Damnation—I shall ~~ourst~~!"

[*Exit, greatly agitated.*"]

This unquestionably is very fine, and scarcely surpassed in delicacy by the declaration of the assassin a scene or two after, when, to allay his companion's apprehensions that they may lose their way, he assures him that he "could find each turning, were it as dark as hell."

The music of this piece was composed by Mr. Corri, and two or three of the songs acquired great celebrity, though the words to which the melodies gave currency are indiscribably absurd. Hear, however, what Mr. Cherry says in his preface in extenuation of the faults of his poetry, and then judge him with harshness if you can.

"From the construction of this piece, it was indispensably necessary that the songs, &c. should bear the characteristic melody of the various nations; the musical subject, therefore, in many instances was composed before the words were written: consequently, the author was often confined to a syllable, and frequently to the emphasising of a single letter. He trusts this circumstance will plead his excuse for singularity of measure, or other defects (*i. e.* false grammar) that must necessarily occur from a restriction of this nature."

Who will presume after this to talk of the trammels of verse? What are they to the trammels which distract the miserable wight who thus has to twist and torture his lines to humour the capricious fancies of a musical composer?

P.P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is three hours.—The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By **R.H.** is meant **Right Hand.**
L.H. **Left Hand.**
S.E. **Second Entrance.**
U.E. **Upper Entrance.**
M.D. **Middle Door.**
D.F. **Door in Flat.**
R.H.D. **Right Hand Door.**
L.H.D. **Left Hand Door.**

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE DRAMA, AND SPOKEN
BY MR. BARTLEY.

Our Author, who prepares this play to night,
Reveres those laws that check dramatic flight :
That give to *Nature* each enchanting grace
Of due proportion,—*action*,—*time*,—and *place* ,
He knows the poet best secures his cause,
By strict observance of Dramatic Laws :
Yet, thus inform'd, the vent'rous Author strays,
To trace *sweet Music* from her *infant days* ;
In search of *sound*, he roves from *clime to clime* ,
And breaks the unities of *place* and *time*.

Yes!—" When Music, heavenly maid, was young,"
In *China* first—suppose—her lyre was strung ,
Artless the strain—for *Nature* gave the notes,
Thro' feather'd songsters' sweetly-warbling throats.
In *China*, then, our drama we commence,
And trace the origin of sound from thence :
Oh, may *such melodies* have power to charm,
And through our *first act* critic-rage disarm !

To *Turkey* next our vagrant Muse takes flight,
Where the soft science yields improv'd delight :
Tho' still imperfect in harmonic art,
It yields such strains as may affect the heart.

Still wand'ring forth, the tune-struck Muse is found,
Chasing the goddess o'er her classic ground,
To fair *Italia*, where the sorc'ress dwells,
By *Science* gifted with *harmonic spells*.

For *England* next, where *Art and Science* meet,
She sails, the nymph Terpsichore to greet ;
There strains harmonious sweetly float along,
And *Beauty* reigns with *subject* and with *song* !

PROLOGUE.

Thro' five short *acts* we rove from place to place,
And trust *your* smiles will add—an *Act of Grace*;
First—to receive what here our *Trav'lers* say,
Between each act, suppose them on their way ;
And when the curtain shall again arise,
On a *new ground* the *Trav'lers* meet your eyes .
If, as they roam, such precepts they impart,
As charm the ear, but not corrupt the heart,
They know your candour can forgive the Muse,
If *sound from sense* the willing maid subduces,
From Nature's bias, and the Drama's laws,
To court, by lighter means, your kind applause !
You, whom a *Soldier's Daughter* did protect,
The *weary Trav'lers* will not now neglect ;
Who from *this soil* will never wish to roam,
If *Britons* cheer them with a *welcome home*.

Costume.

THE TRAVELLERS.

ZAPHIMIRI.

Green satin vest, amber surcoat, white trowsers, yellow slippers, and cap, richly embroidered with gold.

KOYAN.

Scarlet silk vest, green surcoat, slippers, and cap.

O'GALLAGHER.

First dress.—Blue surcoat, red striped trowsers, bamboo hat, black boots. Second dress.—Orange surcoat, white vest, and pink trowsers, embroidered.

TWO PAGES.

Orange surcoats, white trowsers, caps and slippers.

MINDORA.

Yellow satin under dress, trimmed with black and silver, purple satin upper do. embroidered with flowers, and silver Chinese hat and shoes.

CELINDA.

First dress.—White satin under dress, pink sarsnet upper do. trimmed with silver, and pink and silver Chinese hat. Second dress.—White trowsers, yellow satin under dress, purple do. upper do. trimmed with blue and silver, and purple satin Chinese hat.

CHARACTERS IN CHINA.—ACT I.

EMPEROR.

Amber coloured surcoat, green satin vest, yellow slippers, and cap, all richly embroidered.

DELVO.

Black surcoat, blue vest, and striped trowsers.

CHORUS OF GARDENERS.

Various coloured surcoats and trowsers, caps, and slippers.

CHORUS OF MANDARINS.

Light blue surcoats, orange vests, caps, and slippers.

GUARDS.

White surcoats, blue vests, caps, and boots.

CHORUS SINGERS.

First dress.—Chinese dresses, plain. Second dress.—Do. rich.

CHARACTERS IN TURKEY.—ACT II.

MUSTAPHA.

Crimson velvet robe, white vest, trousers, turban, and slippers.

CHIEF AGA.

Orange robe, light blue vest, white trousers, turban, and slippers.

BEN ALI.

Scarlet robe, blue vest, turban, and slippers.

MORAD.

Ibid.

SELIM.

Ibid.

SENTINEL.

Ibid.

CHORUS OF JANIZARIES.

Scarlet vests, white trousers, and turbans.

SOLDIERS.

Scarlet robes, blue vests, trousers, and turbans.

DANCERS.

Blue flies, striped vests, white trousers, black slippers, and turbans.

PARAZADE.

White trousers, spangled upper dress, yellow silk robe trimmed with silver, and turban.

SAFIE.

White trousers, blue upper dress trimmed with silver, scarf of blue and scarlet muslin trimmed with silver, and turban.

CHORUS SINGERS AND DANCERS.

Fine Turkish dresses.

CHARACTERS IN ITALY.—ACTS III. and IV.

DUKE.

Crimson tunic, blue robe, white pantaloons, yellow boots, hat and feathers.

TOLEDO.

Brown doublet, yellow vest, brown breeches, and yellow stockings.

SANGUINI.

Brown doublet, green trunks, and red pantaloons.

CALVETTI.

Blue do. red do. and green do.

ITALIAN MINSTRELS.

Different coloured tunics.

CHORUS OF LAZZARONI.

Different coloured tunics, breeches, &c.

MARCHIONESS MERIDA.

White satin dress, trimmed with pink and silver, and white leno short dress, trimmed do.

CHORUS SINGERS AND DANCERS.

Italian peasantry.

CHARACTERS IN ENGLAND.—ACT V.

ADMIRAL LORD HAWSER.

Blue coat, laced with gold, and hat do. white kerseymere waistcoat, breeches, and black boots.

BEN BUNTLINE.

Blue coat, spotted flannel waistcoat, and blue breeches.

MARINES.

Scarlet jackets, white breeches, black gaiters, and round hats.

SAILORS.

Blue jackets and trowsers.

CHORUS SINGERS.

A sailor's lasses.

Persons Represented.

THE TRAVELLERS.

	1806.	1823.
<i>Zaphimiri, Prince of China</i> ..	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. Cooper.
<i>Koyan, his Friend & Companion</i>	Mr. Braham.	Mr. Braham.
<i>O'Gallagher</i>	Mr. Johnstone.	Mr. Fitzwilliam.
<i>Pages</i> ..	Masters Chatterley, Tokely, West, &c.	Masters Colborne.
<i>Mindora</i>	Mrs. Powell.	Mrs. Glover.
<i>Celinda</i>	Mrs. Mountain.	Miss Stephens.

CHARACTERS IN CHINA.—ACT I.

<i>The Emperor</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Powell.
<i>Chief Mandarin</i>	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Douglas.
<i>Delvo, an old Gardener</i>	Mr. Mathews.	Mr. Harley.
<i>Mandarins, Soldiers, Gardeners, &c. &c.</i>		

CHARACTERS IN TURKEY.—ACT II.

<i>The Grand Vizier</i>	Mr. Bartley.	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Chief Aga of the Janizaries</i> ..	Mr. Dignum.	Mr. G. Smith.
<i>Ben Ali</i>	Mr. Cooke.	Mr. Randall.
<i>Morad</i>	Mr. Fisher.	Mr. Coveney.
<i>Selim</i>	Mr. Evans.	Mr. E. Crooke.
<i>Sentinel</i>		Mr. Mercer.
<i>Parazade</i>	Mrs. Mathews.	Miss Cubitt.
<i>Safie</i>	Mrs. Bland.	Miss Forde.
<i>Principal Dancer</i>	Mrs. Sharp.	Mrs. Noble.
<i>Ladies, Janizaries, Dancers, Servants, &c. &c.</i>		

CHARACTERS IN ITALY.—ACTS III. and IV.

<i>The Duke Posilipo</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Younge.
<i>Sanguini</i>	Mr. Male.	Mr. King.
<i>Calvetti</i>	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Tyrnour.
<i>Barnini</i>	Mr. Webb.	
<i>Toledo</i>	Mr. Gibbon.	Mr. Gibbon.
<i>Pedlar Boys</i>	{ Master Moss.	Mr. Millar.
	{ Master Jones.	Master Dean.
<i>Jacomo</i>	Mr. Sparkes.	
<i>The Marchioness Merida</i>	Sig. Storace.	Mrs. Davison.
<i>Lazzaroni, Men, Women, &c. &c.</i>		

CHARACTERS IN ENGLAND.—ACT V.

<i>Admiral Lord Hawser</i>	Mr. Downton.	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Ben Buntline</i>	Mr. Bannister.	Mr. Downton.
<i>Sailors, Lads, Lasses, &c. &c.</i>		

THE TRAVELLERS;

OR,

MUSIC'S FASCINATION.

CHINA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A beautiful Garden in the Chinese style, —with many Bridges,—intersecting Canals, &c.—The Sun rising in the distance.—The curtain is drawn up slowly to a symphony resembling the warbling of birds.—CELINDA, followed by DELVO, is seen passing from bridge to bridge.—When she reaches the front of the stage, the music ceases.*

Celinda. Delvo ! heard you not a voice that seemed to add its melody to ours—increased our strains, and lent a new devotion to nature's warblers, and to nature's God ?

Delvo. Yes, my fair mistress—that voice was mine ; but more like the raven than the nightingale. Ha, ha, ha ! Well, I never thought that Delvo, in his old days, would charm a beautiful young lady with the melody of his notes—Ha, ha, ha !—I never was remarkable for my captivating qualities, even in my youth ;—but what then ? I had a form that age cou'dn't injure. Your gaudy tulip droops its head and withers, while the bold laurel is always green and

flourishing—Ha, ha, ha !—No, no, no, my gentle mistress ; 'twas the echo, nature's voice, that caught your ear ; not the rusty grating of my old iron lungs, depend upon it—ha, ha, ha !

Celinda. The voice of nature sometimes speaks in thunder ; but these were mild and gentle notes ;—such as they say enamoured lovers use, ~~when~~ first the tender flame assails their hearts.

Delvo. Love ! Ha, ha, ha !—Aye, you young sprouts think of nothing else ;—for my part, I have almost out-lived the recollection of it.—Yet I do think there was a time when my breast glowed like a hot-house beneath the sunshine of a pair of pretty twinklers ;—but now, Lord help 'em ! they may slink, and leer, and ogle at me till their strings crack again—ha, ha, ha !—Aye, aye ! Delvo is an old plant, but not a sensitive one ; the touch of beauty cannot make the heart shrink that is already withered—ha, ha, ha !—I'll to work. I would my garden were as free from weeds, as he that digs it is from tender passions. I haven't had so many compliments paid to my singing since I was the height of a full-grown cabbage.

(Retires to another part of the garden over the bridge, R.H.)

SONG.—CELINDA.

*Hark ! hark ! the echo !
Round the vaulted dome of the azure sky,
The trembling echoes resound and die.
The lover hears his sighs repeated,
And listens to his hope defeated :
The clang of arms that rends the air,
On echo's wings their deeds declare :
Thus love and hope, and joy and fear,
Reverberate from sphere to sphere.
To echo is the power given
Of wafting deeds from earth to heaven,
By echo ! echo ! echo !*

(Celinda going, L.H.)

(*Zaphimiri and two pages appear in a boat from R.H. He perceives Celinda, and seems enraptured with her voice and person.*)

Prince. (*From the boat.*) Stay, fair star of excellence! Whither would you fly?

Celinda. Ha!—What voice was that? Was it my brother's voice?

(*Turning towards the canal, perceives the Prince, and stands in amazement.*)

Prince. (*Lands.*) Speak!—Say—Who is thy brother?

Celinda. Koyan; companion, friend, and favourite of the Prince.

Prince. Art thou, celestial orb of earth, sister to him, who hand in hand with me has trod the paths of science; whose graver wisdom, far out-stretching mine, now directs my course, from whence essential profit may hereafter rise, to fix my country's glory, and perpetuate my name?

Celinda. Koyan is my brother; this my abode: a tender mother my companion, counsel, and my guide: Koyan my preceptor;—and whatsoe'er of skill in manners, letters, or in arts, a simple maid can boast, I to a brother's kind instruction owe.

Prince. Behold in me that prince who, with Koyan, learnt to view the world as my country, mankind my brothers; and no proud distinction know, but what proceeds from vice and virtue. Have you imbibed those precepts too? Bearest thou a congenial soul? And canst thou pity him who owns thy power, and glories in thy chain?

Celinda. My lord, I understand you not.—The power to enslave I never yet could boast; and were it mine, a feeling heart would soon unlink the chain.

Prince. Your voice would rivet it again;—that angel voice, whose native notes charm the warbling choristers of air, and make them borrow tones from mortal melody.

Celinda. Aye, my lord;—within the humble sphere where now I move, my native wood-notes suit the

cottage well ; but in that gilded cage, the gaily palace, where art, they say, has banished nature, my simple strains could boast no charm but novelty.

Prince. Is there a greater charm, sweet maid, except thy beauty ?

Celinda. And both, I fear, alike are transient ;—heard, seen, admired, and soon forgotten !

Re-enter DELVO over the Bridge, R.H.

Delvo. (*Starts at seeing the Prince.*) Eh ! what a plague ! Here's a forward plant !—Why, my gentle mistress, have love's accents dropt from your lips upon the earth, and conjured up this passion-flower ?—Ha, ha, ha !—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—But your mother calls.—(*To the Prince.*)—You must away, good stranger : heart's ease is the plant we wish to flourish in that fair soil ; so you may bring your nettle-seed to another market—ha, ha, ha !

Celinda. Nay—I meant no harm, Delvo : and yet—I know not—(*Turning wistfully towards the Prince.*)—Must he go ?

Delvo. Must he go ? To be sure he must :—what would your mother say to poor old Delvo, should he o'erlook this tempting tree of forbidden fruit, eh !—She'd speak her mind, I warrant me ;—she is none of your two faces under a hood—ha, ha, ha !

Prince. Yes—I must depart ;—my fate is pictured in your countenance.—(*Enters the boat.*)—Angels guard thee, thou sweetest minstrel of the seraphic choir !
[*Exit in his boat, R.H.*

Celinda. Heigho !

Delvo. Come—I like that :—it is the sound, but not the sigh of sorrow—ha, ha, ha !—Your heigho is like a gentle breeze that comes whistling through the bushes ; it makes the leaves tremble, but never injures the blossoms—ha, ha, ha !

Celinda. Ah, good Delvo—your whole garden yields not one poor plant that can allay the storm that gathers here.
[*Exit over bridge, L.H.*

Delvo. Ah! this love; this love!—what a fungus it is!—it springs up like mushrooms, takes root as suddenly as mustard, and is as spreading and as hot.—Ah! the garden of love should be overlooked by honour and honesty; if not, it may appear beautiful to the eye—all rosies and posies, but it will never produce any thing profitable. Aye, aye—there was a time when I shouldn't let so many pretty girls pass unnoticed—and yet I never loved but one: she was beautiful as a lily, but her heart was as sour and as insensible as a crab-tree.

AIR.—DELVO.

*As the snow-drop fair was my lovely maid,
Her hair just like the curling endive play'd;
Oh! her fragrant breath sweet as jessamin,
And her pearly teeth like the kidney-bean!*

Oh, dear, oh!

Her teeth were like the kidney bean.

*Her bright sparkling eyes like daisies in bloom,
And her panting breast like the white mushroom;
Her shape like a poplar, straight as a fir,
But her heart was as cold as a cucumber.*

Oh, dear, oh!

Her heart was as cold as a cucumber!

Well! I'll to work—I'll to work!—(*Gardeners laugh behind.*)—Aye, aye! The cheerful gardeners speed this way to labour, and the merry rogues prepare to chaunt their morning carol.

Enter a Groupe of Chinese Gardeners, Lads and Lasses.—They pass over the Bridges, and come down to the front of the stage.

CHORUS.—(*Chinese, and very lively.*)

*Aurora dawns,
And o'er the lawns,
She sends her golden ray;*

THE TRAVELLERS; OR,

*And orient beams,
In glist'ning streams,
Proclaim the new-born day!
Sing—Ting de ring ting, &c.
Sing—Ching, ching, ching, ching, quaw!*

*The fruitful soil
Rewards our toil,
And makes our spirits gay;
Our labours done,
To sports we run,
Merry we close the day.
Sing—Ting, &c. &c.*

*The peaceful shade
By nature made,
To us is a bed of down;
Our homely fare we cheerful share,
And laugh at fortune's frown.
Sing—Ting, &c. &c.
[Exit R.H. and L.H.]*

SCENE II.—A Chamber in the House of Mindora.

*Enter MINDORA, R.H. and CELINDA, L.H. meeting.
They embrace.*

Mindora. My child!—my adored Celinda!—the radiant sun, that gilds this heavenly morning, has called you early forth to chaunt your grateful matins. Methought you sung with more than common energy—the strain came wafted to my ear from a loved daughter's voice, and vibrated on the sympathetic chords of a fond mother's heart!—But see—your brother comes.

Enter KOYAN, L.H.

Koyan. What, mother! sister! so early risen?—I thought that none but those who labour in the vine-

yard of philosophy and science so soon forsook their pillow. We watch the lamp and midnight taper—rise before the sun—and in the toilsome task too oft neglect the sustenance that nature wisely sends for comfort and support.

Celinda. Then how can you, who are so studious, boast a rosy cheek and a lively heart?

Koyan. Philosophy—my dear sister, philosophy;—nor is it in your sex's power to steal the colour from the one, or slacken the fibres of the other.

Celinda. Have a care, brother—boast not too boldly of your freedom.—Our sex's charms, they say, are a sly and treacherous snare—you may yet be entangled in the mesh of beauty.

Koyan. Never, sister, never :—and were it possible, I should be a philosopher even in love.—No, no; gratitude to my king employs my mind, and keeps my thoughts from wandering.

Mindora. Aye, Koyan, thy lively wit and early-blooming wisdom led thee, even in infant years, to the notice of that great and powerful prince, whose son regards thee as a friend and brother.—With him, science and knowledge, from the same sources, you imbibed :—then what transport must thy mother feel, when she beholds her boy improved in all those graces that adorn a court, and blest with virtues that prove him worthy of his royal master's bounty?

Koyan. Obscurity has been no bar to my preferment; for the mighty monarch whom I serve, rates not the merit of his subjects by their birth; but with a father's tender care, extends his fostering hand to modest worth and unassuming genius.

Mindora. Nor would your birth, my son, if known, degrade your monarch's bounty. You are——

Koyan. Madam!——

Mindora. Nay—no matter;—some other time——

Koyan. Now, I beseech you, now.—If there is aught of mystery you would impart, I entreat you, now declare it :—perhaps this moment is the last the mother, sister, son may meet together.

Celinda. Brother ?

Koyan. Nay—be patient—and let us hope the best. The king this morning meets his mandarins in council :—it is resolved the prince should travel—and I am honoured as the companion of his tour through Constantinople, Naples, England——

Mindora. England—said'st thou ?

Koyan. Yes, my mother, there to scan those laws which wondering nations silently admire, and envy what they cannot emulate.

Mindora. England !—Can we not attend you thither ?

Koyan. Mother—you might ;—but then my sister—

Celinda. O, let me—let me go !

Koyan. The prince is young,—susceptible,—a yielding heart,—condescending and humble as the shepherd boy that feeds his flock upon the mountain side ;—and shall I cast temptation in his way ?—No, no, no ;—gratitude forbids it.

Mindora. England !—Oh, my children ! Perhaps in that blest land of freedom still lives and breathes your gallant father.

Koyan. } Madam !

Celinda. } Mother !

Mindora. Hear—with patience, hear my story.—Your valiant father, born of noble parents, served the British king, a captain in his fleet, and native of that happy island.—One sad eventful night, the boisterous winds and waves parted his vessel from the squadron in which he served :—the bursting billows wreaked their watery vengeance over his defenceless ship ; the wretched seamen, exhausted, terrified, and faint, no longer able to resist the influence of the storm, resigned themselves as victims to despair.—At length the day-light broke, and to their delighted eyes presented the port of Canton ;—their situation was soon perceived—and by the humanity of brother-seamen, their vessel was once more safely towed to shore :—their misfortune had made them many friends amongst whom, my father was then the warmest and the most essential.

Koyan. Proceed, dear madam.

Mindora. The captain possessed those manly graces, which captivate without design;—his distress had found an easy passage to my heart; and I soon discovered I had firmly loved, where I had only meant to pity.

Celinda. Oh—mother!—

Mindora. My father's consent I knew was vain to solicit; and, attended only by one faithful friend—the captain's chaplain joined our hands, according to his church's holy rites:—the imprudent act was soon discovered,—my husband, persecuted, obliged to fly; before his ship was fit again to brave the ocean, he put to sea, and from that fatal hour he has been lost to me!

Koyan. And did your father never once relent, or wish to recal the object of his vengeance?

Mindora. Never, my children, never:—he drove me from his home; and upon a slender annual pittance, sent me here to this place to conceal, what he had harshly called, my shame:—where heaven sent you, my children, the offspring of your mother's sad imprudence, as the twin-partners of that mother's sufferings.

Celinda. In love and gratitude we are ever bound to you. (Embracing her.)

Koyan. And duty, mother—while a spark of life

Mindora. Prove it:—shall we share one fate, and seek your father?

Celinda. O let me, let me go!

Koyan. Impossible! It cannot be!

Mindora. May she not assume a male attire, and in a page's garb, can follow in the train?

Celinda. An humble footboy—what you will,—let me but share the dangers of my brother.

Koyan. Then be it so—to the earth's utmost verge death only shall divide us!

SONG.—KOYAN.

*Deep in the fountain of this beating heart,
 Free as the vital streams from thence that flow ;
 Dear as my life, with which I'd sooner part,
 Than forget to thee the gratitude I owe.
 Unvarying with the varied change,
 Thro' coast or climate, as we range ;
 No, no, no, no, no, mother, no,
 I'll ne'er forget the love, the gratitude I owe.*

*Blythe as the rays that cheer the blushing morn,
 Puls'd in this heart, dear sister, dost thou move ;
 Blest with each charm that can thy sex adorn,
 Yet, sister, O dear sister, beware of love !
 Unvarying with the varied change,
 Thro' coast or climate as we range ;
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, Oh ! sister, yes,
 Beware, beware of love.* [Exit, L.H.

Mindora. My dear Celinda !—can'st thou share thy mother's joy ?

Celinda. Yes ;—the resistless impulse agitates my heart, and hurries with extatic pleasure to my eyes !

Mindora. Ay, Celinda ; you feel the pure affection of a sister's love, yet little know thy anxious mother's fond forebodings.—But come, my child, let us still hope the best ;—with true delight the eye of Providence beholds the actions of the good and virtuous—and when the hour of peril comes, holds forth its saving arm, and offers up its choicest treasures at the shrine of innocence. [Exeunt, L.H.

SCENE III.—*The Exterior of the Emperor of China's Palace.*

Enter KOYAN, L.H. followed by CHINGTANG and ZAPHANI.

Koyan. Chingtang !—*Here this letter to the man-*

darin Zamti.—[*Exit Chingtang, R.H.*].—Do you, Zaphani, see that the Prince's wardrobe be completely packed;—fly!—lose not an instant.—[*Exit Zaphani, L.H.*].—My charge, it's true, is honourable; but yet it's dangerous;—the prince is generous, warm, volatile, and sensitive; my sister—a woman,—young, unpractised, and with a heart, I suppose, like other females; my mother's prudence will dictate to her what is right from wrong; but if her eye gets dazzled, or her heart inflamed, good night to prudence!

Enter O'GALLAGHER, L.H.

O'Gal. Sir—your most obedient!—I just made free——

Koyan. You have indeed, friend.

O'Gal. It's a way I have, sir; all owing to the prejudice of education:—my father was a free-man—and so was the mother that bore me.

Koyan. How!—Your mother a free-man?

O'Gal. A free-man's daughter, sir—the devil a bit better;—and if she was the mother of a free-man, I should have the less reason to complain.

Koyan. What mean you—are you a slave?

O'Gal. Not exactly, sir; but what you may call cousin-german to one, sir;—if working hard,—eating little,—sleeping less,—with plenty of all sorts of hard usage,—far from my own darling country,—cannot make a man a slave—upon my conscience, I can't well tell you what trade I am.

Koyan. You endure the sufferings of a slave, let your denomination be what it may.

O'Gal. That's it, sir:—you have it, all at once, like a twelve-penny nail upon the head, with the hammer of your understanding.—But the devils here say it's all right—and I can't bait it out of their thick skulls.—They say I ought to work hard, because I am a stranger;—that I ought not to have much eatables, for fear it should make me lazy;—

and that a good bed would spoil my rest, because they do not know whether I have been brought up to sleep upon feathers!—As for strapado, and all other sorts of pleasant discipline, those they bestow upon me by way of compliment, because, they say, my back is broad enough to bear that, or any thing else.

Koyan. Well, sir—and upon what principle am I accosted—what's your business with me?

O'Gal. Sir, I wish to follow in the Prince's train—and that is the reason that I come before you.

Koyan. In what capacity can'st thou be useful in the Prince's train?—none else must follow it.

O'Gal. I am not particular:—any thing, from a mandarin to a trencher-scourer;—an officer, a soldier, a sailor, a priest, a cook, or an interpreter.

Koyan. An interpreter?—How stand your qualifications—has your education been liberal?

O'Gal. Nothing could be more liberal—I was brought up in a charity-school.

Koyan. You are of foreign extraction?

O'Gal. Yes, sir; extracted from on board an English man of war in a storm, about twenty years ago; when I was as tight a cabin-boy as ever cracked a potatoe, or danced an Irish jig in a jacket and trowsers.

Koyan. Indeed!—and now you pant to view once more your native country?

O'Gal. You may say that:—I'll travel the whole world over with you, and back again—if you only let me first end my days in that sweet spot that gave me birth.

Koyan. England?

O'Gal. No, sir, England's eldest daughter,ould Ireland: not quite so well grown as her mother—but with a face so fair—and with a heart so warm!—oh—by the powers, she'll never shame her parentage!

Koyan. Well, my friend, you shall once more stand a chance to see your native soil. How are you called?

O'Gal. These Chany people, sir, call me O-Gal-lur.

Koyan. (*Entering the name on his tablets.*) O-Gal-lah-hur.

O'Gal. Now I'll interpret that for you, sir; the English of that means in Irish neither more nor less than plain O'Gallagher!

Koyan. Well—be near at hand—the procession now is forming, and you shall along—an humble follower in our suite. [*Exit, R.H.*]

O'Gal. By my conscience, if I get to Ireland in this pickle, I shan't want followers either.—How the little boys will run and giggle! for the souls never saw any thing like me, except on a Chany tea-pot, with a long fishing-rod stuck in his fist. Let me but once more get into the land of nature—full-grown shoes, and slender noses—and if ever I languish for little feet—penciled eyebrows, and snouts of putty, may I be married to a Nankeen Beaker, and never taste the comforts of an Irish wedding!

SONG.—O'GALLAGHER.—(*Irish Melody.*)

[Composed by Mr. ROOKE.]

*From Connaught I travell'd, o'er roads pav'd and
gravell'd,
Through hot climes and cold, as it froze and it
thaw'd;
But still where I went, sirs, I ne'er found content,
sirs,
Nor e'er felt at home while I wander'd abroad.
In crossing the ocean, so rough was its motion,
So sea-sick I got as the billows did foam,
I could not help thinking I'd better been drinking,
To get half seas over in Ireland at home.
Och that is the island, Saint Paddy's and my land,
Where living or dead we ne'er utter complaints;
For still to be frisky, love, fight, and drink whiskey,
The devil's a spot like the Island of Saints.
When nature first made it, in green she array'd it,
And spangled its side with young shamrocks all
o'er;*

*And when she had dress'd it, Saint Patrick soon
bless'd it,*

*And banish'd the toads and the snakes from its
shore.*

*While danc'd off the vipers, our bards and our pipers,
To honour his triumph struck up his own air ;*

*And since, in our revels they banish blue devils,
From wedding and christening, from patron and
fair.*

Och! that is the island, &c. &c.

*And there we have creatures, whose beautiful features
Dame Nature herself in her bright colours paints ;
Who banish all evils, and " dear little devils,"*

Can make saints of sinners, or sinners of saints.

No country can hate us for potheen and praties,

For truth, valour, beauty, love, frolic, and mirth ;

*If strangers, there hult ye, and cead mille æ falthe,
Will follow you over the favourite earth.*

Och! that is the island, &c. &c.

Abroad while you wander, like wild goose or gander,

Och! Mr. O'Gallagher, gloomy or gay, .

*Your country your boast be, " old Ireland" your
toast be,*

The sweet land you live in wherever you stray !

If ever when " undone" I settle in London,

To shew what regard for my birth-place I've got, .

In St. Giles's some gay day I'll wed a fine lady,

And two Irish natives will have on the spot !

Och! Erin's the island, &c. &c.

[Exit, R.H.]

SCENE IV.—*The Hall of Presence in the Emperor
of China's Palace.*

*The EMPEROR discovered seated on his Throne in
the centre :—The PRINCE at his Right Hand—*

*MAN, Mandarin, Guards, Attendant, bearing
Orns, Banners, &c. &c.*

MUSIC'S FASCINATION.

GRAND CHORUS.

[Original Chinese melody of great antiquity.]

*Tune the vocal festive lay :
Loud praises chaunt to greet your king !
To him the grateful tribute pay ;
From him your choicest blessings spring !*

.. *Chief Mandarin. (Addressing the Emperor.)* Sole governor of the earth ! great father of thy people ! at thy supreme decree this council is convened, and to thy sacred pleasure we devote our lives and services.

Emperor. Your zeal, most wise and potent mandarins, hath still kept pace with our decisions. If what we would now request, meet not the sanction of your superior wisdom, the fair objection freely urge ; and however near my heart the ardent wish may lie, yet it proceeds not against my subjects' will ; for, dear as the light that glads these aged eyes, is the blest object of my people's love.

Chief Mandarin. Thy word is law—thy approbation the great reward of all our toils.

Emperor. If I have done my duty, fulfilled my sacred trust, and made my subjects happy, a conscientious heart is here sufficient recompense. That I might leave a successor, not unworthy of his father, under whose mild sway wisdom should prompt, and justice execute,—my son, your prince, with your concurrence, I design for travel ; to enlarge his mind, and glean from other states, such knowledge of their laws and customs, as might give strength and vigour to our constitution, and decision to our acts, and prune the excrescent branches of our legislature : convinced that he is still the wisest prince who makes his people happiest.

Prince. (With warmth.) Let my entreaties aid my royal father's suit :—let me behold how enlightened

sovereigns reign o'er polished subjects:—I'll strive to emulate the virtue that they boast, and prove, like envied Britain to a wondering world, those laws are best that are the best administered.

Chief Mandarin. Prince, your suit is granted: and may that power divine that rules o'er virtuous princes, direct thy actions, and preserve thy person!

Emperor. Thanks, my generous people:—Koyan, the sacred charge be thine:—be still, as thou wert hitherto, his companion, friend, his guide, and monitor:—do you point out to him the paths of virtue and of honour; his own honest heart, I trust, will urge him to pursue them.

Prince. Fear me not, my king, my father!

Emperor. Hence then, my son, and remember the majesty that doth uphold thy king, and the paternal tenderness I bear thee as a son, are centred both in thy deservings.

GRAND CHORUS.

*So from the fountain's head that purely flows,
Spread the fertilizing streams that cheen the vale;
And as the moisten'd flow'ret sweetly blows,
We the parent virtues in the scyon hail!
So, in the pious prince we trace the patriot fire,
And glory in the son that emulates the sire.*

[*Exeunt Koyan, preceded by two banners and six Mandarins, and followed by two pages and guards, in procession, L.H.—The scene closes on the Emperor and Mandarins.*]

TURKEY.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Panorama View of the City of Constantinople, the Bosphorus, &c.*

Enter an AGA and a Guard of JANIZARIES through Gate, L.H.U.E. and range, R.H.—A Turkish Band of Music performing a military Piece, in the Orchestra.

Aga. Attention!—Gentlemen Janizaries!—Chief guardians of our empire!—Constantinople's great defenders!—Boast you not superior privileges amongst the sons of Mahomet?

1st Jan. We do, great Aga.

Aga. And whence proceed the distinctions you enjoy; from your superior strength, or your superior virtue?

1st Jan. From our superior strength: we are Turkish soldiers, and never boast of virtue. Most noble Aga, why are we assembled here?

Aga. To receive the Prince of China, whose barks now ride triumphant in our bay, and give him special convoy to the vizier.—Let the minstrels sound the sprightly note, and give him welcome in Turkish melody.

The PRINCE and Suite are seen on the Water, in splendid Barges of Chinese Description; CELINDA, in Male Attire, as the Prince's Page.

GRAND CHORUS,

Accompanied by Turkish instruments.

*Load let the cymbals ringour clash!
Strike, strike amain the double drum!*

*Strong let the instrumental crash
 Announce—the Prince of China come !
 That earth, and air, and seas may know
 The royal guest that here doth dwell !
 In strong melodious strain the chorus raise,
 And hail the stranger-prince in eastern lays !*

*(During the chorus, the Prince, O'Gallagher,
 two pages, Celinda, and four attendants, land
 from their barges—they range themselves, L.H.)*

Aga. (Pompously, addressing the Prince.) Most mighty shadow of the sun—brother of the moon—supreme regent of thy father's great magnificence—

O'Gal. (Stepping forward.) Stop! don't say too much at once't, or you'll bother me out of my seven senses—I am the interpreter if you please. —*(To the Prince.)*—This Turkey here, please your Prince's Holiness, by talking of the sun and moon, only wishes to inform you that he knows you are come of a high family. Well, that's over now ; he knows that.—Go on.

Aga. Most potent prince ! I wait to conduct your highness to our grand vizier ; from whence I, chief Aga of the Janizaries, will usher you into the presence of the Sublime Porte.

O'Gal. That's fair enough. He says the people here are very apt to take an ague in January, if they are not wise enough to take a glass of superfine port.

Koyan. Silence !

O'Gal. O, I'm muzzled. *(Retires up the stage.)*

Prince. Most profoundly do I thank your vizier's care. Unskilled in manners such as adorn the more enlightened courts, I humbly trust the Sultan will impute to me no want of reverence or respect, if I approach him without those wonted ceremonies which this country's customs dictate. In my father's court thy hath banished form ; his mandarins hang him like his children, dependent branches from

one genial stalk.—Koyan, you appear to lack your wonted spirits :—all here is new, and seems to promise infinite delight ; my heart expands at every varying scene, approves the past, and longs for that to come.

Koyan. And mine, most gracious prince, must ever dance in unison with your's.

Prince. My little merry page seems thoughtful too. Come ! I'll have no serious faces in my train !

Celinda. Sweet prince, I would be cheerful if I could.

Prince. No, young sly one—you have left behind some favoured fair, whose memory lay dormant in the heart till strains of melody revived it.

Celinda. No, no, my lord—I ne'er shall sigh for any fair one's love.

Aga. Great orb of China—shall I now lead on ? The impatient vizier by this time expects you.

Prince. We attend him.

[*March.—Exeunt through gates, L.H.U.E.*]

SCENE II.—*A Grand Turkish Apartment.*

Enter MORAD, L.H. meeting SAFIE, R.H.

Morad. So, so ! Madam Safie ! you are dressed out, I perceive ;—you expect to make a conquest, I suppose ;—now have you the vanity to imagine you can captivate the Prince of China ?

Safie. I captivate !—What I !—A slave ?—ridiculous !

Morad. Aye—ridiculous indeed ; when your hand may be disposed of as well as you can reasonably expect by marrying me ;—we shall be the happiest couple !

Safie. Couple !—I shouldn't have thought of that—couple indeed !—no, no, my good man ; when I marry, I shall look a little higher than the vizier's porter, I promise you ; so good Mr. Extortioner, keep your perquisites and your pretensions for some creature that may move in your own sphere.

AIR.—SAFIE.

*Dear wedlock's joys to taste,
 I am not in such haste,
 To such as you, dear sir, to be kind ;
 For ere the knot is ty'd,
 And I become a bride,
 Oh ! I'll chuse a sweet lad to my mind :—
 With rapture then each hour we'll tell,
 While dong, ding, ding, dong goes the bell.*

*With spirit, wit, and grace,
 Good humour in his face,
 To my faults must he ever be blind ;
 No tempers to perplex,
 Nor jealous fears to vex,
 Oh ! such is the lad to my mind !
 With rapture then each hour we'll tell,
 While dong, ding, ding, dong goes the bell.
 [Exit, R.H.]*

SCENE III.—*Turkish Chamber*.

*The PRINCE, the VIZIER, PARAZADE, and others,
 the PRINCE's train, CELINDA, &c. &c. discovered.
 The throne, R.H.S.R.—A dance is performed.—
 After the dance, the Vizier and Prince come for-
 ward.*

Vizier. Right welcome, noble sir, to such poor pleasure as this mansion yields ; a sublimer joy awaits you ;—to our mighty sultan your name already is announced, and in some few days hence thy dazzled eye shall meet his presence.

Prince. Does your court afford superior luxury to that which now my astonished senses strikes ?—In these fair dames you possess the promised joy that Mahomet predicted after death—and may despise your prophet's paradise.

Vizier. (To one of the Ladies.) Fair Parazade !—

Chaunt to the youthful prince the enlivening strains
that oft my weary spirits cheer.—Sing !

Para. Mighty vizier—obedient to your nod, I live
but to oblige you.

AIR.—PARAZADE.

*Gentle air's, your balmy zephyrs send,
Whose thrilling breath shall wake the sleeping lyre;
And to my voice the tuneful impulse lend,
That sweetens love and softens fond desire!*

ALLEGRO.

*Bright as the orient beam that 'lumes our sky,
Sweet as the odour from the flow'ry green ;
Each Turkish lass, with soul-bewitching eye,
Merrily strike the sprightly tambourine !
Gracefully,
Merrily,
Strike the sprightly tambourine!*

(During the song the Prince appears quite enamoured with Parazade, and Celinda betrays apparent symptoms of jealous inquietude.)

Prince. Page!—come hither ;—didst thou e'er behold a form so fascinating—a creature of more enchanting grace ? Has she not charms to move an anchorite to love ?

Celinda. *(Looking on Parazade, and regarding her very coldly.)*—I cannot see them ;—I am no anchorite, yet she moves not me.

Prince. Ay ;—thy heart's bespoke—thou'rt shielded by another beauty.

Celinda. No, on my life ! I never yet loved female, but my mother ;—and now I look again, methinks of all the sex I ever saw, this one displeases me the most.

Prince. Young stoic !—Yes, I suppose, are of my wise preceptor's school ;—philosophy has frozen you.

Celinda. (*Strongly and without reserve.*) I am indeed, my lord, his pupil !—(*Checking herself.*)—Ha ! what have I said !

Prince. Ha ! What !—Speak again !—let me hear that voice, and look upon that face !

Enter SLAVE, L.H. he whispers VIZIER.

Celinda. (*Holding down her head.*) I mean, my lord, that I am a convert to his precepts, and praise the wisdom that teaches to subdue inordinate desire or guilty passion. (*With hesitation and great modesty.*)

Prince. (*Pausing and looking on her.*) From whatever stock this youth has sprung, he bears a mind superior to his state ;—methought when once he spoke his voice resembled——no matter :—a foolish fancy came across my mind—(*To himself.*)—It cannot be :—impossible !

Vizier. The banquet waits, most mighty prince : where all the beauties of our Haram assemble to greet thy royal presence.

Prince. Lead on, great vizier—cheerfully I follow
[*Exeunt Vizier, followed by his Attendants, &c. L.H.*

(*Parazade remains—the Prince's train waiting for him to go before—he directs them to pass on without him—Celinda stays behind and takes the train of the Prince's robe ;—the Prince takes Parazade's hand, and prevents her from following.*)

Prince. Page !

Celinda. My lord.

(*Coming from behind him in much agitation.*)

Prince. Wait without ; and should approaching footsteps bend this way, hither haste and give me notice.

Celinda. (*Bows, aside and going.*) Then farewell to peace ! That bewitching infidel rivets his chains, and I am lost for ever. [*Exit, R.H.*

Prince. Say, beautiful stranger, are you the Vizier's wife—is he so blest to call you his ? }

Para. Not yet, my lord, it may be hereafter.

Prince. Is it an honour that you languish for?

Para. No, my lord—if it were otherwise I could survive the loss; but I am a Christian slave, and must submit.

Prince. Is that your Turkish law?

Para. Turkish indeed, my lord;—a law that Christian nations scorn.

Prince. All nations should scorn slavery, and abhor its doctrines.

Para. My person may be his;—my heart can never own him for its master.

Prince. Your heart is free then?

Para. Free as the air that sheds its perfume o'er the land of liberty.

Prince. Transporting charmer! Were I the emperor of the earth's vast globe, I'd make thee—

Para. Queen of all your territory—

Prince. Ay, by heaven—queen of—hold, hold! No, no, no!—a prior passion rests upon this heart;—and yet I swear I love, and would make thee—

Para. What, my lord?

Prince. Happy—if I could.

Para. What! share one heart between two greedy fair ones?—No, no, my lord; the whole, or none, for me.

Prince. Ay, there's the rub.—(*Aside.*)—But she that claims the other half is distant far, beyond the seas—

Enter CELINDA, hastily, R. II.

Celinda. Close at your elbow—the vizier waits your coming. (*Urging him to retire.*)

Prince. (*Not noticing Celinda.*) Say, might I gently glide into your chamber—and from those seraphic lips hear those lessons?

Celinda. (*Still more importunate.*) The vizier has heard every word you have been saying.

Para. (*To the Prince.*) No, no, my lord, it cannot

be:—in the Haram I reside, encircled by numbers fairer far than me.

Celinda. (*Quick and agitated.*) Ay, with ten thousand times her beauty ; haste to the banquet, and be yourself the judge.

Prince. Impatient boy !

Celinda. Imprudent Prince !—The vizier is at hand.

Para. Be advised, my lord—you know not where you are ; your life, perhaps, might be the forfeit of your indiscretion.

Celinda. Yes, my lord, your life, perhaps, may be the forfeit.

Prince. Life !—What is life without the sweets of love ! Come, lead forward, beauteous sorceress.—
[*Exit Parazade, L.H.*]—A few days since I was a prince, the pupil of simplicity—but now nature casts the tempter woman in my way, and the barrier, prudence, bears but a weak resistance against the invincible attacks of youth and love. [*Exit L.H.*]

Celinda. Oh ! Thank heaven, I have hurried him from the contemplation of her single charms, to where a crowd of beauties shall meet his eyes, and his mutable fancy know not where to fix. My poor trembling heart, so anxious for his safety, starts at every passing wind that might assail him ; encouraging a hopeless flame, and fostering torments that must feed upon my life.

AIR.—CELINDA.

Tell me, my heart, why morning prime

Looks like the fading eve ?

Why the gay lark's celestial chime

But tells the soul to grieve ?

The heaving bosom seems to say—

Oh, hapless maid ! your love's away.

Tell me, my heart, why summer's glow

A wintry day beguiles ?

Why Flora's beauties seem to blow,

And fading nature smiles ?

Some Zephyr whispers in my ear—

Ah, happy maid ! your love is near. [*Exit L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in the Palace.**Enter KOYAN, L.H.*

Koyan. Well, so far we have travelled, and I hope to our improvement—but of all I have seen to wonder at, to admire, to praise, to love,—the women surpass all far, far beyond description.

SONG,—KOYAN.

*I wonder why by foul mouth'd man,
 Woman should slander'd be,
 Since it so easy doth appear,
 They're better far than we?
 Why are the Graces ev'ry one,
 Pictur'd as women be?
 If naught to show that they in grace,
 Do more excel than we.*

*Why are the Virtues every one,
 Pictur'd as women be?
 If not to show that they in them,
 Do more excel than we?
 Since women are so full of worth,
 Let them praised be—
 For commendations they deserve,
 In much more ways than we.* [Exit, L.H.]

Enter O'GALLAGHER and MORAD, R.H.

O'Gal. Oh, let him alone ;—there is not a Turk in your whole seragly that knows how to treat a woman more like a Christian than he does ; and I am his Interpreter that says so.

Morad. You !—what, you his Interpreter ?—A Master of Languages, I suppose.—Where have you studied ?

O'Gal. I began my larning at the college of Mul-

linavat ; and never cried stop, 'till I begged my way into a university, called a charity-school, at Balyporcen, where I swallowed larning by ladles full, 'till Father O Shanuangaun was tired of feeding me with it ;—so when I had got quite a belly-full, he gave me five pounds, and thanked me for taking it ; and sent me genteely about my business.

Morad. Well—and where did you finish your studies ?

O'Gal. In an English seminary called a man-of-war ! where I cou'dn't larn much, d'ye see ; for, being an Irishman, I was born brave : courage was quite natural to me ; and as what they call valour and intrepidity was their system and their practice, I took to it all at once, as cordially as I took to rum-grog and tobacco.

Morad. Aye—but to what purpose is their valour employed ? How will that instruct the world ?

O'Gal. How will it instruct !—I'll tell you how. When they have a saucy, overbearing, froward enemy to deal with, that won't take their honest lessons quietly, they make bould to chastise him ; and their valour is employed to thrash the common enemy of mankind, and drub usurping tyrants, wherever they find them, all the world over—from Constantinople to Carrickmacross !

Morad. Oh, I understand you now.

O'Gal. I believe you do ; but if you don't, I can soon make you ; for, as we say in Ireland,—A nod is as good as a wink for a blind horse.

Enter SELIM, L.H.

Selim. Morad, the Vizier demands your presence instantly. The Prince of China retired from the banquet on the departure of the ladies, and 'tis feared he has profaned the haram by his presence.—Guards are despatched in search of him ; and all is noise, confusion, and perplexity.

Morad. The devil it is !—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—I'll make one of them presently. [*Exit L.H.*]

O'Gal. (*Enjoying the idea.*) Ha, ha, ha! O, by the powers, I knew it!—He's in the thick of them, I'll be bound for it—ha, ha, ha! Black eyes, rosy cheeks, charcoal hair, lips of coral!—and he but one-and-twenty!—Ogh, by the—— Flesh and blood can't bear it!—I'll be after him myself—who knows but I may be able to give him a little assistance.

Selim. (*Drawing his sabre, and preventing O'Gal.*) Stir not!—or your life must answer it.

O'Gal. I'll tell you what, ould whisker-mug—just lend me a sword, and I'll cut off your head before you can turn your quid of opium in your jaw; or lend me the scabbard, and I'll horsewhip you with it, while there's a bit of Turk's flesh upon your ugly bones.

Selim. Christian! you shall repent this outrage.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

O'Gal. (*Snapping his fingers.*) That for you, ould Catamaran!—I'll go and talk to your master the Vizier himself;—I'll tell ould muffin-head the whole truth. The young prince, I know, has got into the seragly, for he's as frolicsome and as fond of the girls as if he was born at Drumcondra. If the ould Mahometan had a drop of Christian blood in his veins, he cou'dn't be such a Turk as to think to keep all the sows to himself, when there was a couple of young gentlemen, like me and the Prince, in a strange country, without wives or sweethearts.—Ogh, upon my conscience, it is a most barbarous monopoly.—I must follow him; for if a swarm of these female Turkies should gather about him, they may bother the poor young creature. Oh, by the powers, I'll be after him directly.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE V.—*An inner Court-yard of the Palace, a Tower or Prison.—Ramparts, Sally-port, &c. in the centre.—Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter the VIZIER, the PRINCE, MORAD, Guards, &c. R.H.—CELINDA behind, observing them, R.H.

Vizier. Young Prince, thou hast violated the

strictest law our holy Prophet hath enjoined—profaned the sacred haram by thy presence ; therefore thy person I detain, until our mighty Sultan shall decree the punishment that must await thy crime.

Prince. The crime is your's, be your's the punishment. If you will immure beauty, born to enamour and to solace mankind, may the pangs of jealousy be your eternal portion !

Vizier. Open the prison gates, and instantly commit him ; nor shall his rank protect him from the rigour of our laws.

Prince. Laws ! do not profane the sacred term.—Law is the mighty bulwark of a nation's happiness, founded by reason and administered by justice ; it holds an equal and an even balance ; the peer and beggar share alike its equanimity ; and that dispensing power, on whose bright finger rests the beam, ne'er lets the scale preponderate, unless when Mercy sheds the balmy dew that weighs it down. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Vizier. I am resolved :—Soldiers, do your duty.

(*They open the prison doors.*)

Prince. Give freedom to my train ; let them depart, and I alone will abide the issue of this rank indignity.

Vizier. No more, but instant close the gates.—(*Prince goes into the prison.*)—Morad, to your care the prisoner I consign, until the Sultan's sentence fix his fate, for liberty or death.

[*Exit Vizier, Guards, &c. R.H.S.S.*
(*Flourish of trumpets.—Morad having bolted the prison door, retires R.H. leaving a Sentinel.*)

Celinda. (*Advances in great agitation.*) O, lost Celinda ! each busy thought comes rushing on my heart, and every anxious fear my mind presages, falls like the hand of death, clay-cold, upon my burning forehead. The prison gates are closed upon him ; his royal person immured in some dark dungeon, where a silent and a treacherous death may soon await him !—The trembling drops hang on my aching brow, and my slackening sinews feebly support this

tottering frame ! I dare not hope, yet must not court despair !—If I can attract the soldiers hence, I may unbar the prison doors, and save my prince.

(*Retires, R.H.*)

Sentinel. The night is soft and calm ; yet a more than usual stillness awfully affects it. I have heard, too, distant voices, that seemed to warble in the air a kind of pleasing melancholy.—(*Harp behind.*)—Mahomet preserve me ! Spirits of night they say do sometimes haunt the guilty, and I do not look upon my office at this moment to be the most harmless—to take care that an innocent man endures his bondage is one of those services that an honest soldier might dispense with. But I must do my duty.

(*Music again—he starts and listens.—Celinda is seen on the ramparts—she sings as she descends.*)

DITTY.

*Hear me, soldier ! hear me !
Just on that fatal ground,
My hero dead was found,
Pity, soldier ! pity !*

*Deep in his faithful heart,
An Arab fix'd his dart ;
And I, his trembling bride,
Beheld the wound and died !
Pity, soldier ! pity !*

*He lov'd me like his life,
And call'd upon his wife,—
Pity, soldier ! pity !
As from his reeking wound,
The blood bedewed the ground :
And now my wand'ring ghost,
Doth seek him at his post !
Pity, soldier ! pity !*

(During the ditty, the Sentinel listens, first with fixed attention, then seems terrified and almost rooted to the spot—then resuming courage, follows the sound. Celinda leads him off at the top of the stage by the sally-port; she then re-enters, R.H. by the ramparts, and unbars the prison door.)

Celinda. My prince! my master! now or never!

Prince. *(Rushing forth and catching her in his arms.)* My deliverer!

Celinda. Your life hangs on a thread.

Prince. Come, let us haste from this detested land, and learn to scorn, not profit, by the example of its laws.—The free-born soul shrinks back with horror at despotic power, loathes the unnatural system, and pants with patriot ardour to regain its native liberty.

[Exeunt hastily, L.H.]

Enter MORAD and two Guards, R.H. Morad discovering the Prison Door open, sends off Guards.
R.H.—Alarm Bell.

Turkish March heard.—Enter SELIM and Turkish Soldiers, R.H.

CHORUS.

*Fled from his dungeon dark and close,
 We his haunt shall soon discover;
 Nor shall the am'rous prince repose,
 We'll secure the 'vent'rous lover!*

(The Sentinel is brought on by soldiers from the ramparts; he appears under the impression of excessive terror and affright, R.H.)

Sent. Here, by our Prophet, on this spot,
 By magic sprites I've been affrighted

Sold. The bow-string sure will be thy lot,
 And thus thy perfidy requited.

Sent. Hear me!

Sold. No, no! No, no!

To the Vizier you must go!

*(Two guards hurry the Sentinel into a dungeon on
L.H.—Guards turn off on each side, march up
the stage, and exeunt, R.H.)*

END OF ACT II.

ITALY.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Splendid Apartment in the House of the Duke Posilipo.—A Table with Music and Instruments, Tambourine, Lute, &c.*

Enter CELINDA and KOYAN, L.H.

Celinda. Say, am I not a prophet? Where is your boasted resolution now? Is philosophy a shield against the shafts of Cupid?

Koyan. I own my error: spare your reproaches, dearest sister.

Celinda. That a few short hours on Italy's fair soil should cause this metamorphose! The seeds of love were dormant in your heart; the marchioness' bright eyes have brought them forth to bloom and flourish.

Koyan. And then to wither, droop, and die.

Celinda. Nay, don't despair; she is a widow, brother, and if I mistake not, the sullen duke to whom she is betrothed, is not so firmly seated in her heart as his pride and vanity suggest.

Koyan. And yet she smiles complacent on him.

Celinda. Yes ; and then her wandering eyes assail the prince, and pierce your philosophic heart at each returning glance.

Koyan. Is woman then so mutable a creature ? Are the minds of all your sex so much divided ?

Celinda. Ah, no !—There are constant fools who doat on one dear object, 'till the hopeless flame consumes their hearts ; but you should think of nobler things than love ; let friendship charm your thoughts ; friendship includes all that is disinterested, good, and noble.

Koyan. And I am not insensible to its merits and its charms.

DUO.—KOYAN and CELINDA.

[Written and arranged by Mr. PARRY.]

*A wreath of sweet roses and myrtle entwine,
To place on the temples of Friendship divine.
In strains of past ages, our voices we'll raise,
For Friendship demands our devotion and praise.
Then twine, oh ! twine, &c. &c.*

*She'll smooth the brow of care,
And soften sad despair,
The drooping spirit kindly cheer;
She'll make the wretched blest,
Relieve the heart distressed,
And banish every doubt and fear.
Then twine, oh ! twine, &c. &c.*

*Enter the DUKE, the PRINCE, the MARCHIONESS,
and two PAGES, L.H.*

Duke. Such are the poor delights our nation can bestow, and those we gladly offer at your gracious feet.

Prince. Enchanting harmony !—too much for sense bear. I know not which to prize, nor what de-

mands my warmest approbation ;—the strains seraphic that have charmed my ears, or the bounteous friendship I have received from your kind hands.

(*To the Duke*)

March. (*Aside.*) What a bewitching fellow !

Prince. (*Observing the Marchioness.*) What soul—what animation in those eyes !

March. Lud a'mercy ! he is not a bit like the Chinese figures that adorn our chimney-pieces ; but he, I dare say, is like a modern model of his country's porcelain, useful as well as ornamental. (*Aside.*)

Duke. Italy, your highness knows, has been long esteemed the nurse of science, the mother of the arts ; here a general taste for harmony prevails, and all are amateurs, at least in music.

March. Music, my lord, is the Italians' barometer, and shews their tempers in all sorts of weather : touch but the string, look in the face, and there you have it as the air affects them—foul, fair, changeable, temperate—hail, rain, and sunshine all together—ha, ha, ha !

Prince. Then in Italy, music is the soul, and the countenance the dial that signifies its working.

March. Just so, my lord ; and communicates its operations to all who come within the vortex of its sound.

Prince. Does not a superior impulse sometimes preponderate ?

March. You mean love, my lord. Oh, no, not in Italy. In England, music is subordinate to the tender passion ; for there the unfettered rogue takes his free range, and adds the blessings of liberty to the sweets of love !

Prince. Envied nation, how I long to visit thee ! For there, 'tis said, the tree of freedom spreads its umbrageous branches, sheltered and sheltering beneath, between a British sky and earth, fixed firm, and rooted as her native oak.

March. Would I were there !

Duke. Madam !

March. 'Tis but the truth, your grace. Your power may detain my person here, my thoughts will wander to a happier soil.

Duke. (Aside.) Tormenting woman !

Prince. Then the joys of Italy have ceased to charm you ?

March. No, not so, my lord ; Italy is charming in itself, but still not England ; Italy is the painter's school, yet I am content with simple native artists, who draw from nature and colour with its tints ; Italian women captivate with graceful motion, but British women with the grace of modesty.

Prince. Charming, enchanting vivacity !

March. To you, my lord, the joys of Italy may give a pure unmixed delight.

Prince. I live not for myself alone ; or, if I did——

March. The gentler arts would bear the palm ?

Prince. No, lady, no :—though much I am enamoured of their charms, my first grand study is to make my people happy.

March. That once achieved, the softer sciences shall reign triumphant ?

Prince. Not so : music, at intervals, may meliorate the cares of state ; but cannot wipe the tear of sorrow from a suffering subject's eyes, or ease the anguish of one poor bankrupt's heart.

March. Nay, my lord, it is the Italian remedy for all human ills. They have a gamut for the passions—a musical scale—from the soft languor of delicate affection, to the conflicting rage of maddening jealousy.

Prince. Happy people ! that regulate even their passions by the rules of art !

March. Fact, upon my honour : listen, and be convinced ; for thus runs the national strain of Vegetian melody.

ARIETTE—MARCHIONESS.—(*Venetian.*)

*Sono 'm'namerato d'une Brunettina,
La dora assassina, ch'il core m'a' ruba !*

*O, dearly doat I on my sweet little brown maid,
Who my heart has stole and my vows betray'd ;*

O me, che more, per amor !

D'un T, d'un I, d'un A, d'un M, é d'un O !

*O, me ! I die, O yes, for love !—Yes, love of thee
An I, an L, an O, a V, and an E !*

*(During the song, the Prince appears delighted
by the arch and volatile manners of the Mar-
chioness—Celinda views them both with an
anxious and jealous solicitude.)*

Duke. The Marchioness is playful, good my lord ;
and, perhaps, outsteps the limits of that respect we
owe your highness' presence.

Prince. O, 'tis fascination—'tis enchantment all !
and you, sir, you will be the most envied of the hu-
man kind when you shall call that lively creature
your's.

Duke. My lord !

Prince. The monarchs of the earth lay their sceptres
at the feet of beauty. The Trojans held a ten
years' siege for Helen's charms, and did I possess ten
thousand diadems, I could exchange them all for such
a treasure !

Duke. *(Aside, and bitterly.)* Death ! Jealousy !
Damnation !

Enter TOLEDO, L.H.

Toledo. The carriages are ready, good my lord,
and the guard attends to give you safe conduct to
your country seat, where all is now prepared for the
reception of his highness.

Duke. I'll come.—*[Exit Toledo, L.H.]*—We'll
wait your highness' leisure. I crave your pardon,
sir, but I leave your grace in company much more
honoured by your highness' notice than I can dare
presume to boast.

(Significantly eyeing the Marchioness.)

March. (*Aside, and perceiving him.*) Lud a'mercy! here will be a piece of work!

Prince. (*With great candour.*) My best regards are your's, my grateful thanks too for your princely hospitality.

Duke. My lord, I—I feel—that—I am your grace's——Damnation! I shall burst!

(*Aside, and exit, L.H. greatly agitated.*)

March. (*Aside.*) Jealous! stark, staring jealous, by my honour! Pray, my lord, is suspicion a weed of Chinese growth?

Prince. We know it, madam, but by name. In Turkey the seeds of jealousy seem strongly planted.

March. But Italy is its hot-bed, for here it blooms and flourishes; its fruit, assassins, shame, and death.

Prince. Why not weed it thence?

March. Impossible; it overruns the soil, and we, poor women, are said to implant and nourish it; but we'll dismiss the ungrateful subject. The duke now waits upon your highness' pleasure—longer delay on your part might perhaps increase his transports.

Prince. I go; but will not your presence grace the social party of the duke?

March. By my husband's will, my lord, I am the creature of his care.

Prince. And shortly meant to be his bride?

March. No, no, no, not till my heart can grant its full consent. I'll presently attend your highness.

(*Curtseys, retires, and talks with Koyan.*)

Prince. (*To Celinda.*) Come, boy! can'st thou look there, and yet behold all female charms unmoved?

Celinda. (*Sighing.*) No, indeed, my lord, I am not insensible.

Prince. Ay, it's thus the heart is firmly entangled: love may entrap, but animation is the charm that holds us fast.

[*Exit with two Pages, L.H.*]

Celinda. Yet, ere the treacherous noose be fairly closed, a woman's wit may set the captive free.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Koyan and Marchioness come forward.

Koyan. Your candour, madam, delights the volatile prince ; pray heaven he fall not a martyr to your charms !

March. Charms !—pshaw !—I boast of none : a little mad or so—and like yourself, an enthusiast in music.

Koyan. Ay, there I banquet ; music, you know, is the food of love.

March. It is but a meagre diet ; but can you really feed upon it, and forget the other passion ?

Koyan. No ; but it absorbs, and can for awhile assuage the pangs of love.

March. Love !—Oh, you own it, do you ?

Koyan. Glory in it ;—the object merits adoration.

March. Oh, she does ;—that's charming !—You shou'dn't have travelled without her ; does she know how much you love ?—Is the fair one cruel, or does she pity your flame ?

Koyan. That I would learn of you. (*Bowing.*)

March. Of me !—Ha, ha, ha ! Very prettily turned—with great gallantry, upon my honour—ha, ha, ha ! I never had a China-lover before this day, and like it vastly—ha, ha, ha ! Well, to be sure, there is nothing delights me so much as a man really in love—ha, ha, ha ! The creatures pretend to despise our sex, and rail against our charms ; but let them once be fairly heart-stricken, and they are as easily managed as a babe in its leading-strings.

Koyan. Then let those leading-strings be marriage bonds, and rejoice with me in the silken fetters of Hymen.

March. No, no, no ; that's a knot I ne'er again shall tie.

DUET.—KOYAN and, the MARCHIONESS.

Koyan: In silken cords we'll tie the Gordian knot ;

March. No, no, no, no, good sir, I'd rather not !

Koyan. Within this heart for ever reign,

March. No, no, good sir—'twould give you pain!

Koyan. O, pain is pleasure, when we pain approve;

March. Yes—'tis a pleasure that I ne'er can love!

Koyan. Cou'd'st thou not fancy him who seeks thy heart?

March. Oh, no—no, no, good sir, my heart's my own.

Koyan. Wilt thou to love, to love not yield a part?

March. No, no—no tyrant e'er shall mount its throne!

Koyan. A tyrant thou—

March. A widow's vow—

Koyan. A wedding ring—

March. 'Tis no such thing!

I ne'er, no ne'er will be a wife!

Koyan. What lose the joys of love and life?

March. Yes, yes, yes!

Koyan. No, no, no!

I love thee true—

March. Perhaps you do!

Koyan. See, see my heart with ardour burn!

March. Why shou'd I see,

For I am free,

And never will thy love return!

Oh, no, no,—poor man!

Koyan. Lovely, lovely woman! [Exeunt, R.H.]

SCENE II.—An Italian Garden.

Enter TOLEDO and O'GALLAGHER, L.H.

O'Gal. You needn't tell us that; a hearty supper, and a good night's rest have convinced me that your master is no slouch at hospitality. Though his white wine slipt so fast down my throat, it has not washed away my gratitude; and if ever I catch him at Ballypore, I'll be pint for pint with him as long as there's a churn of buttermilk in my grandmother's dairy.

Toledo. Yes—the Duke Polisipo is of true Italian breed: proud, noble, generous, and jealous.

O'Gal. Jealous ! I don't like that ; it is a bad disorder, and he ought to be cured of it without loss of time.

Toledo. Ay, but how ?

O'Gal. He must have an Irish doctor—I'm his man :—the sight of me will be like the Bath waters to a gouty man—it will bring on the fit in a moment ; then what's to be done ? I'll tell you my practice—

Toledo. Do so.

O'Gal. I will. When I have knocked my patient up, why then I knock him down.

Toledo. The devil you do !

O'Gal. Yes, indeed, with strong argument :—says I, “ Mr. my lord Marquis, if you were never jealous of your wife, your wife would never give you cause to be jealous ; but if you will be jealous without a cause, it would be a big burning shame for your wife if she didn't give you cause to be jealous.

Toledo. Upon my word, a pleasant prescription !

O'Gal. Oh, it's the dandy !—and he'll swallow it like vinegar and honey ;—it may cut a little in going down, but I have sweetened it so nately, that it will lie comfortably on his stomach without increasing the bile of his jealousy.

Toledo. Well, we had better be in the way ; by this time the Prince and his suite are prepared for their excursion to the villa. Was the Prince pleased at our concert, think you ? Is his highness fond of music ?

O'Gal. Doats upon it ; music is as natural to him as the turf to the bog of Allen—you may see it on the very face of him.

Toledo. What is his favourite instrument ?

O'Gal. He is not particular ; any thing, from the drone of a jew's harp up to the mellifluous tones of Paddy Farrel's bagpipes.

Toledo. Well, you'll prepare to attend the Prince, it is my duty to see all things in readiness for the departure.

Duke.

{ *Exit, R.H.*

Clap your : foot forward—jog
you, and I'll be after you before you can get the start

of me. Och! what the devil of a country this is, and how unlike that which gave me birth! Oh, sweet Shillelah!—how I long to have a squint at the sweet sod once more—a crooskeen of whiskey-punch and a smack from the red ruby lips of my own dear Cicely. —I shall never forget when I first began to court her—she was as shy as a little pig in a praty garden;—but one gentle ogle from the heel of my right eye—she opened her arms, and cried, come to my heart, you deluder, for that is your own kingdom, sweet, sweet Mr. O’Gallagher.

SONG.—O’GALLAGHER.

*O, what a dainty fine thing is the girl I love,
She fits my finger as neat as a Lim’rick glove;
If that I had her just down by yon mountain side,
'Tis there I would ax her if she would become my bride.
The skin on her cheek is as red as Eec-apple;
Her pretty round waist with my arms I’d soon grapple,
But when that I ax’d her for leave just to follow her,
She cock’d up her nose, and cried, No, Mr. O’Gallagher.*

*Oh Cicely, my jewel, the dickens go with you, why
If that you’re cruel, its down at your feet I’ll lie;
'Case you’re hard-hearted, I’m melted to skin and bone,
Sure you’d me pity to see me both grunt and groan:
But all I could say, her hard heart could not mollify,
Still she would titter, and giggle, and look so shy:
Then with a frown I’m desir’d not to follow her;
Is’nt this pretty usage for Mr. O’Gallagher?*

*'Twas at Balligally, one Easter, I met with her,
Into Jem Garvey’s I went, where I sat with her;
Cicely, my jewel, if that you will be my oxn,
Soon Father Luke he will come, and he’ll make us one.
On hearing of this, how her eyes they did glister bright,
Cicely, my jewel, I’ll make you my own this night:
When that she found me determined to follow her,
I’m your’s, she then cried out, sweet Mr. O’Gallagher.
[Exit, R.H.]*

SCENE III.—*The Suburbs of the City of Naples.*

Carnival.—Lazzaroni, Lads, Lasses, Characters of various descriptions—a Beggar boy—Two Minstrels, &c. &c.

ITALIAN TRIO.

SUNG BY MASTER DEAN, MR. G. SMITH, & MR. MILLAR.

*2d Min. Che vi par Dorina bella
Della sposa che vedoro.*

*1st Min. Io per me non vedo l'ora
Di poter gli dir di si.*

3d. Min. Oh parola che consola.

2d. Min. Gia son quello.

1st. Min. Ci s'intende.

*All 3 Min. Terminar tante vincende
Volle amore al fin cosi.
Che lieto istante,
Che dolce amore,
Mi sento all core
A saltellar.*

END OF ACT III.

CASERTA,

THE SEAT OF THE DUKE POSILIPO.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Court-yard of the Palace.*

Enter the DUKE, cautiously, L.H. followed by two Assassins.—During his speech, CELINDA enters behind, L.H.S.E.

Duke. It must be so ; her every action proves it : Her eye, her heart is set upon him, and the youthful Prince glows with reciprocal passion ; and means, no doubt, to rob me of the woman I adore, and banquet on my misery. Ten thousand agonizing pangs tug at my heart-strings, and urge me on to act a deed, that jealous desperation only could inspire. I must not think—His life, his life must answer it !

Celinda. (Apart.) His life !—Powers of heaven preserve him !

Duke. Come hither, fellows ! (*Assassins advance.*)

1st Assas. Here, my lord.

Duke. You are, no doubt, masters of your trade, and strike with firm hand ; no qualm of conscience palsies the bold arm, or makes the heart shrink from deeds of darkness.

Celinda. Determined monster ! (*Behind.*)

1st Assas. We will do our work according to our price. We are assassins.

Duke. Here, take this purse ; the first I have ever thus bestowed.

2d. Assas. I am sorry for it ; it is patriotic to encourage trade.

Celinda. (Behind.) Relentless villains !

Duke. Your victim will soon pass yon gallery, arrayed in robes of purple tint ; his attendants he dismisses in the lobby :—a light shall sparkle from his door, to mark the chamber where he means to rest ; rush on him as he enters, and plunge your daggers in my rival's heart.

Celinda. (Almost overcome with horror and indignation.) O—h !

1st Assas. Your fears may rest, he never sleeps again. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

Duke. The deed sits heavy at my heart ; a breach of faith, of honour—hospitality ! But has he not broken those sacred ties, and gazed with wanton admiration on my destined bride, even in my presence, 'till their encountering eyes, exchanging mutual glances, fired my brain, and fixed the shaft of jealousy

in my tortured breast?—Is it not so? It is, it is; there is consolation in the thought, and fair foundation for my just revenge.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Celinda. Sanguinary tyrant! O love, inspire me with some blest device, to save again that life, far dearer than my own. The time draws on; my busy heart beats at my breast in dreadful perturbation!—How to prevent the blow? Oh, the thought is madness! But I will hold the assassin's hand, and brave his dagger, or save, or perish with my love, my Prince, my lord, my master!

[*Exit, L.H.S.E.*

Enter the PRINCE, L.H.S.E.

Prince. This fascinating Marchioness hangs about my mind, and will not let my busy fancy rest. Surely I was born to be the slave of woman; each new face attracts, and each new grace inspires a soft delight I never felt before. But when I ask my heart, "if this be love?" it calmly answers "No."

*Enter CELINDA, R.H.S.E. with fur trimmed cloak,
she goes down, R.H.*

Then the warm glow rushes to my breast, and my thoughts return to my native land, to that blest spot, where a transient glance from eyes untutored in the school of love, first enslaved my soul, and holds it fast in voluntary bondage.

Celinda. (*In ecstacy.*) Now could I freely resign the enjoyment of succeeding days, and end them at this blissful moment!

(*Giving scope to her passion, and forgetting that she may be overheard.*)

Prince. (*Recognizing the voice.*) Ha! those accents drop like cooling cordials to the thirst-famished wretch.—That voice! Who's there?

Celinda. (*Resuming the humble manners of the page.*) My lord, I wait.

Prince. Is't you? Whom did you converse with?

Celinda. I am alone, my lord.

Prince. (Aside.) 'Tis most strange ! But night, silence, and a bewildered fancy, sometimes will mislead the romantic lover's senses.

Celinda. My lord, the night is cold, and the dews that fall engender fever and disease ; I have ventured therefore to bring this fur pelisse. Shall I assist you, sir, to put it on ?

Prince. I thank, and shall reward you for your care.—(*She assists him.*)—I am much your debtor, generous boy :—my life, perhaps, had been the forfeit of my folly, but for thy noble stratagem.

Celinda. It is my duty to preserve that life on which my own existence hangs.

Prince. Your own existence ?

Celinda. I—I—am your page ; the bread I eat depends upon your bounty—should I not endeavour to deserve—your love ?

Prince. My love ?

Celinda. I mean, my lord, esteem ; the—confidence, that faithful services solicit from the hands and hearts of generous masters.

Prince. You have my confidence, my esteem, my gratitude ; and soon shall witness how beneficently a royal hand can repay such obligations as have their source in virtuous integrity.

Celinda. Heaven watch over and preserve your life from deeds of darkness, and the assassin's dagger !

Prince. We have no such perils now to dread, my generous, anxious boy :—come, let us in ; the hand of Providence protects the innocent ; and while we own no guilt, we fear no danger. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

Enter KOYAN, R.H. JACOMO attending.

Exit Jacomo, R.H.

Koyan. How calm and beautiful is the night !—The moon sheds its pale lustre, and invites the wakeful lover to forsake his pillow.—(*The Marchioness sings without.*)—By all my hopes, the Marchioness ! I'll retire.

Enter the MARCHIONESS, L.H.

March. This teasing companion of the prince pursues me like my shadow :—not but the man is well enough for a Chinese, were I disposed to wear the rugged chains of matrimony—but when I hear them jingle in my ears, they upset my resolution ; therefore I am now determined—yes, I will lead a single life !

Koyan. (*Comes forward.*) A rash determination, madam ; and better broke than kept, believe me.

March. Bless me ! what have I conjured up ?—A lover, sighing to the solitary moon, and counting the melancholy stars—ha, ha, ha !

Koyan. Without supposing one amongst them friendly enough to conduct his mistress to this happy spot.

March. Oh !—I beg your pardon, sir : an assignation, I suppose : you *expect* your mistress *here*, do you ?

Koyan. No, madam ; she is here already.

March. Indeed !—do, for once, let me have a peep at her. In which of these arbours—where have you concealed her ?

Koyan. In my heart, madam.

March. Is she a single tenant,—or has she fellow-lodgers there ?—Ha, ha, ha !

Koyan. It's all her own, believe me ; she breathes not that can share it with her.

March. Well, happiness attend her ; and so, good night, my noble friend—Ha, ha, ha !

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Koyan. (*As she crosses to go, he catches her hand.*) Stay—one moment, I beseech you !

March. I can't—let me go—your mistress will be jealous.

Koyan. I wish she was.

March. Indeed !

Koyan. Yes ; for then her love were unequivocal.

March. Nay, you are already sure of that.

Koyan. Am I?—say but you love me, and—

March. I!—I—love!—I say I love!—what me!

Koyan. You are that mistress ; and by this hand I swear—

March. Swear not by that hand, I beseech you ; that's my hand, and I intend to keep it so a little longer.

AIR.—MARCHIONESS.

*Little Cupid one day o'er a myrtle bough stray'd,
And among the sweet blossoms he wantonly play'd ;
Plucking many a leaf from the buds of the tree,
He felt that his finger was stung by a bee.
Little Cupid then whumper'd, he sobb'd and he sigh'd,
Then ran to his mother and pettishly cried,
Ah! Venus, dear mother, I'm wounded you see,
And I ask for revenge on the mischievous bee.*

*His mother then laugh'd at the story he told,
On his forehead of snow strok'd his ringlets of gold,
Now when you wound another, my lad, answered she,
Ere your arrows are pointed, you'll think on the bee.
A lesson of love let the story impart,
When the beam of the eye lights the flame of the heart,
Ye fair ones remember while yet you are free,
That the rose holds the thorn and the myrtle the bee.
[Exit L.H. playfully.]*

Koyan. Charming, adorable, teasing creature!—
Who's there ?

Enter JACOMO, L.H.

Jaco. 'Tis I, signor.

Koyan. Is the Duke yet retired to rest ?

Jaco. No, signor ;—I believe he waltz upon the Prince.

Koyan. You may go in :—I'll but take a turn in your close walk, and follow.

Jaco. Nay,—don't—don't do that—I—I—I beseech you, be advised!

Koyan. Why, what should I fear?

Jaco. Our old steward had a son; his name was Polydore—

Koyan. Well, what of him?

Jaco. A handsome, gallant youth, killed at the battle of Lodi:—Susette, a beauteous maid of the village, followed him to the wars—

Koyan. I have heard their story.

Jaco. And now they say their ghosts—

Koyan. Ha, ha!—Well, well, get in; it shall be so.

Jaco. (*Going.*) Ay, ay, sir; I am gone.

[*Exit, L. H.*

Koyan. A sympathetic heart feels a melancholy pleasure in contemplating even the disastrous fate of those who truly loved. Polydore died, too, as a soldier should—thanking the god of battle, when he heard his country's glad trumpet sound a victory!

AIR.—KOYAN.

*He was fam'd for deeds of arms ;
She, a maid of envied charms,
Now to him her love imparts,
One pure flame pervades both hearts :
Honour calls him to the field,
Love to conquest now must yield ;
Sweet maid ! he cries, again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory !*

*Battle now with fury glows,
Hostile blood in torrents flows ;
His duty tells him to depart,
She press'd her hero to her heart !
And now the trumpet sounds to arms,
Amid the clash of rude alarms ;
Sweet maid ! he cries, again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory !*

*He with love and conquest burns,
 Both subdue his mind by turns :
 Death the soldier now enthrals,—
 With his wounds the hero falls !
 She, disdaining war's alarms,
 Rush'd and caught him in her arms !
 O. death!—he cries,—thou'rt welcome now to me !
 For hark!—the trumpet sounds a victory !*
[Exit, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*The Gallery.*

*A winding stair-case seen through an arch in the flat.
 Several side doors, &c.—All dark, except a faint
 light from the Prince's room ; the door partly open.*

Enter ASSASSINS through the arch at top, R.H.

*1st Assas. Calvetti ! } (With all the fear and cau-
 2nd Assas. Here ! } tion of midnight murderers.)*

*1st Assas. Have you marked the turnings of yon
 winding staircase?—If accident should prevent the
 perpetration of our plan, the means of flight were nec-
 cessary to know.*

*1st Assas. We are secure.—I have noted all—and
 can find each turning were it as dark as hell.*

*1st. Assas. Hush!—lie close—be firm and reso-
 lute !*

2nd. Assas. Fear me not.

(Assassins take their stand near the Prince's door.)

*Enter CELINDA, with a small dark lantern, and an
 Italian guitar, through arch.*

*Celinda. It is an awful silence!—If my scheme
 should fail!—(She makes the lantern light—holds it
 up, waving it in the air—and looking under it, per-
 ceives the Assassins.)—The villains are in ambush.—
 (Makes the lantern dark, then strikes a chord on
 her instrument, and Crosses to L.H.)*

1st Assas. Calvetti!

2nd Assas. Here!

Assas. Perceived you not a floating light?

2nd Assas. I did; and heard a gentle strain from some strange instrument.

1st Assas. Our victim, perhaps, playing his own elegy.—(*Celinda strikes the chord again.*)—Hark!

AIR.—CELINDA.

Farewell those hopes, that to my ardent soul

The fairy scenes of promis'd rapture tell!

Farewell those joys that o'er my fancy roll,

And all the transports of this life, farewell!

Farewell!—Farewell!

(*During the last line of this verse, Celinda crosses to R.H.*)

1st Assas. It must be our victim.—How sweetly he warbles!

2nd Assas. From yonder entrance the sound proceeds.—(*Pointing off.*)—Poor wretch! He seems to prophesy, that like the dying swan his life shall terminate in music.—If again he sings, we'll follow, and despatch him before he can reach his chamber door.
—Hush!

(*During this strain Celinda exits, R.H.U.E.—the Assassins, with their daggers drawn, follow by the sound;—the air continues to be played (very piano) in the orchestre;—the PRINCE, conducted by two PAGES, R.H. with two lights each, enters (still habited in the fur pelisse)—the attendants open the folding door in flat—the Prince bows and goes in, followed by the Pages, who leave only one light each; they return and exit R.H.—The air dying away until a total silence remains;—then enter the DUKE L.H. with a taper in his hand, and in his robe de chambre, of a purple or dark blue colour—he listens with great caution, and then sets down the light.*)

Duke. I have listened with attentive ear, and all seems hushed and silent as the lonely church-yard at the midnight hour. The assassins here were safely posted ; they have not sure betrayed me, and taken a counter-bribe to let their victim 'scape !—(*Listening at the Prince's door.*)—The deed is yet to do !—He is retired to rest—the villains have let him pass unnoticed !
(*Listens again.*)

Enter the ASSASSINS, through the arch, R.H.U.E.

1st Assas. Some devil must have aided his escape ! The voice ceased, and the shadow vanished from our sight.

2nd Assas. 'Twas well that I had noted every winding of this dark stair-case, or our purpose had been foiled.

1st Assas. (Perceiving the Duke.) See !—he still is in our power :—approach and strike !

Duke. (Hearing their voices, turns and sees them.) Ha !—you are there ?

1st Assas. Yes, to thy confusion ! (*Stabs him.*)

Duke. Oh !—hold !—you know not what you do !
(*Falls.*)

At this instant CELINDA enters through the arch.—Koyan and the MARCHIONESS enter from another apartment, L.H.

Celinda. Help !—Lights !—Murder !

Enter CHINTANG and ZAPHANI, with four lights, R. Celinda seeing the Duke supported by Assassin (from the colour of his robe) mistakes him for the Prince, utters a violent shriek, and exclaims—

Ah ! my prince is murdered !

The PRINCE enters from his apartment and catches her in his arms, R.H.

Prince. No :—look up, sweet boy, and see who holds thee in his arms !

(*Celinda recovers,—and kneels,—kissing the Prince's hand.—The curtain drops.—The characters form a tableau.*)

END OF ACT IV.

ENGLAND.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The entire Stage is formed into the representation of the quarter-deck of a Man of War.*

Enter ADMIRAL LORD HAWSER, from the cabin.

Admiral. Hollo!—Where's my old master? Buntline, I say! Has the sleepy porpus turned in already?

Enter BUNTLINE half tipsy from the companion.

Bunt. No, please your honour, I have turned out.

Admiral. Man the pinnacle, you lubber—and look to the unfortunate people in the offing. Where's your humanity, and be damn'd to you?

Bunt. My humanity? Why I lent it to Kit Keel-hawl, and he has taken it aboard the pinnacle with him.

Admiral. Why not go yourself, you unnatural grampus?

Bunt. I dursn't.—I had got my grog aboard; and I had such a damn'd smash in the bows, I was afraid my head rails would give way.

Admiral. The storm is abated, and the poor souls will weather it, I trust. My heart bled for their danger, which I clearly perceived with my glasses.

Bunt. Ha, ha, ha !—and my glasses prevented me from perceiving it ; but Kit was smoking his pipe along shore, and looking a head, “ Shiver me,” says Kit, “ but it’s like to blow more than a cap-full, Master Buntline”—the porpoises made for shore, and the sea began to rumble, as if it meant to lilt up Davy’s hornpipe. Danme, he manned the pinnace, and stowed a bottle of brandy, and a couple of hands aboard, and away he scudded like a nine-pounder—he’ll tow ’em in, I warrant me ; for when there was a soul to be saved, or a British ensign hoisted over a tri-coloured rag, I never see’d Kit’s fellow ! He’s a sailor every inch of him !

Admiral. He possesses the richest treasure that seaman ever yet made prize of.

Bunt. What may that be, your honour ?

Admiral. A feeling heart.

Bunt. Yes, that’s a pretty sort of ballast ; and saves a man from being capsized in the foul ocean of ill-nature.

Admiral. Ballast ! It should be the seaman’s compass, his chart, his rudder. His profession should teach him humanity ; he should possess a conscience less clouded with sin than other folks, who exists himself in peril, and breathes with only a plank between him and eternity.

Bunt. Well ; if grog, tobacco, and pretty girls be sinful, those crimes, Ned Buntline, hast thou to answer for.

Admiral. Grog ! Pshaw ! that’s no sin !

Bunt. If it be—Lord ha’ mercy upon the British navy !

Admiral. Tobacco !—A pipe is a sailor’s companion ; it shortens his watch, and vanishes in smoke like the threats of his enemies.

Bunt. Exactly so, please your honour ; for it’s all puff ! But how am I to get abso-lo-lu-tion for the pretty girls ?

Admiral. You don’t look much like a gay deceiver.

Bunt. Not just now, please your honour, mayhap not.

Admiral. But you never seduced your messmate's wife, or ran off with your landlord's daughter.

Bunt. Never :—never threw my grappling irons aboard another man's schooner—I steered clear o' them there works ; never had but one mate at a time, and always had the chaplain's commission for sailing.

Admiral. Then what does the swabber want absolution for, when he has committed no crime ?

Bunt. You shall hear, please your honour.—When the pretty Polly fixt her dead lights, I hoisted a black pendant, and decoyed the lovely Peggy into my wake—she sailed in the same squadron with me for two years, but sickness broached her to—away went the mainstay of her constitution, the mast came over the taffril, and she foundered ; guns of distress brought 'o my assistance the charming Sally, she was a first-rate ; but she fell in with an Algerine, called Smuggling Harry, forgot her duty, and sailed under his flag—but I soon got alongside the lubber, boarded him sword in hand—he fought like a devil as he was ; but I shattered his rigging presently, left him with one arm, and Sall with a broken heart ; her pumps of health were soon choaked up, she slipt her cable, and went on a lee shore !

Admiral. Well, and what then ?

Bunt. What then ?—Why then I took a double allowance of grog ;—in the first can I dropt a tear for Poll ;—in the second, I snivelled for Peg ;—in the third, I blubbered for Sall ;—and in the fourth—

Admiral. What four cans of grog ?

Bunt. To be sure, to drink my king's health ; and confusion to all Smugglers and Algerines !

Admiral. Well said, my jolly old master ! But come, the strangers must soon be alongside ; do you re-prepare between decks—I'll prepare the cabin for the master and the passengers, and then I shall receive them as a British admiral should do ; and I trust, that

the cheerful glass that gives them comfort, will not be the less acceptable because it is offered by the rough hand of a veteran seaman. [*Exit into cabin.*]

Bunt. Rough hands, smooth hearts!—avast th'igh!—no flummery, my boy; though we are damn'd honest fellows, we should stow our jaw on that head; an English sailor should not palaver like a French mounsier—always with a speaking-trumpet stuck in his fist, and the scuppers of his mouth running over with nonsense.—An English sailor might serve his friend, love his girl, and thrash his enemy, and be all the time as snug and as mute as a marlin-spike!—Avast!—Here comes one of the poor swabs already:—so, d'ye hear, hand us up a pitcher of grog.

Enter O'GALLAGHER up the ship's side, R.H.

O'Gal. Well, to be sure!—My grandmother used to say, that drowning was a mighty pleasant death; but I don't think the ould soul ever had much practice that way; but now I'm alive, and can speak from experience—and the devil may burn me if ever I wish to be drowned again as long as I have breath in my body.

SAILOR gives a can of grog from the companion.

Bunt. Yo hoy! What cheer, my hearty?

O'Gal. Cowld enough, honey—a wet jacket, and belly full of salt water.

Bunt. Come, stow your grog then!

O'Gal. I can't touch it, by the powers!

Bunt. What!—not rum and water?

O'Gal. As much rum as you please, but not a tooth full of water; I have as much of the pure element in my stomach at this moment, as would make grog of puncheon of whiskey.

Bunt. (*Calling.*) Messmate, overhaul my case, and bring out the brandy bottle!

O'Gal. The brandy barrel you mean; upon my conscience, I believe all the cogniac in England would'nt bring the water into my eyes.

SAILOR gives a case bottle and glass, from the companion.

Bunt. Come, take a drop my hearty!

O'Gal. (*Taking the glass.*) I see we shall understand one another by and bye.

Bunt. Come, bung the other eye, and belay your jaw tacks 'till you get your provisions aboard.

O'Gal. Faith you may say that; a big lump of cold beef, or the leg and arm of a turkey, would not choak me just now;—England's a spot, where a shipwrecked stranger, with a guinea in his pocket, may get a dry shirt and a good dinner.

Bunt. Aye, or without a guinea in his pocket.

O'Gal. You are right, boy; I have tried it both ways.

Bunt. My countrymen are sometimes shy of false signals hoisted by common cruizers in the streets: but I never see'd the flag of real distress streaming from the top-mast of poverty, that British hearts did not feel for the wretched, and stretch forth British hands to save them from foundering; for good humour and hospitality is our characteristic—take us as you please, from the north to the south!

O'Gal. And west too, into the bargain.—The rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, are as pretty a posy as ever adorned the breast of a monarch.—Ogh, may he and his posterity enjoy the sweets of it, while the green grass grows and the fresh water runs!

Bunt. And the salt water too, my hearty—that's our own dominion:—for while it separates the three first rates, England, Ireland, and Scotland, from the squadron nations of Dutch, Dons, and Parlyvous, it binds us in its watery fence, and proves that nature meant we should be united.

[*Exeunt down the companion.*]

Enter the ADMIRAL from the cabin ; the PRINCE, CELINDA, MINDORA, and KOVAN, come on board.

Admiral. While I congratulate your highness on your safety, I cannot but regret the rough reception you have met with from our British elements.

Prince. And I rejoice in the occasion that gave me at once an unerring proof of the genius of your nation. Had I appeared amongst you, announced a prince, with all the pomp of rank and eminence, flattery might deceive, or obsequious attention conceal, the real character from my view ; but you beheld us, fellow-men, tossed upon a dangerous billow ; you never staid to enquire who needed your assistance ; but fearless of the dangerous element, braved its malice, and proved yourselves what even your enemies allow—the intrepid offspring of humanity.

Admiral. (To Mindora.) You, gentle madam, seem to feel a double portion of fatigue and weariness ; but such plain comforts as an old weather-beaten seaman can afford, are freely at your service.

Mindora. I am much your debtor, sir : the dangers I have passed seem like a dream, and are forgotten all ; but other emotions fill my mind, and weigh upon my spirits. A little rest, I trust, will quite compose me.

Admiral. This to me is the most unclouded hour, for twenty years, I have had to enter on my journal. —(*To Mindora.*)—Judge the emotion of a grateful seaman's heart, when he boasts the joy of having power to do by others, what once was nobly done by him.

Mindora. Sir ?

Admiral. I was once cast, a wreck, with all my forlorn crew, upon the coast of China, and there I found an hospitable home ; friends to comfort, hearts to pity my misfortunes : but, like a treacherous fiend, I was tempted secretly to rob my best friend of his dearest treasure. I would secure to myself what was

dearer to him than the vital streams than gave him being; but I had scarcely gained possession of my prize, when the perfidious theft had reached his knowledge.

Mindora. (Aside.) Oh, heavenly powers! proceed.

Admiral. The treasure I had purloined was torn from my heart, and with it all that could render life supportable!

Mindora. (Aside.) Hold, hold, bewildered fancy! whither would you lead me?

Admiral. And that, for which I ventured honour, friendship, love, and life, was lost to me for ever?

Mindora. (Throws up her veil.) Look upon this face! Have twenty years of absence there defaced each trace and lineament of thy once-loved Mindora?

Admiral. (Starts.) Mindora! Merciful heaven! My long-lost wife!

(They fall into each other's arms. Koyan and Celinda involuntarily drop on their knees, one on the side of their father, and the other of their mother.)

Mindora. Aye, kneel, kneel, my children, and receive a father's blessing!

Admiral. Am I indeed so blest!

(Embracing them.)

Prince. The illusion that oft has crossed my bewildered fancy, this blissful moment realizes! In the preserver of my life, I here behold the maid who taught me first to love!

Celinda. Can you forgive the simple maid, whose love, not her ambition, urged her to cast her dazzled eyes towards a mighty prince?

Prince. Forgive! my throne I would scorn, unless I were shared with thee.

Mindora. No, gracious sir, we are thy royal father's vassals, you our charge; and when thy mission is accomplished, to him again shall we resign our power. A nobler fair one shall possess thy heart, though none, perhaps, more truly knows its value than her on whom you would bestow your royal hand.

Admiral. If she inherits half her mother's virtues, her hand would not disgrace an emperor !

Koyan. Nay, sir, I am bound in honour for the prince's safety, and owe my life and fortune to the king his father.

Prince. The king, my father, never meant his son should give his hand, but where his heart had made a free election : my choice will add new glories to the parent crown, and stud the sacred diadem with virtue, truth, with innocence and love !

Celinda. My prince ! my master !

Prince. Thy lover, husband, and thy friend.—*(Embracing her.)*—Let those of my train depart, and bear the tidings to my royal father : here will I stay until his fixed command withdraw me hence. The study of your laws, your policy in peace, wisdom in war, your skill in arts and arms, shall be the subjects of my strong inquiry ; and, if my native land hereafter should attain pre-eminence amongst the nations of the east, let it be recorded in its future annals, she owes her boasted glory to a firm endeavour to emulate that envied code of golden ethics, which ~~was~~ the basis of a British constitution.

All the characters enter from the Companion, and join in the

FINALE.

*When Britain first at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.*

*The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.*

Rule Britannia, &c.

MUSIC'S FASCINATION.

*Still more majestic thou shalt rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
And the loud blasts that rend the skies,
Serve but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.*

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



